

THE FIRST AND SECOND TEAMS IN PRACTICE SCRIMMAGE

The Western

VOL. XVII WASHINGTON, D. C. NO. 1



THE GOLDEN DRAGON

To my Fellow-Officers: You have often questioned me concerning the gold dragon that I have in my quarters and your inquiries have always been repulsed by meaningless answers. Your questions have been more pressing of late and I feel I am forced to relate to you the story of this dragon and to also show you why I never land in Hong Kong, or any other place in China, when the boat stops there.

THOMAS BARRIE.

After the Boxer uprising had been quieted for a few years I determined to visit the Temple of the Dragon in central China. I had heard of this temple through the colonel of my regiment. He had helped take Pekin and had gained his knowledge of this place at that time. The chief deity of this temple was not Buddha or any of the rest of the idol tribe, but a dragon. The colonel had his information second hand, for no white man had ever set foot within its sacred portals.

Being young and considerably much of a fool in those days, I determined to be the first white man to intrude. I was, and in this manner:

I obtained leave and then informed the colonel of my plan. He raved, and stormed, and swore (of course I had expected that), and ended by giving me the address of a Chinaman who he knew would take me into the temple, as he (the "Chink," not the colonel) had been ousted unfairly from its sacred precincts and craved revenge.

To make a long story short, I arrived in Hong Kong and hunted up my Chinaman. Now, it is of no use for me to tell you his name, for I cannot spell it, let alone write it. He was too high-toned to be the usual John, so I called him "Revenge." He seemed to like it and it was a million times easier to say than his real name. Revenge he was to me, so Revenge he must be to you.

We ultimately worked inland by boat and caravan until we arrived in the town in which the Temple was situated. I was disguised in a Chinese costume, although I must say I wore a Christian blouse and trousers under that yellow-peril rig-out. My face was painted with some evil-smelling dope that made me look as though I had been buried a year. I played mute and I might just as well have been one, for all I understood of their jabber. I had bound up my left hand to cast off suspicion from the awkward use of chop-sticks.

My darling son, Revenge—for the lying beggar told everyone I was his poor old father going home to die—arranged everything. Revenge took delight at night, when no one was around, in telling me what he should like to do to the chief boss of the priests. He seemed to take too much delight to suit me, for I was not there for revenge, but adventure. I smelt trouble ahead, but I would not back out then. No, sir!

We hung around the town until the time should be ripe for our sacreligious invasion. Several days were spent in idleness, although I growled and fretted rather surprisingly for a mute.

At last one night Revenge said the time had come. After examining my Colt's I followed Revenge into the night. Dark? It was the confoundedest blackest night I have ever experienced. I hung on to Revenge's shirt-tails to keep from being lost, and stumbled blindly behind him. After a year of this progress (twenty minutes by my watch) we drew up in front of the Temple of the Golden Dragon. At least Revenge said it was the Temple, but the only difference I could see between it and the surroundings was that it was a little blacker, if such a thing were possible.

Revenge dragged me up a few steps, at the top of which a voice arrested us. The voice must have belonged to some sort of a sentry, for strain though I would I could not see anyone. Our credentials must have been satisfactory, for he let us pass.

We wandered on a short way, then Revenge drew aside a sliding door and we entered a dimly-lighted hall. This hall was similar to most temples I had seen, so we did not tarry, but went across to another door and entered an even more dimly-lighted room.

This room was about a hundred feet long, by half as wide, and about as high as long. At one end of the room was a very high altar of Oriental design reaching nearly to the ceiling, on the top of which majestically reposed the Golden Dragon, scarcely perceptible in the dim light. The walls, unlike any temple I had ever seen, were tapestried: Chinese tapestries, it is true, but tapestries just the same. The only other being in this room was an old man who had gone sound asleep over his devout meditations.

Revenge dropped to his knees near the left wall and I beside him. Then began such a bowing, salaaming and wiggling as never was seen before. For five minutes we kept it up. I was so interested in imitating a fish I almost forgot the Temple and Revenge until the flash of a long, thin-bladed knife recalled me to our busi-

ness at hand. Revenge had cut away a large piece of the tapestry from the wall by his side.

Beckoning me to follow, Revenge slipped into this opening. Once inside I found we were in a passage formed by the wall on one side and the tapestry on the other.

Motioning me to follow, Revenge started down this passage. This way soon turned sharply to the right and was continued by a steep flight of steps. We quietly climbed these, the tapestry admitting barely enough light to see by.

We climbed about ninety feet, when we came to the top. Revenge whispered to me that we were behind the altar and at the level behind the dragon. A small light was burning by a little sliding door. Going forward, Revenge drew aside this panel and motioned to me to look in.

I looked in the opening and saw there the most wonderful piece of Chinese workmanship I have ever seen. This dragon was, and of course is, about a foot long, and eight inches high. It was made of the purest gold that has ever been discovered. Its eyes, teeth, and claws were of most valuable jewels. In fact, I have been told by a jeweler that the small ball it holds in its mouth is alone worth a fortune.

I gazed at this wonderful object so intently that five minutes must have elapsed before Revenge tapped me on the shoulder. I started down the steps while he was having his look. Half-way down Revenge joined me, and from there on led the way. We passed out through the hole in the tapestry. The sleeping worshipper was where we had left him. Quitting the room of worship we hurried down the hall. Just as we had almost reached the door, through which we had entered, it opened and in stepped the High Priest of the Temple!

He looked at me without recognition, but when he saw Revenge! His two-handed sword was over his head in an instant. I plunged my hand into my breast for my revolver, but I had no use for it. Like a flash Revenge's little razor-edged sword had severed the Priest's head from his body. The headless body stood for a second, then fell backward with a sickening thud, throwing blood like a fountain.

I have seen death in many ways, on the battlefield and off, but that sight was the worst I have ever seen. In my worst dreams I can see the awful expression of hate and malice in those sightless eyes, the head and the body lying in a river of blood gushing from the neck.

The sight was so awful that I felt a deathly nausea creeping over me. Revenge, seeing my predicament, put his arm around my waist and dragged me out into the night where the fresh air soon revived me. The crash of the Priest's sword on the floor had started the household of the Temple and we heard cries and much running about. Fearing detection we ran away to the right.

As we rounded the corner we collided with a sentry. He snatched

out his sword, but I was ready for an emergency this time. I fired, point-blank, between his eyes. But what a shot!

As he fell his sword flew from his hand, striking Revenge lengthwise with such force that it ripped the poor fellow open from chest to waist.

I sprang to Revenge's side. A glance showed me that in a minute all would be over. His lips moved a little and I put my ear closer to them. In a broken voice, each word spelling excruciating agony, he begged me to take a bundle he had under his clothes and to fly from China, never to return. I tried to remonstrate about leaving him alone, but he pointed out that they could not hurt his dead body, and even as the words were on his lips he died. I placed his mangled body under a nearby shrub, and, taking the bundle from his clothes with a sick heart and shaking knees, I quit the accursed spot. Indeed it was well I had left when I did, for on glancing back I saw lights approaching the spot. I ran forward unsteadily, I knew not where. After a few minutes of blind progress I fell down a bank about five feet high up to my waist in running water. Then I knew where I was. This was the stream up which we had worked our way in coming to the Temple. Climbing out of the water I ran along the stream as fast as I could go.

Concerning what happened after that my mind is a perfect blank. I have been told that two weeks after my night at the Temple a creature carrying a bundle wrapped in a blue cloth, dressed half like a Chinaman and half like an American army officer, torn, bleeding, bruised, covered with mud and with a face like Death itself, staggered up the gangway just as the ship was about to leave for Manila and fell on the deck in a raging fever.

Two months later in the hospital in Manila my fever had left me and my memory had returned sufficiently to remember Revenge's bundle. I called for it. It had not even been opened. With nervous fingers I opened it. What I saw there caused a relapse from which I was two months more recovering. In the bundle lay the wonderful dragon. Revenge had stolen the sacred deity of the Temple of the Golden Dragon!

R. D. B., '13.

THE PIKER

The Piker leads a peaceful life
With no attendant care and strife.
The fact that he is always broke
Does not deprive him of his smoke;
Since they are free, he never lacks
The papers for his coffin tacks,
And from some friend whose pocket's full
He pikes a pinch or two of Bull.
In manufacturing his pill
He only furnishes his skill;
Some other friend supplies the light—
The Piker has the system right! —Ex.

I SHALL BE GLAD TO ACCOMMODATE YOU IN THE NEAR FUTURE, BUT AT PRESENT IT IS EXTREMELY INCONVENIENT

By "Mike."

I. 'Twas in the Lehigh Valley,
Me and my brother Bill
Had our little old log cabin
Beneath the shaded hill.

I says to brother William
As sweet as e'er I could,
"Oh dearest brother William,
Go gather in some wood."

Then William shook his stately head,
And mopped his massive brow,
As this little phrase he uttered:
"Nex' week some time—not now."

II. 'Twas in the midnight darkness:
A ship was sinking fast:
The passengers were huddled
About the shattered mast.

A child rushed to the captain
And plucked at his great coat,
As with tear-stained face she plead with him
To put her in a boat.

He smiled upon her sadly
As he stood there in the prow,
Then he slowly made this statement:
"Nex' week some time—not now."

III. A hobo, broke and penniless,
Was looking hard for food;
From morn till night in search of it,
Upon his feet he'd stood.

He came unto a farm house,
The gates were all unbarred,
A man was on the front porch,
And a mule was in the yard.

He approached unto the farmer,
And said, "Oh, sir, I'm broke."
The farmer said, "I knew it
Before you ever spoke.

"If you will ride that mule there
I'll give you food, I trow."
The guy looked at the mule, then said,
"Nex' week some time—not now."

IV. It was a bold, bad robber,
Was fleeing from a cop,
When that important personage
Called out to him to stop.

The crook turned towards the copper
And made a little bow,
As these tender words he murmured,
"Nex' week some time—not now."

V. A farmer's son was sleeping
So early in the morn.
He did not dream of pitching hay,
Or yet of hoeing corn.

His dad came to his bedside,
And yelled, "Come milk the cow."
But as the boy lay there, he said,
"Nex' week some time—not now."

VI. A youthful swain was kissing
His girl so soft and sweet,
When both of them were startled
By the sound of coming feet.

A spinster burst upon the scene
And cried, "Oh teach me how."
But as the couple went, they said,
"Nex' week some time—not now."

VII. A tramp was calmly sitting
On a can so shiny bright,
When an artist, passing, whispered,
"That's a keg of dynamite."

"If you will only sit there
I will paint you, on my vow."
The tramp jumped up and hollered,
"Nex' week some time—not now."

VIII. And if you ask for more of this
I'll have to make my bow,
And, like the others, answer,
"Nex' week some time—not now."

"THE WESTERN" ATOMIZER

Our motto: Spray ink on everybody.
Another one of our best: May we last a long time.

OPENING NUMBER.

Since our advance notices were sent out the Editor has been overwhelmed with letters of congratulation and advice. Here is one of the best. It indicates the superb belief in our powers held by this young lad. It reads:

Editor of "Western Atomizer."

Dear Sir: I am glad your paper is soon going to start, for I am in great trouble. I had my hair cut very short some time ago and now it won't grow out nice and long again. I am fast losing my charm for the ladies.

L-HM-NN.

Another is more brusque. It is:
"Western Atomizer":

Please show me how to be a sport. I want to be like K-rn- -dl-.

P. P-PP-R.

Here is a particularly strong appeal for help. It moves us greatly. It says:
"The Atomizer."

Dear Friend: Everybody rubs my hair the wrong way, and I don't think it is at all nice. Please use your influence to make them stop.

R-V-RO.

This one shows an independent spirit:
Editor of "Atomizer":

I don't want you to tell me anything. I know it already.

SM-TH.

In a later issue we will answer as many of these queries as we are able to. At present we have other troubles.

We chose our staff some time ago, but a few minutes later fired it. The position is now open. This is the way it happened: Seated one day in our office we heard a cow choke to death outside. The next instant K-lly dismounted from his motorcycle and entered. He said that he had an excellent line of new jokes and would like to be our staff. The Editor agreed and asked for a few samples.

"Why," said K-lly, "is a hen's soul immortal?"

The Editor didn't know.

"Because its son never sets."

Then the Editor decided to get a new staff. But K-lly got even. He kept the Editor awake all that night trying to start his motorcycle.

This first issue of the "Western Atomizer" has been very successful. The Editor hopes to get a new staff and plenty of contributions before next time.

Stationery engraved with school seal may be obtained from Miss Davis in the library.



"THE WESTERN" STAFF, 1912-13

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,
Henry W. Leetch, '13.

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT,
Allison F. H. Scott, '14, *Manager* Harold Dutton, '15, *Ass't Mgr.*
Dr. Elmer S. Newton, *Treasurer.*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS,
Miss Marjorie Kinnan, '14. Longstreet Welchel, '15.
Miss Elizabeth Graff, '14. Miss Marilla May, '13.

ATHLETICS,
Stephen Bradley, '13.
Miss Lillian Miller.

MILITARY,
Joseph Schaaff, '13.

ALUMNI,
Miss Dorothy Campbell, '12.

ART,
Miss Cornelia Stuard, '14.

"The Western" is a magazine devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils, and alumni. Original contributions are solicited from all, and may be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

Subscription, 60 cents per school year; by mail, 75 cents; single copies, 10 cents. Advertising rates furnished on application to the Business Manager.

FOREWORD

Once more the "Western," in common with the rest of the school, is starting on a new year of work. The difference between the work of the "Western" and that of the school is: we give pleasure, the school work gives—pleasure also. So it seems they are both the same, after all. Anyway, we are certain that we shall spread joy and amusement over the whole multitude of our readers. And that reminds us: will our readers be a multitude? That question will be discussed a little later under the head of "Pikers." Just now we are patting our editorial back on the cheerful outlook for the coming year. We are obliged to tell the school that things look just fine. As a staff we consider ourselves "rather nifty," and the unattached geniuses in the school are too numerous to count. May their ink flow often and freely for the edification of their less-endowed brethren!

FOOTBALL

This year things look particularly bright for football. A lot of last year's men are back, and there is some promising new material. Also, the team has first-rate coaching. Mr. Morse and Mr. Church, both experienced football men, are coaching and under them Western appears to be in a fair way for the championship. But—how about next year? The men composing this year's first team will nearly all be gone next, and then where will a fine team come from?

There are some under-classmen out for the team now. They are to be congratulated, not only for their willingness to work for the team, but for their foresight. A man who has had a year's training in football is pretty nearly certain to make a place on the team in his second year. That is only common logic. All one has to do is to watch some experienced hundred-and-thirty pounder push over a green man fifty pounds heavier than himself and play rings around him, to appreciate this.

And don't think that because you are young and inexperienced that you will be neglected by the coaches, because you won't. They are just as anxious to develop good men for this and next year's teams as you are yourself. So get into the game, the rest of you underclassmen, and do a little good work for the old school, and it won't be very long before you'll be about as glad that you went out for football as you ever were of anything.

And then there's a little matter of Athletic Association dues. The Association needs some five hundred dollars to support athletics this year. That means that in order to have a successful season financially the school must freely "dig in" for subscriptions.

It has always seemed rather strange to us that everybody did not join the Athletic Association, anyway. When you get right down to it, you save money by joining, and you also give the school the benefit of all your money. And as the school as a whole gets the glory won for it by its teams, it is only fair play that it should support them while they are working so faithfully for the school.

PIKERS

In dealing with this delicate subject we wish to state, primarily, and before anything else, that Western is a grand old school and that Westerites are grand old people. But there is a thorn to this rose—a fly in this ointment—a pebble in this shoe. That trouble is "pikers"—those benevolent people who love their friends so well that they are willing to go to the inconvenience of reading their (the friends') "Westerns" while hanging over their shoulders.

Now this is not as it should be. We all appreciate that. We can understand how a subscriber might pause for a few moments to look at a new copy in his friend's hand while on his way to get his own. But how a Westerner could deliberately plan to read his

friends' "Westerns" for a whole year is beyond our imaginings. It is in direct opposition to the policy of the "Western." The paper aims to circulate joy and good-will throughout the school. Yet when a subscriber gets his new copy and takes it over to a nice, quiet little corner to read it and get himself posted on the very newest jokes, it sort of irritates him to have even his best friend lean over his shoulder and laugh like the asthma at the wit that he has "piked."

The staff desires to make this a particularly successful year. To do this it expects to work hard and faithfully. But it has to have help from the school. And the school must give this help in two ways. First, it must subscribe liberally to the paper. Second, it must contribute largely to it. The price of subscription is very moderate, so that question should be eliminated. It is extremely easy to write jokes and stories for the "Western," and even easier to drop them into the box. And rest assured that any article submitted will be given the most careful consideration. Therefore, if the school paper is to reach this high mark set for it, the school itself must get in and help along with the staff. And the more you contribute, the more pleasure you will get from the "Western."

WELCOME The staff extends its heartiest congratulations to its latest members: Miss Lillian Miller, Miss Cornelia Stuard, Miss Elizabeth Graff, Mr. Stephen Bradley, Mr. Longstreet Welchel, and Mr. Harold Dutton.

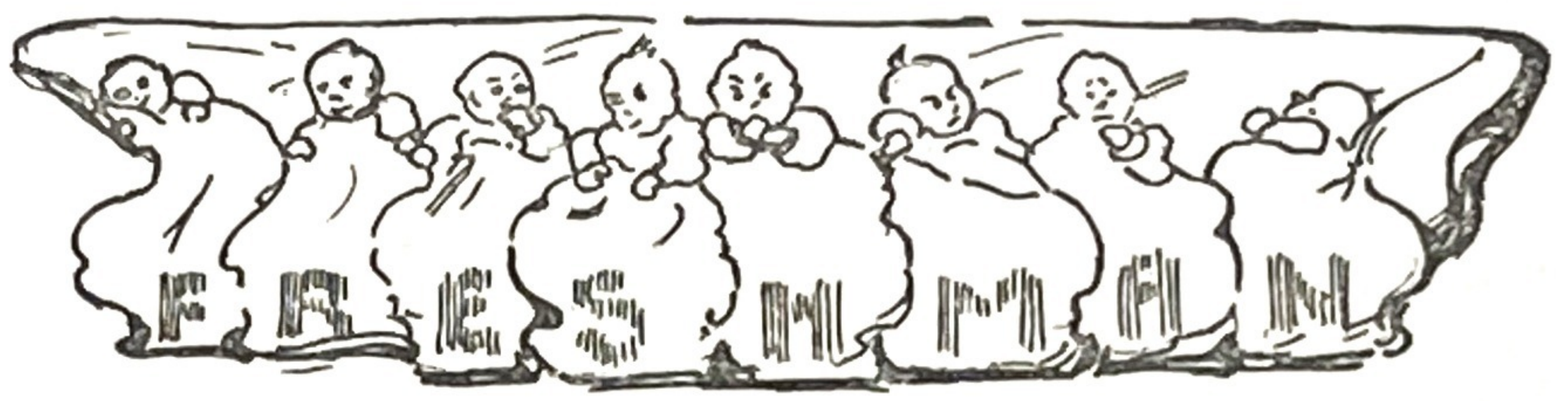
FRESHMEN Once more a new class, the Class of 1916, has been formed, and is beginning to make school history. True, it hasn't had much chance to do this yet; but it undoubtedly will, when its chance comes.

The traditional idea of a freshman is very funny. But, like most of those traditional ideas, it is very far from fact. So don't think that because you are a freshman you are barred from taking part in any school interests. You are the ones on whom the future of the school rests, and if the sophomores make fun of you now, just go ahead and beat a few of them out for places on school teams, and they will very soon cease. They only do it out of respect for tradition, anyway. They know, and everybody knows, that it is just as necessary to be a freshman as it is to flunk a few times in order to properly appreciate an E.

But put this last experiment off for two or three years, because the first year is the important year in which to study hard. After that you know better how to get good marks without working quite so hard. Also, if you work hard in the first year, you get a good reputation. And that is much harder to live down than a bad reputation is.

BOYS' BASKET-BALL

At a meeting of last year's basketball team, Jack Adams was elected captain. He is an excellent player, and will undoubtedly get up a first-class team.



Welcome, O ye Sons and Daughters of Toil, to the spacious and learned halls of Western High School. Accept a little wholesome intellectual scorn mingled with much gratuitous advice in regard to uncertain expectations as to your mental equipment for the various educational lines already traversed by your superiors and now laid down for you. We know whereof we speak, and therefore now greet you after eight years of your kindergarten pranks and other elementary educational pursuits. You will now begin your first real studies, and in the best of schools. Oh, ye petits enfants, how you must work to try to train your insignificant gray matter to perform the duties of high school students and to conform with even some of the by-laws with which they are governed! Work diligently, and when in doubt or error always apply to any one of your upper classmen, and they, having themselves once been in your present extreme embryonic condition, can advise you beneficially. The "Sophs" alone will lead you from your narrow path, as they have just emerged from your atomic state and think themselves far more learned than they can ever be.

Those of the faculty, oh ye infinitesimal specimens, whose misfortune it is to be compelled to minister unto you, must try to recall those things, so long forgotten, and commonly known as "The Fundamental Rudiments of Elementary Education," and put them into their common every-day discourse, so that fluent communication can be established between them and you without very much misunderstanding on your part.

In conclusion, since by the turn of the year glass a vacancy has been caused within our ranks, and as we must fill that space by a new class, even though it be you, we do here extend to you a hearty welcome.

MONSIEUR X.





MILITARY NOTES

On the fourth of October, about four o'clock in the afternoon, six intended soldiers marched forth to the Franklin with knees "astir" and little books, for the time being their prayer books, clutched tightly in their arms. "Where shall I be about this time a week from now?" was the perplexing question in the mind of each of these stalwart youths. Of course one never can tell from what he hears, but, judging from what was said, that which the candidates did not know about drill would about fill a blue book of 275 pages. However, taking into consideration the age of "Modesty" in which we live it is expected that some pretty good papers were passed in, to bid for the coveted position.

Two practice drills have taken place, and at each there was a very good representation of the male factor of school. About one hundred and ten men answered to the roll call, and started out to learn to distinguish their "right" from their "left." As has been said, this is a good showing, but it is by no means all that it should be. As things now stand, we have too many men to be effectively drilled in our company and too few to form two which might put up a presentable appearance. Those who have followed the Western companies of previous years know that Western has always had a winning company, although they have not always come home with the "Flag." It is now up to each and every fellow attending this "Institution of Learning" to enlist, and do all within his power to maintain the standard of companies of previous years. Until one has been drilling a year or so he cannot appreciate the value of eight or ten men. Last year both companies were greatly handicapped by having only five squads each. This necessitated a platoon shift before nearly every platoon movement, resulting in a broken alignment. Had each company had eight more men the shift would have been unnecessary, and the disorder and confusion avoided. Only about twenty more men are needed to enable Western to send on the field two good companies with a fine chance to come home with "The Little Red Ribbons."

We sincerely hope that many will give the matter a second thought and send in their enlistments promptly. "It is never too late to do better."

J. B. Schaaff, '13.

On September 27th, the examinations for positions on the staff were taken, but no Western men entered. The following appointments were made:

Colonel, Samuel J. Leonard, Eastern High School;
Lieutenant-Colonel, J. L. Tunstall, Central High School;
Adjutant, R. W. Wilson, McKinley Manual Training School;
Quartermaster, L. F. Kirchner, McKinley Manual Training School;
Major First Battalion, Francis Martin, Central High School;
Major Second Battalion, Ralph Ogle, Eastern High School;
Major Third Battalion, H. C. Gilbert, McKinley Manual Training School.

On Thursday, October 24th, the non-commissioned officers selected by the Military Committee, were announced at the same time as the commissioned officers. All successful candidates, especially the captains and lieutenants, are to be commended greatly for the fine showing made by them. We wish to take this opportunity to congratulate them and to congratulate the companies and the school on the fine roster of officers, "non-coms" and privates. The following company appointments have been made in H and L:

Captains, Claude Roberts, Leslie Burlingame.
First Lieutenants, Herbert Schneider, Joseph Schaaff.
Second Lieutenants, Arthur Probey, Heyward Siddons.

The following are the sergeants in H and L:
First Sergeants, Raymond Bell, Edgar Bernstein.
Second Sergeants, Janney Nichols, Millard Rice.
Third Sergeants, David Day, Chase Donaldson.
Fourth Sergeants, George Cooper, Allison Scott.
Fifth Sergeants, Edward Stead, Galen Sturgis.

The following are the names of corporals in H and L:
Joseph Holmes, Joseph Du Bois, Benjamin McKelway, Walter O'Brien, Cameron Winslow, Edwin Giblin, William Rosenbusch, Mitchell Carroll, Wilson Bingham, Francis Styles, Joseph Spillman, Robert Kilmartin, Robert Slands, Donald Kimball.



The football season of 1912 is well under way and Western is working hard in order to build up one of the strongest teams in its history. "Curly" Byrd, the man who has done so much for us in the last three years in the way of athletics, resigned last spring, but we have been exceedingly fortunate in obtaining the services of Bryan Morse and Kartwright Church, two old grads. of the school. It is needless to say that Western ranks first in the coaching system in the high schools.

Howard (Capt.), Brady, Smith, Pate, Larkin, and Brooks are on hand to serve as a nucleus for this year's squad, and from the looks of the new material our team expects to figure in the Championship of 1912.

Among the new candidates who reported for the team are: Giblin, McIntyre, Adams, Dowell, Bethel, Beauregard, Hansen, McKelway, Collings, Rohrer, Royer, Brewer, Fuller, Pepper, Kernoodle, Donovan, Lehmann, Probey, and Jones.

We want the school to co-operate with us and we promise to do the rest, hoping to find Western at the end of the season in a very creditable position in the high school race.

H. Irving Howard,
Captain.

WESTERN 0; PREPS, 13

A few weeks ago Western played its first game of the season with the Georgetown Preps. Western showed up exceedingly well, considering that it had only had about a week's practice. A good many of the new men were tried out in this game. Since then in a scrimmage with the Preps, Western showed very great improvement, gaining consistently and holding well.

WESTERN, 7; BUSINESS, 20

Western played the first game of this fall's football season with Business, on Tuesday, the twenty-second. Unfortunately, Western was defeated by a score of 20 to 7. The first quarter opened with

Western receiving the ball. It was immediately returned to Business. After being held, Business returned the kick. Western returned and kept on the defensive most of this quarter, though it ended with the ball in Western's hands. In the second quarter Business intercepted one of Western's forward passes and scored. Later on in this period Business scored another touchdown.

The second half opened with Western receiving, but on a fumble the ball was lost and Business scored again. From then on Western woke up and started driving Business back. In the fourth quarter Western drove the ball from one end of the field to the other, sending Howard over for a touchdown. He kicked his goal. Receiving the ball again, Western started on another march down the field, when they were stopped by the whistle.

Although they have lost the first game, Western is not out of the running by any means. The team will only come back the harder.

THE ANCIENT LATIN LESSON

(Apologies to Coleridge.)

It is a Latin teacher,
  And he stops one of three;
"Why, by your ancient Latin books,
  Now why do you stop me?"

"The lunchroom doors are opened wide,
  And I want to go in;
The bunch is met, the lunch is set,
  You can hear their noisy din."

He holds him with his tranquil eye,
  "Your Latin Exam.," says he.
"O let it go! I want my lunch,
  We are hungry all, we three."

But the naughty boy sat at his desk,
  He cannot choose but hear;
For he must learn his Latin verbs
  Or he'll not pass, we fear.

The page was cleared, the end was neared,
  Merrily did he stop;
His Latin was done; 'twas nearly one,
  By the ticking of the clock.

He went like one that has been stunned,
  Down to obtain his lunch;
A sadder and a wiser boy,
  This hero of the bunch.

—D. M., '15.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Girls' athletics at Western are expected to take a great bound this year, and we want every girl who is at all interested in this side of school life to do her share towards upholding our athletic standards. There are four branches of sport open to Western girls: hockey in the fall, cross country "hikes" in the spring and fall, basketball in the winter, and tennis in the spring. Each game in its turn is to have the undivided attention of coach and candidate. As the season is well under way already, hockey has been given, and is being given a major amount of time and interest. At present there are quite a number of girls out for hockey, and every Monday and Wednesday afternoons they receive a thorough drilling in fundamentals in this game which has been recently added to our list of sports for girls. No attempt is being made to form regular teams, for as yet it has not had a long enough standing to warrant procuring games with other schools. Doubtless in the near future this sport will be raised to the same standing as basketball, but in the meantime the "Reds" and the "Blues" fight it out on the front lawn.

Besides hockey, many girls are interested in taking long cross-country "hikes," two parties of girls already having spent their afternoons in this fashion. It is to be hoped that this form of sport will grow in popularity with Westernites, its advantage consisting of the maximum amount of exercise it gives.

From the first of November basketball will again have precedence, and we all expect a very large number of girls in the Senior, Junior and Sophomore years will answer the first call for candidates. There will be general practice during the month of November, during which time there will be a testing of each girl's ability as a player. In the first part of December the class teams will be picked, and in every case the girl who has worked faithfully and has come up to every practice will be chosen in preference to the girl, who though perhaps a good player, has reported but two or three times. This is so often the case that this warning may not be amiss—always remember that faithfulness and stick-to-itiveness counts a great deal more in the long run than merely good playing. I have seen a girl, who, in the first part of the season, didn't even make a single one of her class teams, yet who, in the end, through her constant coming to practice in the face of such odds, made the school team! Let that be an example to all.

Of course we hope to have a splendid school team to wear the Western colors this year, although only three members of last year's seven have returned: Miss Bridges, Miss Steuart, and Miss Needham. With these three brilliant players as a nucleus, however, and with the fine coaching of Miss Thomas, we feel sure that, although last year our record was only one defeat and that by two points alone, during the coming winter this record will be bettered, and our team shall never fail once to return Western's colors victorious.

L. M.



HORRIBLE! HEART-RENDING! TERRIBLE!

A. M. (Ginny) R-v-ro Forgets Himself

—and—

He is Aided and Abetted by C. (Smitty) Sm-th.

THE GHASTLY DETAILS.

Our correspondent was standing on the corner in front of the school a few days ago when, from the interior of the corner opposite, he heard, without any warning, a moaning chorus of shocked "Oh's," and the echo of a fearful word spoken in a loud, brazen voice. Grasping his courage, for he would brave anything for news, he rushed into that wicked place. As he entered he heard a strident voice, which he recognized as belonging to C. (Smitty) Sm-th, saying, "Do it again, Ginny!" For an instant our brave correspondent turned cold all over from the fear that A. M. (Ginny) R-v-ro really would. But he seemed satisfied with having been so wicked in one day, for he replied, "No, C. (Smitty) Sm-th." Our representative, for the sake of news, at last persuaded one to tell him that word. It seems that this R-v-ro had just discovered that he had lost Four Dollars and Fifteen Cents on the way to school. On finding this out he had said, "Oh, mercy!" We know that this is so, because our correspondent told us that it was. We had better use his own words. He says, "I was horrified beyond words!"

When interviewed, A. M. (Ginny) R-v-ro said, "Mi opinion es Caramba!"

C. (Smitty) Sm-th has not been seen.

◇ ◇ ◇

Miss Stutz (in German): Fräulein, give me the next sentence.

Miss L.: Indeed, Miss Stutz, my name isn't "Fräulein."

THE FRESHMAN'S SIDE OF IT

Editor's Note—This is to be taken seriously only by the Freshmen.

Once more the sound of baby feet,
Shy pattering o'er the floor;
Once more the go-cart hinges creak;
The Freshies come once more.

Soft childish lisps sound through the halls,
Great screams of fright, as some
Tall Senior takes an infant's doll,
Its bottle, or a drum.

The nurse maids quite distracted are,
Their charges don't behave,
This High School life's too much for them—
All that they see they crave.

They want the Senior's beaver hat,
The Junior's walking cane,
They want to play the graphophone—
O'er all they want to reign.

If they're not humored, they begin
To cry, to scream, to squall;
The more they're spanked, the harder they
Emit their dreadful bawl.

One little auburn-lock'd chap
Sits in his class-room, where
He frowns and glowers, in manner fierce,
And tears his curly hair.

Great big round glasses to him lend
An air most studious;
Compassion moves your mighty soul—
"Wha's matter, son, tell us?"

He shakes his bright-hued pate, and says,
"It wouldn't do no dood
To tell oo, oo'ld dus laugh at me."
"Not so, my boy, it would."

"Well, den, I'll tell oo, but I fink
Oo'll only pull my hair.
De twuble is, we fellows fink
Dat oo don't tweat us fair.

"We Fweshmen do to all de games,
An' join de 'ssociation,
An' pay our dues, join de debate
An' den our consolation

"Is habbin' Seniors take our hats,
An' spank us, take our lunch,
An' chase up de twees, an' all,
An' say, I dot a hunch

"De Seniors aren't no dood at all,
Nor needer are de Juniors,
'Cause de ones dat support de High School are
De Fweshies an' de Sophomores.

"De Big-Bugs talk so fwesh, an' say
We chillens are so bad,
But when it tums to do weel stuff—
Oo fellowsh makesh me shad!

"We's nebber late to school, an' we
Don't work de car-line dope.
We do's to classes, an' don't hab
To be dwagged dere wif a rope.

"We studies lots an' lots, an' den
We always knows our leshons,
An' when we're wicked, wun an' make
To de office our turfeshons.

"Oo big guys don't do zis at all,
Oo don't pwetend to work,
Skip clashes, flirt wif girls, an' all—
Don't do a fing but shirk!

"But, shay, dere's one fing I can tell,
I'm goin' to do it, too;
Shum day, yuh big stiff ober dere,
Me'll be as big as oo!!

"Shum day me'll be a Taptain in
De company, an' den
Perhaps me'll be de President—
Oo bet I'll lick oo den!

"Oo ain't so monshtrous, anyway,
Oo ain't so werry tall—
Onsh on a time, oo know, my fwend,
Oo weally were twight shmall.

"Oo weren't a Senior all oor life,
(I s'pose oo finks oo were)
Oo ownce was teensy dus like me,
Yuh big stiff, dere. Yes, shir!

"Me no will shay no more, me do
To play de gwaphophone;
But after dis, I hope dat oo
Will leab me wight alone!"

The baby toddles off, and you
Near burst your sides with laughter,
As he goes strutting off so proud,
His puppy tagging after.

You clap your comrade on the back,
And double up—but say,
Old chappy, did you ever think
The kid's right, in his way?

He told the truth, so what d' you think
Of taking his advice?
Let's treat 'em square, so they'll all say
The Seniors are "twight nice."

Let's leave their bloomin' toys alone,
And don't let's swipe their eats,
And don't let's hook their dollies when
We meet 'em on the streets.

And don't let's pull their woolly locks,
And don't let's spank 'em, or
Don't let us chase 'em up the trees,
Or paddle 'til they're sore.

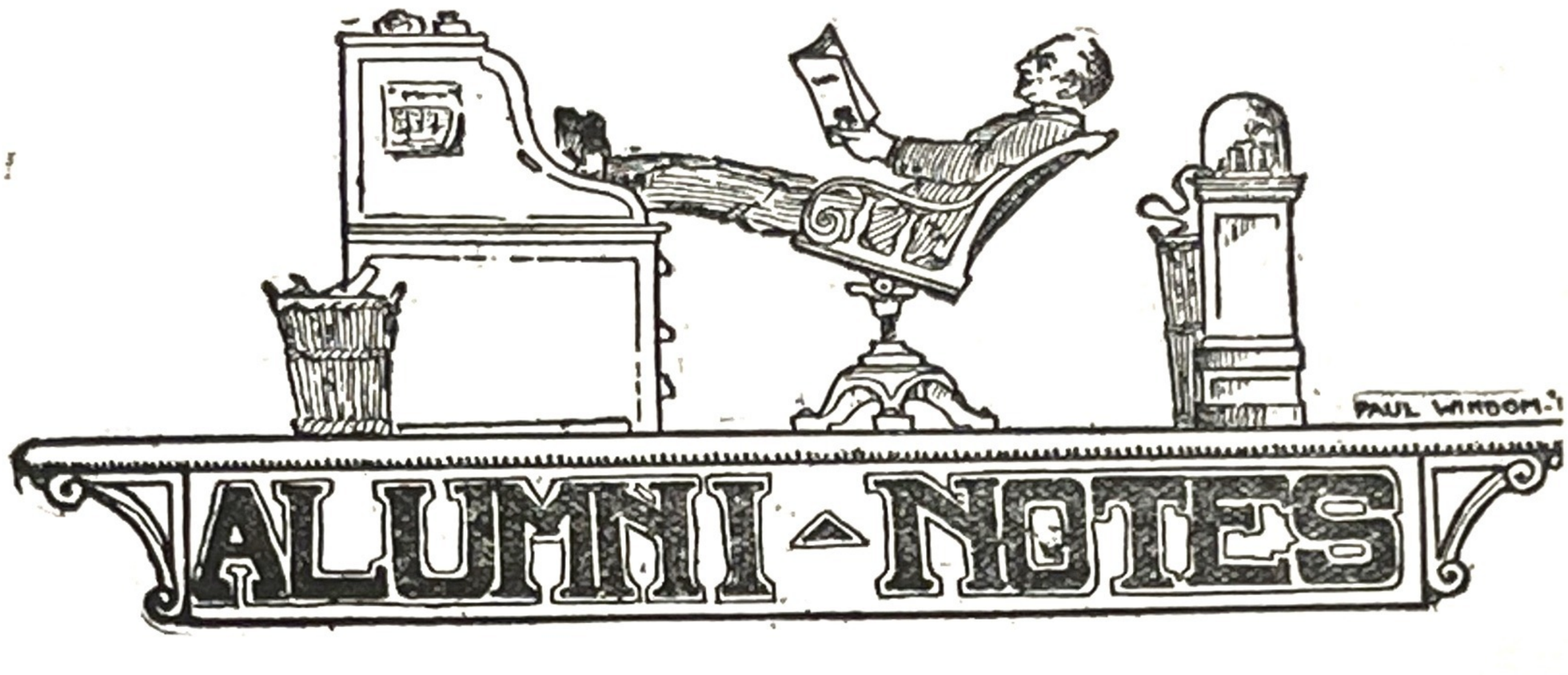
Let's pat 'em on their curly pates,
Let's mollify their squealin's,
And let's be dignified, so we
Won't hurt their little feelin's.

Some day, you know, the dippies *might*
Be Presidents, and we
The Mighties, might be gone dead broke,
Without a cent to see.

And then how great 'twould be, old boy,
To have 'em say to us,
"Please be my Sec. of State, my friend—
When I, a little cuss

Was in my Freshman year at school,
You Seniors sure were great—
I ne'er forgot it, so I beg,
You to be Sec. of State!"

M. K., '14.



GOVERNOR'S PALACE, AGANA, ISLAND OF GUAM.
May 24, 1912.

TO MISS E. C. WESTCOTT,

Western High School, Washington, D. C.

DEAR MISS WESTCOTT:

Thinking that you might possibly be interested in the trip that I have just had, I will try to give you a fairly accurate description of parts of it. I hope that you will excuse this typewriting, but you know that I write even worse than I use this machine, and as I have just learned that the U. S. S. Supply will sail next Saturday for the U. S., I want to get off as many letters as I can before that time.

Be that as it may, we left Washington on the evening of the twentieth of March, (1912!) on the Mid West Express, Penna. Lines, for St. Louis. The next morning we found ourselves crossing the plains of Ohio and Indiana. The whole region had been flooded and ice was all over the country as far as one could see. The trees and telegraph lines were outlined in ice, and made a very beautiful sight when the sun came from behind a cloud. We crossed Illinois in the afternoon, and arrived in Saint Louis twenty-four hours after leaving Washington. At times we went seventy miles an hour. We spent a week in Missouri visiting friends and relations.

After having been in Missouri for seven days, we continued our tour on the Union and Southern Pacific, crossing the prairies of Kansas and Colorado the first two days. We stayed one afternoon in Denver and then went on to cross the Rockies that night. I don't know how high we were at the climax, but I know that the next morning we were still 8,143 feet above mean low water. The third day from St. Louis, the train had the pleasure of taking us across the middle of the Great Salt Lake. The track is laid over a stone affair something like what you see along the streets when they are putting in a sewer, or building a house. This was the twelfth time I had crossed the U. S., but I had never crossed the Lake before. While crossing I believe I saw the most wonderful sight that I have ever been an eye witness to. It is impossible for anybody to describe it accurately, and so that a person reading it would be able to imagine it, and therefore you will have to magnify

my description 1,000 times, Q. E. D. However, the water of the lake was calm, and would have extended in almost all directions as far as the eye could reach if it had not been for the purple and white mountains which poked their summits up beyond the horizon. It took us three hours to cross the lake, and the mountains were so grand that the scenery did not appear to change distance in the slightest. The sun had melted almost all the snow off one of them, and that purple one, seen against a background of pure white ones was very pleasing to the eye.

We crossed the Sierra Nevada Range that night, and the following morning were passing through the fertile valleys of California. It certainly looked good to see poppies all around after a winter of snow, and two weeks of prairie and mountains. We arrived in San Francisco that afternoon, only two hours late. All of the other trains San Francisco-bound were at least 24 hours late on account of the floods.

Our transport, the "Logan", sailed from San Francisco four days after we got there, and after eight days of comparatively rough weather we got to Honolulu. Altho I didn't eat much the first four days, I always had enough rolls at hand. We passed only three ships between San Francisco and Honolulu. After remaining at the latter for twenty-two hours, we again set sail, and arrived in Guam after fifteen days. We didn't stay at Honolulu long enough for me to try to describe it, as you can't see much in twenty-two hours. After leaving Honolulu I put on white clothes. I had been wearing my High School Cadet Uniform every day up to then, and think that I was the first to wear it on the streets of St. Louis, Denver, Ogden, and San Francisco. Several people that I met recognized it.

We arrived off the coast of Guam about 4:00 A. M. Sunday morning, and I got up to survey my domain-to-be. Guam is about half the size of Rhode Island, and has nearly 15,000 people, of which all but two hundred are Catholics. They are better off than most of us are morally, and think a lot more of the American Flag. At colors every morning and evening everybody, all over the city, within hearing stand at attention, and salute. They are a very polite people, and raise their hats and bow to all of the naval officers stationed here, and their families. It is quite a nuisance speaking to nine thousand people who live in Agana every time one goes out. You are very apt to meet the same people several times. We could see the lights of the Capital City, Agana, from the ship as we passed. As the sun rose, we got a beautiful view of the harbor d'Apra, a good harbor of Guam, and the nearest one to the Capital.

My sister, six years, had contracted some terrible disease on the ship, and we were kept in quarantine until last Monday. The disease later took the guise of measles, and she will be up in a few days. The Governor's Palace is not a bad place to be quarantined in, as it covers about an ordinary square block, including the outbuildings and gardens. The palace itself is about 200 feet long and 100 feet wide. It is only two stories high, but the ceilings are high.

It is made of native cement or cascajo (pronounced "cascow") as are over one half of the rest of the houses on the island. They dig the stuff out of the earth, and then mix it with coral lime. The interior of the palace is finished with ifil (eefil) wood, a fine, hard, wood that is native to the Mariana Islands. It takes a high polish, and is very pretty while growing, having big, bright red, blossoms. There is another wood here that has about the same characteristics as ifil, called "Dug-dug." Most of the wooden houses are made of it. The rest of them are of bamboo and cocoanut palm, which form the principal part of the trees.

Growing in our garden are all kinds of plants and flowers. Most of them are unheard of in the United States. The flowers here do not have any odor, as a rule, altho they are very bright in colors. Very often the plants have sweet-smelling leaves. We have also all kinds of tropical fruits and vegetables.

The most numerous animals of Guam are Lizards, rats, cock-roaches, land crabs, and large birds. The only ferocious wild animals in the territory are wild boars. There are also a good many deer and goats in the plateau regions. The lizards come in two classes, out-door lizards and house lizards. The outdoor lizards have nice-looking brown bodies, and bright blue tails. They are at large only during the daytime, going to their residences at sunset. The house lizards inhabit the dwelling places of human beings, and are transparent. A branch of the outdoor lizards, called aguanas, obtain a length of two feet. They make up for the absence of snakes on the island. All of these lizards are very destructive to the mosquito population of the Island, sad to relate. The cock-roaches out here are enormous. Some of them get to be 2″ x 1 1-2″ x 1-2″ large.

The northern half of the island is a plateau 600 feet high. One of the peaks in it reaches a height of 850 feet. The central part of the island is only six miles across. Near the ocean on both sides it is a level plain, but in the interior there is a chain of hills 700 feet high. The mountains reach their highest point in the southwestern part of the island, where there is a chain on the west coast of 1,000 feet in height. The highest of these mountains is 1,297 feet above sea level. The total mileage of rivers on the island is ninety-four miles. The longest river, called the Zaduc, is nineteen miles long. The second in size, the Illig, is sixteen miles long, and has a mouth fifty feet across.

The chief city of the territory is the Capital, Agana. It has 9,025 people, about half of whom live in stone houses of cascajo, with corrugated iron roofs. They are a fairly educated people, considering the disadvantages they are subject to. The extent of their learning is about up to the first year High School. Almost all of the teachers are natives, as the Government does not give the Island enough money annually to suit an American. No American teacher would want to come out to Guam to teach, and get less money than he would receive in the U. S. Another disadvantage that they have is that all of the people speak Chamorro at home, and every place else,

except in school. If they spoke English to their parents. they would not be understood. All children between six and fourteen are required to attend school. Their vacation lasts for two weeks.

The second town in the Territory is Sumay, where the Cable Station is located. That is only fourteen miles from Agana. All of the towns are connected by telephone. Agana is the only one that has electric lights. Most of them have a sewer system, and all have a water supply system, including the ranches in the country. All of these improvements have been here only since the Americans took possession of the Island, and the people are very grateful to us. The leper colony of Guam is at Toumon, a small town of lepers on the seacoast. The city of Agana is fourteen blocks each way, and as all of the streets look alike it is easy to lose your way. The people look like Spaniards, with just a little hint of Japanese. Their eyes are straight, and dark. A few have red hair, but most of the young ones have light brown hair, which becomes black later. Their color ranges from pure white to about the shade of brown of a Jap or Chink. Both boys and girls are very friendly, and play baseball. The boys usually let the girls win.

Well, I will not bother you with any more of this catalogue, this time. There will be plenty of things that I will think about later if you would like to hear about them. If there is anything you desire to know about this possession of our country, please write. I shall be glad to hear from you. However, it will take you three months to get your answer, as there is only one mail a month here.

Hoping that this will not bore you while reading it.

Yours sincerely,

KENNETH COONTZ.

The Western

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THEIR ATTAINMENTS

There was complete silence in the large studio and had been for fully five minutes. Relations were a little strained among the five occupants and the five heads were bent determinedly over their easels. Finally a door banged somewhere in the distance and they all looked up, relieved at the interruption.

"Well, Connie dear, I don't think you need to be very jealous," said a clear voice, resuming the thread of the conversation, "you're just as much a genius as Doris."

"I am jealous just the same," declared Constance mournfully, "just as jealous as I can be. And the trouble is, that I have always had Mr. Kendrick praise my work above all others, so when Doris—," her voice sounded choky and she stopped.

"I'm ashamed of you, Constance Browning," began an indignant, frank voice, "you're not only jealous of Doris, but you don't like her splendid work."

"Admitted, too, Marian," she answered ruefully, "there's no use for you to tell me that my work is nearly as lovely as hers, Alice, because I know it isn't. What's the matter with you and Ruth, Gladys?"

"I think I hear the young lady in question approaching," returned Gladys, smiling. "Now, Connie, please be amiable."

The door opened and a small slender girl with a delicate oval face entered, her large gray eyes alight with eagerness.

"My! I've got to hurry if I expect to get my poor old marine view done in time for the exhibition," she laughed cheerfully. And going

to one of the lockers she pulled out a long, soiled apron, enveloping her small form in it.

"There's positively no use for me to try when you and Constance are trying for the prize," sighed Ruth, "I don't see why I don't have sense enough to keep out, anyhow."

Doris laughed as she looked critically over Constance's shoulder at the fine little pastel—the faint purple gray hills in the distance pervaded by an atmosphere of dusk, the tall leafless trees standing out against the pale yellow sky, the few blue-black clouds promising rain—and then she planted a kiss lightly on Constance's smudgy forehead.

"It's lovely, Constance," she declared generously, "I'll hope for as good success with mine."

She adjusted her easel and put the box of pastels in a convenient place. Holding the small picture off at arm's length, she surveyed it with unprejudiced eyes.

"The sky is too blue," she commented critically, "and the waves aren't very well defined, and the—"

"Gracious!" interrupted Constance, irritably, "one would think to hear you talk that there isn't a single good point to it. Whereas—" she waved her hand expressively.

"You know, Constance, that I must have this extra—specially good. The family treasure vault is almost empty and that means that I, Doris, must do something to help. Why, just think how much two hundred dollars would look to mother, and then we won't have to pawn the 'Crown Jewels' so that I can go to the Junior 'Joll.'"

For a brief little moment Constance was touched enough to want to tear her pastel up and leave a free path for Doris. And then the honor that it might bring her, the recognition and the popularity loomed up before her, spurring her on to greater effort.

"And Thanksgiving is coming," continued Doris, smiling happily, "and maybe— but there I keep forgetting that I'm not the only one who wants the prize so much."

She pressed her firm little red lips together and bent her head over her work with determination.

"What is your greatest attainment, Doris?"

Alice turned to ask the question. Doris shook her head, putting her finger on her lips, and nodded toward the picture.

"I said I wasn't going to talk so much," she laughed, "but just at present it's to win two hundred real dollars. That's awfully material and worldly, I know, but mother needs it and I forget the worldliness of it."

"And mine," went on Constance, "is to learn how to keep from being jealous."

"Jealous?" repeated Doris, "you jealous, Constance Browning! I don't believe it."

"It's true just the same," was the retort, "and I've got to learn not to be. I've just got to if I want to be happy."

Doris was silent, wondering.

Sometime later all of the girls, with the exception of Doris and Constance, left, and the clock ticked an hour away without a word from the two.

"There goes the bell," Doris sighed presently, "and I must go to French. Just leave the room this way, Constance, and I'll be back to straighten everything as soon as French is over."

Constance nodded absently and went on working. As the hour drew near two o'clock, she got up to close the window.

"I suppose it's done," she murmured, regarding her picture calmly, "and now I'll pick everything up just to begin to be nice."

Humming a little tune to help the good impulse, she picked up the scraps of paper here and there and leaning down by Doris' easel, cleared the floor around it. She crumpled the paper in her hands and was in the act of throwing it in the waste-basket when she stared, horrified at what she had done. There in her hand lay Doris' marine view, one corner all crumpled up.

"I— I wondered what was so stiff underneath all those papers," she faltered, and as the realization of what she had done dawned the more on her, she sat down in the middle of the floor and buried her head in her arms.

It was thus that Doris found her.

She gazed in astonishment at the sight of Constance, who was always so well controlled, in that little crumpled heap.

"Why, Constance," she gasped, "what's wrong? Tell me, please."

"You'll think its all on account of my horrid jealous disposition," Constance choked, "but it isn't, Doris, truly it isn't."

"What will I think is all on account of your 'horrid jealous disposition,' as you call it?" the question was asked anxiously.

And by degrees the story came out, so that Constance, turning to look at Doris, saw the latter's gray eyes large with surprise and disappointment.

"Let me see it, Constance," begged the girl finally, "it may not be as bad as you think, and maybe I can fix it. Anyhow, now that Jimmy is earning so much I won't need the money."

With a quick gesture Constance brought the picture, smeared and crumpled in one corner, to the light.

"I know I'll never be jealous again," she declared earnestly.

Doris smiled brightly, although she was in despair, and jumped to her feet, "I think my poor old marine view has done lots of good, then, so I won't feel badly about it."

The rest of that day and almost all of the next Doris spent in trying to restore what had been spoiled, for she knew that it was useless to try another.

"I can only change that crumplel place into rocks," she decided

finally, "and they will be awfully queer rocks, but I mustn't let the girls see it because they would want an explanation."

Doris' kind little heart rebelled at hurting Constance any more than possible and so none of them knew anything about it.

The evening before the exhibition Constance entered Miss Ellsworth's room.

"I want you to change the place of my picture," she announced firmly, "and put Doris Wilson's there in the center."

And then being very human, she told Miss Ellsworth all about it.

"It's very dear and generous of you, Constance," Miss Ellsworth told her, "but don't you think that Doris would rather have yours there as long as it is best?"

"Best," repeated the girl scornfully, "you haven't seen hers, have you? It's wonderful, better than before. Imagine a wide expanse of clear blue sky with tiny fleecy clouds, the fleeciest dearest clouds, and blue-green water with waves, high, foamy and strong, dashing against rocky, gray, jagged cliffs. You can almost get a whiff of salt sea water! That is Doris' and mine. Miss Ellsworth, if you don't change it, I will."

"I promise to change it, then," was the laughing reply. "Now fly, it's almost time for the ten o'clock gong."

Doris was in her room most of the next day, so that the others might not see how keenly disappointed she felt, and she tried to keep all rumors from reaching her.

The day following the exhibition the prize winners were announced and Mr. Halstead, the kind old gentleman who had given the prizes, was the one who told them in chapel the outcome.

Doris had missed chapel, having unfortunately contracted a headache, and it was only when the last bell was rung for classes that she left her room. The corridors were almost empty, but she could hear the girls still talking excitedly, although she didn't know who the lucky girl could be.

As she neared English III all of the girls in the class were standing about the door and Constance was hugging them during the intervals when she wasn't dancing around.

Doris had to smile, although she was bitterly disappointed.

"It's perfectly lovely to know that you won it, Constance," she called generously.

"Wha—at? gasped Constance; then as she understood Doris' words, "Silly, I didn't get it. You did, you, Doris Wilson— you—"

"Why—ee!" It was Doris' turn to gasp.

"How— what— but I don't—"

"Silence! You insinuate that I couldn't be tickled silly unless I got it, but anyhow I can, and Mr. Halstead read your name off first, so I—"

"So Connie went upon the stage to get the money," interrupted Marian, "and she explained all about it, begging the pleasure of giving you the prize—she received the second—and—"

Doris gaxed dazedly at all of them. Then, as Constance handed her the envelope containing the precious two hundred dollars, she sat suddenly down in the middle of the corridor.

"It's just too lovely for words," she declared with shining eyes, "I can't believe that it's true."

"Waiting!" called a laughing voice, and they all escorted Doris into English III.

DAY-DREAMS IN ALGERBRA

In Class-Room Twenty-Six I sit,
  Dreaming of two o'clock so dear;
When suddenly a rousing voice
  Falls, thrice unwelcome, on my ear.

Then slowly to my feet I rise,
  With all my senses in a fog;
And glance with apprehensive eyes
  Toward our sarcastic pedagogue.

As I stand up, with feet most cool;
  Her countenance more huffed doth wax;
She at length says, "Towards dreams in school
  You will not find my rules are lax."

Then swiftly, and with fearful glee
  Out from her desk she pulls a book;
And quickly writing there a "D,"
  She murders me with just one look.

As I sit down with woozy air;
  The class is rife with giggles wild,
Especially I notice Claire,
  Though some folks never crack a smile.

Each new time I make up my mind,
  Not to get caught again next time,
But mem'ry's short; this must be signed
  A Freshie; for here ends this rhy'me.

BILL'S WOLF

By D. E. Day.

We were packing it into Canada, Bill Merrill and I, and I want to say right now, "packing it" is no idle jest, not quite. The fifty pounds more or less you start with, have a very disagreeable habit

of increasing with every mile, until by sunset you think you have every ounce of a ton on your back. I was sure that I was carrying the most, Bill was equally certain that he was, and we often discussed the matter as we stumbled along the none too easy trail. You get a swell vocabulary of "cuss" words that way, believe me.

The second night out we came upon a sway-backed, tumble-down woodsman's shanty, and Bill, who detests sleeping out in the open, being mortally afraid of fish-worms and other reptiles, proclaimed that we would sleep indoors. Well, there is no use arguing with Bill; you waste time, breath and logic, so I agreed.

The camp had long been deserted and the bunks were half broken down, but we gathered balsam boughs and in short order we manufactured a couple of fairly acceptable beds. Next came the eats and— have you ever sat by a camp fire with the smoke in your eyes and up your nose, waiting for the coffee to boil? If you have you know how good Bill and I felt when the bacon was done and the beans were just being spilled. When the last "hard tack" was finished and we were feeling full of peace and quiet as well as more substantial things, Bill said in his usual dictatory manner:

"Who votes we go to bed? I do! It's unanimous. Therefore we go to bed."

Now what chance has a fellow got with an argument like that? A fat chance I gotta remark. So, of course, we went to bed. It's nice to lie on balsam boughs after a fifteen-mile "hike" through slash and over rocks, and for a long time remarks were unnecessary and we lay in a stillness that was interrupted at times by silence. Suddenly Bill said, "I hear something. Sounds like dogs. Good night! Hope they don't come around here."

"What's wrong," I said, sarcastic like. "Scared some little sawed-off pup will come in here tonight and chew you up, or that seeing a member of his family here, he'll insist on sharing your bunk?"

You perceive that Bill and I always addressed each other in a polite and proper manner.

"Dry up, you poor simp," Bill grunted, getting serious. "It ain't the hounds I'm worrying about, though I know I don't want them singing any anvil chorus around here all night; the thing is, what are they chasing. It ain't no deer, no deer round here, except in the government preserve. What is it, then?"

There was sense in this. What could it be? Suddenly Bill jumped half out of bed.

"I'll bet two bits it's a wolf," he yelled. "I'm going to shut that door."

Now around Quebec there still are a few timber-wolves, and although they are only seen occasionally and never harmed anybody, I didn't care if the door was shut.

"Go ahead and shut it then, if you're timid," I said. "Course I ain't afraid, but— still it would keep a few 'skeeters out."

Bill jumped up, incidentally stubbing his toe, and gave the door

a shove, but the door, being in a weak state of health, collapsed all over the floor with a sickening crash. Bill gazed down at the ruin with the look of a man who has lost his last friend, and remarked in deep disgust, "You low-down, yellow attempt at a gate, you went and failed me in my hour of need, didn't you? Skelly, shall we punish this thing or examine it to see what makes it act so?"

"Aw, can the chatter, and come on to bed," says I (gee, girls, ain't I brave!). "Nothin's gonna bite yuh."

Bill came and with him came his twin-cylinder, ten-horsepower Parker scattergun, loaded with "chilled B's." Clamping it firmly under his pillow, he remarked savagely, "The wolf that gets me is gonna have the—er, the deuce of a big row for his bacon, believe muh!"

And, although I was sure nothing was going to happen and we were perfectly safe, et cetera, the 32-40 Winchester Special felt mighty good under the blankets.

It was quite a while before I slipped off, and I was dreaming peacefully that a lion was eating me, when Bill grabs me by the leg.

"Wake up," he whispers, "Something is at the door and it's scr-scr-scratching."

Sure enough something was sniffing and scratching at the place where the door ought to have been, but— "I see its eyes," Bill yells. "I can see its white throat." Pow! goes the old Parker, both barrels at once, and—

Bill and I beat a hasty retreat through the widow, leaving Bill's "wolf" in full possession of the fort. You see, Bill's "wolf" was a little black animal with white stripes down its back, and Bill's first shot hadn't killed it!

Oh, me! Oh, my!

OUR TEAM

They may not win the title,
  They may play many a scoreless game;
But we know they fought hard to win,
  So holler for 'em just the same!

They may not be the best of teams,
  But they wear dear old Red and White;
And anyway, what "diff" does it make,
  So long as we know they put up a fight?

It's no disgrace to lose, if you
  Give the very best that you can give;
So come on, fellows, cheer 'em up,
  Give them the best that you can give!



"THE WESTERN" STAFF, 1912-13

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"The Western" is a magazine devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils, and alumni. Original contributions are solicited from all, and may be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

Subscription, 60 cents per school year; by mail, 75 cents; single copies, 10 cents. Advertising rates furnished on application to the Business Manager.

THANKSGIVING Once more the rolling chariot of time stops at our door to let a holiday alight—or, to put it so all can understand—the first holiday of the school year—Thanksgiving—is with us. And we are all exceedingly thankful for this occasion; for, after three months of solid school work, a holiday is very grateful. And much has happened in those three months. The football season has nearly run out its course, with Western, through many unfortunate withdrawals of players, not quite so rich in winnings as had been hoped for it when the year opened. Still, its showing has been so great in spirit that we can

easily forget its lack of winnings. The "Western" congratulates the team. Then the first of the six great school upheavals, the First Advisory, has come and gone. Some students may think that this should not have been mentioned under the heading of "Thanksgiving," while others may take offense at its being termed an upheaval. We can only raise our glass with the rest of the School and say, "Better luck next time."

CLASS ELECTIONS At the second meeting of the Senior class the officers were elected. Mr. Herbert Schneider was elected President; Miss Helen Hopkins, Vice-President; Mr. John Bethel, Treasurer, and Miss Mildred Needham, Secretary. We congratulate them on their honors and wish them every variety of success in their management of this glorious class.

CHEERING Three of Western's football games have been been played and the last one will have been by the time the paper comes from press. And at these games a very deplorable condition has come to light. The fellows of the School seem unwilling to come out and cheer for the team and thus give their share of help towards winning. At the first game the cheering was very good. No one knew how the team would play, and everybody turned out, many, it would seem in the light of further development, from mere curiosity and not from any great love of team or school. For the number of fellows on the Western cheering stand has been less each succeeding game. That would seem to show a mighty poor spirit among the boys of the School.

Some fellows argue that since the team is not winning this year, they do not care to go as far out as Union League Park to see Western lose. Anyone who says or thinks that certainly has the appearance of a quitter. If there is any time that the team needs support on the stands it is when it is up against a better team. When the team is winning it does not need the enthusiastic support that is so readily and plentifully given it by its rooters. There is no credit in cheering the team on then. The rankest kind of a quitter will be a hero when his side is winning. And the way the majority of the fellows of the School have lain down after the first touchdown scored by the other side certainly has been disheartening to anyone with the interests of the School at heart. Of course there has been a small bunch, chiefly letter men, at each game who have kept up to the end. But the bulk of the School has not.

To cite a specific instance:

When the game with Eastern was played the team was so weakened by loss of men that it was largely composed of light, new men. Everybody knew this, yet as soon as the first touchdown was scored by Eastern a chorus of "knocks" arose from fellows who had never even been on a football field. All this in spite of the

fact that the team was putting up as game a fight as could be seen anywhere. And towards the last of the game a full half of the fellows got up and left the stands. Left the stands when Western was losing!

Any reference to school spirit is generally received with smiles, yet surely if any student with the least spark of this in him is not ashamed to the bottom of his heart at this disgraceful condition, the meaning of that term has greatly changed of late.

The "Western" should not have to say these things, and it would give us great pleasure to have to retract them by the next issue.

It is up to the School to make us do it.

WELCOME

The Staff heartily welcomes to itself three new members: R. Bruce Warden, '14, the artist; Theodore Kelly, '13, the wit and poet, and Irving Richards, '13, a debater and writer of considerable class.

THE DAFFY DEPS

(With apologies to Wordsworth.)

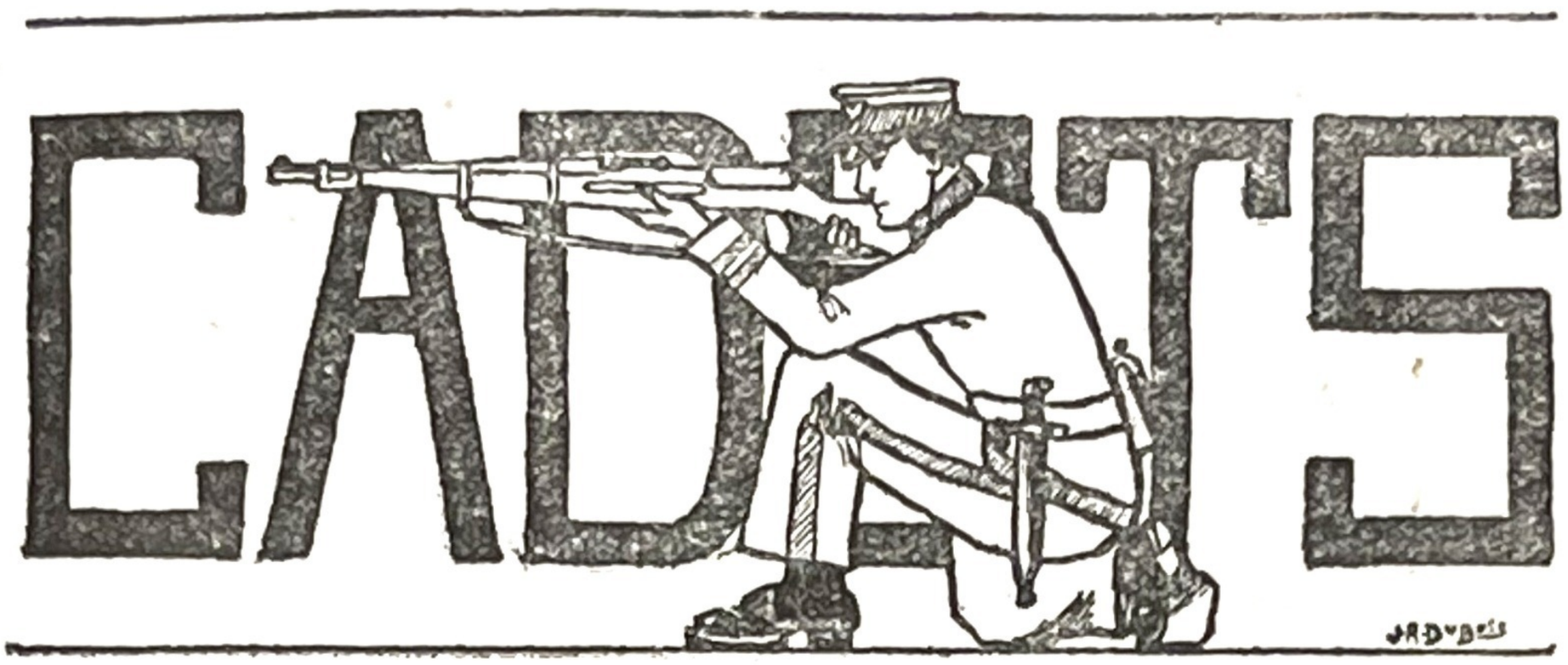
By A. FRESHMAN.

I wandered lonely as a toad
  That hops howe'er or where he please,
When all at once I saw a crowd—
  A host of august Deputies,
Across the street,
Beneath the trees,
Munching and buttering bread with cheese.

Continuous as the stars that shine
  And twinkle on the Broad White Way,
They stretched in great, imposing line,
  Along the curbstone, by a dray.
Ten of them saw I at a glance,
Leading some Freshmen in a dance.

The boys beside them danced, but they
  Outdid those kids in sparkling glee;
A fellow could not but be gay
  In such a jocund company.
I gazed and gazed, but little thought
What sorrow 'twould be were *I* caught.

For oft, when on the West Field I,
  With others of the baby crew,
Attempt to play, and not be shy,—
  Which is a silly thing to do;
'Tis then I'm made my purse to squeeze,
To treat those hungry Deputies.



Work in the companies has started, or rather should have started, in earnest by this time and the men have gotten somewhat of an idea of what is expected of them. In the first three or four drill days only the most elementary movements were taken up, but now the "men" have become more skillful in walking straight, so both squad movements and the manual with the guns have been tackled, and the men are succeeding very well indeed. As all know, it is rather early in the year to be practicing these movements, but do not think that it is only on account of our unusually bright recruits. Of course this goes without saying, but the real reason for the haste is, that it is expected that in the inaugural parade Mr. Wilson will be honored by the presence of the High School Cadet Regiment. If the cadets are to participate in this function, their organization will have to be a great deal further advanced than it has been on the Fourth of March in previous years. This end can only be accomplished by hard, earnest work on the part of everyone in the companies. Now is the time to work as well as the last drill day before the Competitive. Learn every detail, no matter how small and insignificant it may seem to be. Get a good set up at the beginning of the year, and when the drill takes place you will not have to strain yourself and hold your breath in order to make a presentable appearance. Not that we do not want you to work in the final drill, but when half of your attention is being given to your set-up the snap or alertness, as called by members of fashionable society, cannot be put into the movements, and the wide-awake soldier is the one who does not get shot. (We won't say how he avoids it, nevertheless it is a fact. Judge for yourself.)

The officers of the two companies have been endeavoring to make arrangements for the company dance, but as yet no decision as to when or where it will be given has been reached. This dance is complimentary to all privates in the companies and to all excommissioned officers. It is hoped that a large representation of both will be present at this and also the following dances.

During the next few drill days the men will need to put forward their best efforts so as not to fall behind when they miss a day—Thanksgiving. Get in and work, and in the spring we will show the other companies what the true meaning of the word drill is.

COMPANY, HALT!

The little tin soldiers have come to town,
Their heads held high, and their muskets down,
Scaring the cop from off the street,
As he strolls up Reservoir on his beat.
Forward, guide right, march!

The little tin soldiers have come to stay,
You can hear them drilling 'most any day;
Their guns are clean, their caps on straight,
For drill days they can scarcely wait.
Inspection, arms!

The awkward squad inspireth fear—
(Like the poor, my friends, it's always here)—
It almost tears the drill-hall down,
As it rolls and stumbles o'er the ground.
Present, arms!

The new-made officers, darling things,
Go strutting around on angels' wings,
Beaming and smiling on all the world,
Especially on the little girls.
Left front into line, march!

They don't have to do much grinning, though—
You can leave that to us girls, you know,
Who want to go to the company dance,
And with the "gold-braids" gaily prance.
Right dress, front!

But don't despise the ladies' charms,
That lend new courage to your arms,
For they get up the company "feeds,"
To tend to your tender tummies' needs.
Squads right, march!

They hie them to the Competitive Drill,
To see that Western gets her fill
Of cheers, applause and pennants gay,
To liven the ever-toilsome day.
Column left, march!

Oh, the soldiers of tin are jolly boys,
And even if they're only toys
To amuse the babies and smile at the girls,
And arrange their hair in cunning curls,

Their arms are strong, and their hearts are true,
And they stand for the honor of me, of you,
And gladden old Western's Assembly Hall
With their sweet little faces, their uniforms all
Rebraided, and some of them even brand-new,
To uphold the honor of me, of you.
Port, arms!
Then here's to the boys of H and L,
Their arms for our defense,
And *ours* their recompense—
Fall in!

M. K. '14.

MY DILEMMA—"By Mike"

There were two maidens in our school
Looked so much like each other,
'Twas difficult for me to tell
The one of them from 'tother.

But now, alas, my joys are past;
To meet me they are loath;
I told them that they looked alike,
And so offended both.

HARD ON THE FRESHMAN

A woodpecker lit on a Freshman's head
And settled down to drill;
He bored away for half a day,
And then he broke his bill.
The cows are in the meadow,
The sheep are in the grass,
But all the little rummies
Are in the Freshman class. —J. M. S., Jr.



The Present



The Past.



TECH, 9; WESTERN 0.

Western was defeated in its second game of the series when Tech got away with a nineteen-to-nothing score. This was not a bad defeat, considering that Western was outweighed more than twenty pounds to tne man, and the majority of the team were young and inexperienced. Tech made its first touchdown in the first quarter, when after a long end run, Eckendorf scored through a line plunge. The second quarter ended with neither team scoring. Towards the end of this quarter, Howard was taken out, as he had been severely kicked in the head and was almost unconscious. After Howard was taken out, Tech scored again.

Once more, in the fourth quarter, Tech made a touchdown and Eckendorf kicked goal.

The team showed much improvement over the Business game and made up in its spirit what the fellows in the grandstand lacked in cheering.

Line-up for Western: L. E., Lehmann; L. T., Smith; L. G., Hensen; Center, Donovan; R. G., Beauregard; R. T., Adams; R. E., McIntyre; Q. B., Bethel; L. H., Fuller; R. H., Howard; F. B., La Follette.

Substitutes: Jones for Lehmann, Rivero for Hensen, Welchel for La Follette, La Follette for Fuller, Dowell for Howard, Welchel for Dowell, Pepper for Welchel.

EASTERN 22; WESTERN 0.

Chiefly by the work of the two Eastern half-backs, Cohill and Smith, Western was defeated in this game. Cohill made two long end runs, one 65 yards and the other 75 yards.

The team suffered greatly by the loss of the regular men, Howard, Brooks, Adams and Smith, who were out on account of eligibility rules. However, notwithstanding this loss, the men all showed their old-time fighting spirit and played Eastern to a standstill in the second half. Eastern scored only one touchdown, and this was made on a fumble.

Western came within an ace of scoring in the second half, when it advanced the ball to the two-yard line. It was unable to make its distance and Eastern punted out of danger.

The work of the Western backs, Fuller, Pepper and Bethel, was greatly to be praised, as was the work of the whole team. And had it not been for their spirit and grit, Eastern would have rolled up a far greater score.

Line-up for Western: L. E., Lehmann; L. T., Brady; L. G., McKelway; Center, Donovan; R. G., Beauregard; R. T., Adams; R. E., Doxson; Q. B., Pepper; L. H., Fuller; R. H., Welchel; F. B., Bethel.

Substitutes: Jones for Lehmann, Kelly for Beauregard, Beauregard for Kelly, Giblin for Welchel, Welchel for Giblin, Larkin for Pepper, Pepper for Welchel.

The prospects for basketball seem to be brighter than they have been for some years. Practically all of last year's team is back and every man should have improved greatly since last year. Bryan Morse has been appointed to succeed Dr. Hudson, and a lot is expected of him. The men back from last year's team are Bradley and Adams, forwards; Leetch, center; W. Nicholson, L. Nicholson and Donovan, guards. The most promising of the new men are Brewer, Hough, Cathcart and Townsend. Donovan has been appointed manager and has arranged a fine schedule. The team is in the Prep School League again and with the School's support should make a big bid for the championship.

ADAMS,
Captain.

Certain members of the committee seem to think that they were stuck on the class pins.

THE WAY OF LIFE

I used to think I knew I knew,
But now I must confess
The more I know I know I know,
I know I know the less.



HEARD IN CHEMISTRY.

Mr. Devitt—"Can oxidation take place without emission of light?"
Miss ——— "Yes."
Mr. Devitt—"Please give an example."
Miss ———"Well—, well, things can burn in the dark."

HE KNEW HIS HYMN BOOK.

Teacher—"I am tempted to give this class an examination."
Voice from the Rear—"Yield not to temptation."

ONE MORE ON THE POOR OLD HEN.

Ker-n-dle—"Why is a hen crossing a road like a murder?"
"Because it's a fowl proceeding."

Miss Brandenburg (in Biology), turning to Phillips—"Now, here is a little shrimp."

Soph—"Why are fish wise?"
Fresh—"Because they travel in schools."

Teacher (dictating)—"Slave, where is thy pony?"
Startled Student—"Er— in my pocket, miss, but really I'm not using it!"—Exchange.

Notice (in the ante-room of an editor)—Please leave all umbrellas, sticks and poems here.—Exchange.

Small Boy—"Father, what is Esperanto?"
Father—"It is the universal language."
Small Boy—"And who speaks it?"
Father—"Nobody."—Exchange.

Morris—"The people of Wales did nothing but fight the English."
Cussy Micou (coming in towards the last)—"Who? The Whales?"

"What is an octopus?" asked the teacher.
"I know," was the eager reply of the boy who had just started to study Latin. "It's an eight-sided cat!"

LOCAL.

The proposition is cake. Not cake that sinks like a lump of lead; not cake to be chewed by the aid of a stone crusher; not cake to be made by an untrained hand; not cake to depend on the cook's interpretation of perplexing recipes or the careless measuring of necessary ingredients. It is simple cake, made by natural methods and in ordinary places. It is cake made in the spirit of cake-making and founded on recipes purely scientific. [With apologies to our friend, Mr. Burke, of the fourth-year class.]

IT OFTEN HAPPENS!

Mr. A. Byrne (in Trig. class)—"Mrs. Young, Mr. Wentworth got the wrong answer to this example."
Mrs. Young—"And how do you know?"
Mr. Byrne—"I worked it myself."

Madame Bimont—"Monsieur Bradley, in the sentence, 'The grandfather watched near the bed of the sick child,' how do you say in French, 'Near the bed?'"
Mr. Bradley (with bravado)—"Audessou le lit."

Miss Rupli (examining desks)—"I'm not going to tell you till the semester how your desks are; I'll look in them without examining them."

Teacher (just after prayers)—"Who was talking?"
Small Voice—"It was me, teacher."
Teacher (sternly)—"It was I, miss."
Small Voice—"It was me, teacher."
Teacher (still more sternly)—"It was I, miss."
Small Voice (wearily)—"All right, teacher; I'm very sorry if it was you, but I thought all along it was me."

WONDER WHICH "THERE" SHE MEANT?

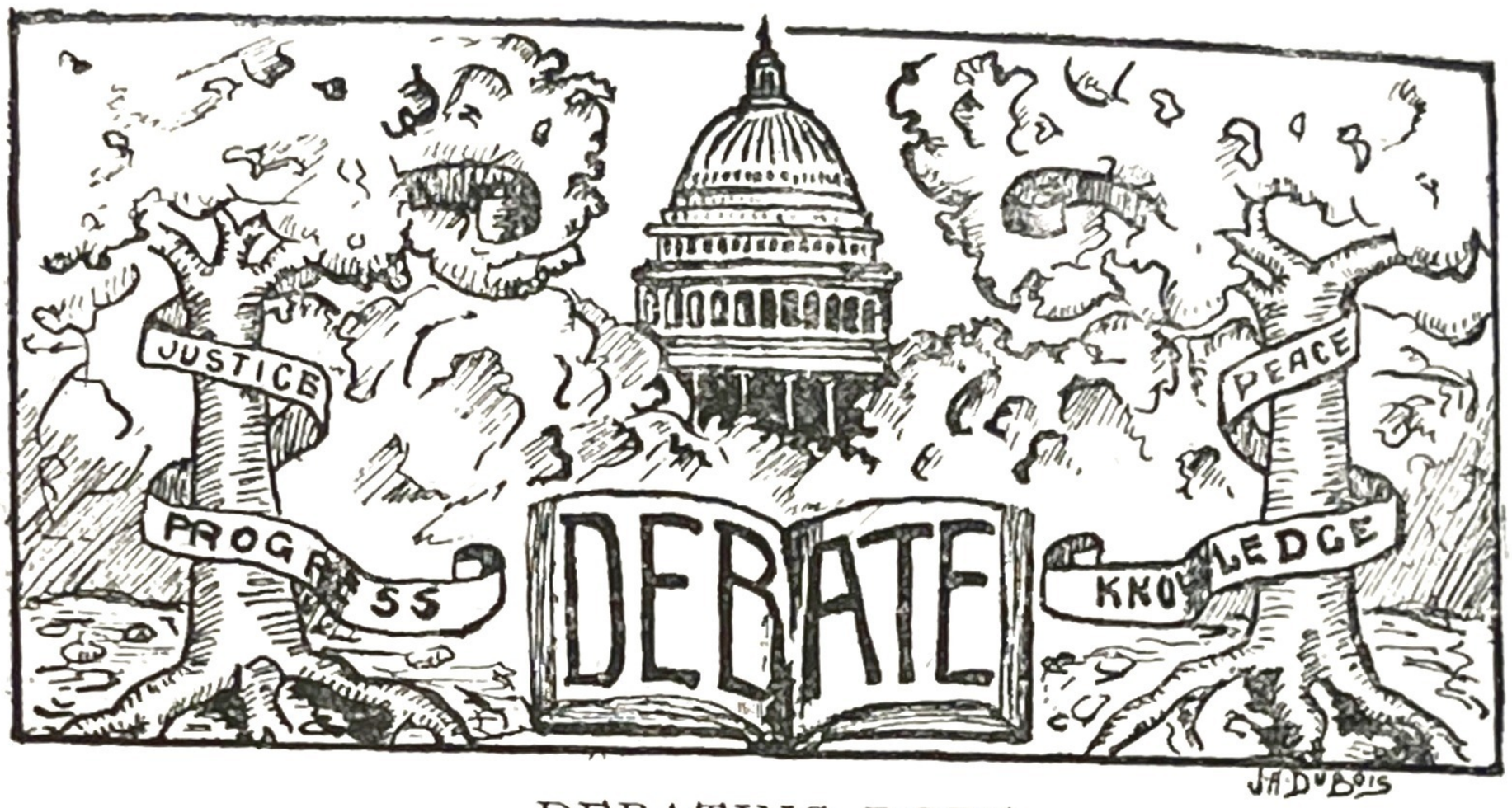
Miss Alexander—"Caesar was killed in the year 44 B. C. and arrived there in fifteen days."

Miss Merrill—"Mr. Bethel, what are the requirements of a brief?"
Bethel—"Each sentence should follow the one before it."

The Crow—An animal that never complains without "caws."

Why didn't they play cards in the Ark? Because Noah stood on the deck.

Mr. Mathews—"Mr. Byrne, translate this passage."
Little Eddie—"I didn't hear you, Mr. Mathews; I had something in my eye."



DEBATING DOPE.

Are you any better than an idiot? Have you "all that is coming to you"? If so, don't say you can't debate. Say you don't know how to debate, say you don't want to debate, say that debating will do you no good, say that you have done your duty to your school and to yourself by getting three "f's" and a "g" on the advisory, say any of a thousand and six other things, but never, never say you can't debate. You can.

If you think it will pay you to restrict your activities to the things which you must do, then you need the attention of an alienist or of a minister, not of an editor.

If you know anything about debating, then give our society a trial; it will prove to be worthy of your attention. If you know nothing about debating, then you should learn. Any of the old members of our debating society will be glad to teach you, or, better still, you would find it easy to teach yourself. After you have devoted a fraction of an hour listening to one of our closed debates, the chances are you will know at least half as much as anyone who participated. Anyone is welcome to any of our meetings and notices of these meetings are posted in the class rooms. No one need be pledged to do anything, but one can have as much or as little work as he wants.

We are not going to take up space telling you about the value of debating. That this is great is generally admitted. If you want to know the particulars, ask your father, or ask any member of the faculty, or ask President Schneider or our Vice-President, Miss Mildred Needham.

Whether you want to learn or not, come and listen. We will entertain you.

The girls form more than three-fifths of the student body of this school and they have fewer interests than the boys. In view of this they should outnumber the boys, two to one, in the debating society. Although such has never been the case, the girls have always held their own and will be expected to do their part this year.

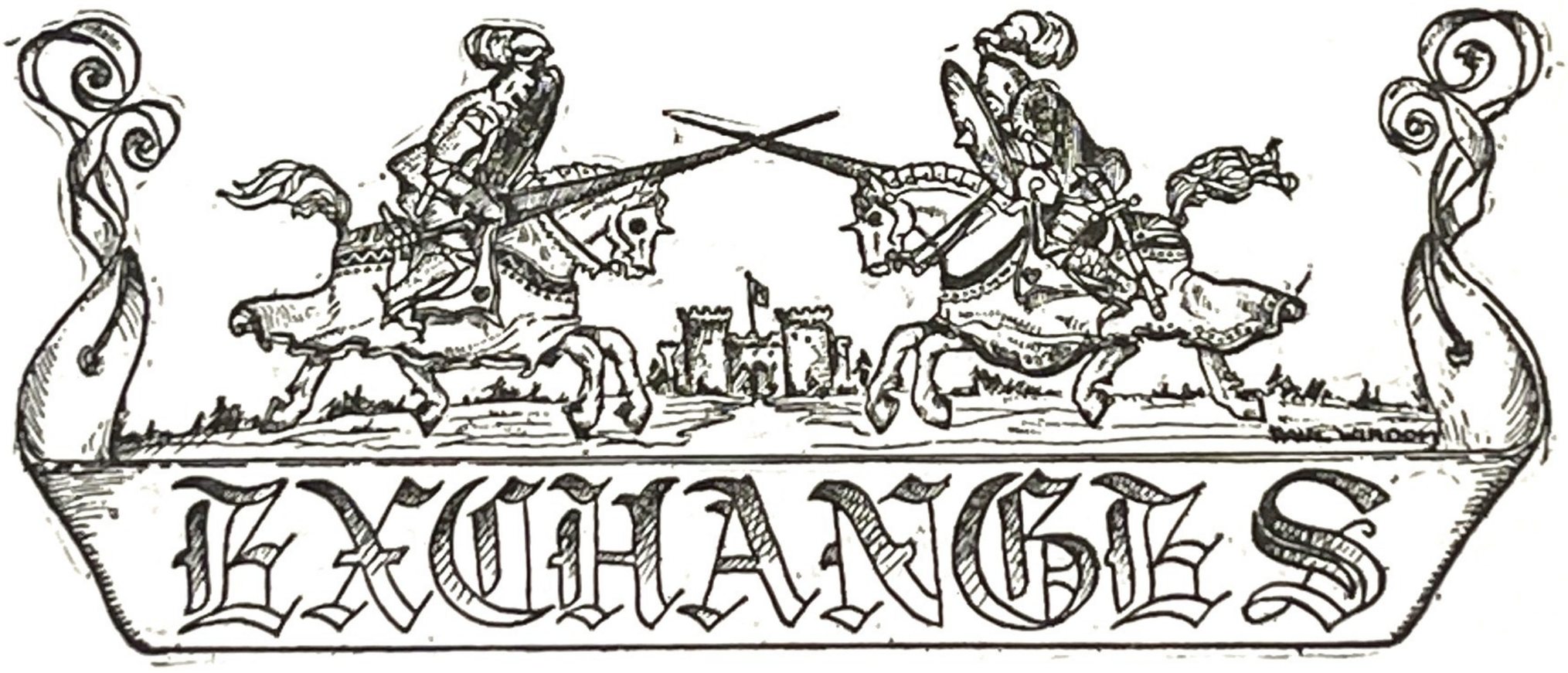
We are not in competition with athletics as a school interest;

we aim to supplement athletics. But do not think that we have a "mollycoddle organization." Our President of last year was also the football captain. This year's Secretary-Treasurer is the captain of football ,and of baseball as well, and if "Buck" Howard is a "willy-boy," for the love of Mike don't bring your example of manhood around this way.

Now for a few current events. On the morning of November 5th an assembly was held in the interests of debating. Our friends and advisers, Miss Cushing and Mr. Devitt, spoke in our favor, as usual. President Schneider made a clever appeal and Mr. Roberts had much of interest to tell the School. The excellent ability in speaking of these last two proves the value of a debating society training.

The first meeting for the year of the society was held on the afternoon of November 13th. Room 2 was crowded. But numbers are not what count; we want workers. A new chairman was elected and some vacant places on committees were filled. Miss Cushing was again kind enough to put in a good word for debating.

Contribute something relating to debating to the Western. Read this page next time, for there is much to be said and told.



The first view one gets of the Central High "Review," i. e. the cover, is imposing. The appearance of the inside, however, is very disappointing. There is little attempt at order. Instead of cuts at the top of the pages, we find a clothier's advertisements at the bottom.

The "Monthly Chronicle" from the Episcopal High School makes but little attempt to be more than a school chronicle. In this capacity, however, it is very good. Though its cuts are few, they are attractive.

Except for its lack of fiction, the Kilman Country School paper is all that one can want in a Prep school publication.

We can issue nothing but praise to the "Papyrus" from Stamford, Conn. It doesn't mind telling its readers what the exchange editors say about it, and no wonder!

WHO PAYS

FOR THE

WESTERN?

? ? ? ?

THE SUBSCRIBERS?

WELL HARDLY!

WHO DOES, THEN?

OUR ADVERTISERS

WILL THEY CONTINUE TO DO THIS?

NO, THEY WILL NOT!

UNLESS

THE STUDENTS

PATRONIZE THEM

WESTERN HIGH SCHOOL 1912 FOOTBALL SQUAD.



The Western

VOL. XVII WASHINGTON, D. C. NO. 3



MRS. COLONEL'S GOAT

"Sergeant," I asked as I threw myself on the ground beside Sergeant Fagin in the shade of the riding hall, "Sergeant, when did B Troop get that goat for a mascot?" The Sergeant's eyes were on the far-off mountains and as he spoke his voice sounded as though his thoughts were equally far away.

"Whin Sergeant-Major Fagin an' er nanny goat get stranded in er post like this 'ere one th' Missus Colon'l better put her hubby ter bed oily."

"What on earth are you talking about?" I asked.

"Hold yer detachmint prepared in th' rear," said the Sergeant reprovingly.

So, the Sergeant was going to relate one of his former experiences. Well, it was up to me to keep quiet or there would be no story, and, although I was the Sergeant's pet and could take more liberties than any other of the officers' sons, I could never interrupt while the Sergeant was speaking (except to my sorrow).

"Do yez know th' little goldin draggin Capt'n Barrie hez in his quarters?"

Of course I knew. Was it not the envy of the entire post? I told the Sergeant I did.

"Well, one day whin th' rigimint wus stationed in Fort Blitz, thet wus befure your father jined ut an' Oi wus only er fifth sergeant, Oi wus in Capt'n Barrie's quarters. He wasn't but er Lootinint thin an' er bachelor. Oi wus lookin' at th' little draygin an' fur th' loife o' me Oi couldn't make out what it wus. It looked loike er cross between er cat an' er goat.

" 'Sor,' Oi sez, sez Oi, 'whot is th' natur' o' thot critter? Is thot cat er goat ur is thot goat er cat?' "

" 'Thot is er draygin,' sezs he.

" 'Oh,' Oi sez, an' makes out as if Oi hed draygin three times

er day at th' mess. Th' Lootinint keeps on writin' somethin' which Oi wus to play orderly with.

"'Prisintly,' he sez, 'By th' way, Sergeant, whut do yez think o' me quarters?'

"Oi looks aroun'. Hivin help me if Oi iver seen th' loikes o' er Christian bachelor officer's quarters befure. On th' pillers were two tidies, one sed 'Good night' an' th' ither 'Good marnin'.' On th' wall wus er picter, 'Kittens at Play,' an' ithers o' that kind. Evin' th' waiste basket hed er big blue ribbin on ut.

"'Tis very artistic,' Oi sez, not wishin' to lie, av course.

"'Till me what you think. Spake up,' he sez. Ut would hev bin th' guard house fur thoity days if Oi hed sed whut Oi thought, so Oi only sed, "Tis very awful, sor.'

"Oi agree wi' you, Sergeant,' sez he. 'This is th' Mrs. Colon'l's doin's.'

"Now, Oi wants to say roight here, thut if Oi seem to be o' er takin' liberties wi' th' Lootinint 'tis because he lets me be more free in privite thin ony o' th' ithers becuse Oi saved his loif wance ur twoice in th' Philippines. You see, this very same Colon'l hed—— but Oi ain't goin' to tell you about thot.

"Whin th' Lootinint sed thot, Oi knew thot th' Mrs. Colon'l was up to her auld trick av bein' er mither to th' Lootinint, as she hed tried to be iver sence he hed jined th' rigiment, er shave-tail, siveral years befure.

"Well, th' Lootinint writ fer er whoile, thin suddenly he jumps up an' yells, 'Be golly, Oi've got ut.' Oi edges away fur fear whut he hed wus contagious.

"Thin he yells agin, 'Cat! Goat! Wow! Goat! Cat! Faygin, you're er jool!' Oi warn't so shure about thot an' began gittin' ready to call th' guard.

"'Sergeant,' he sez, soberin' up, 'Oi'm goin' ter give you er hint. Mind, now, er hint, not er order, fur if it is found out, hivin help us! Oi know you love th' Colon'l as will as Oi do, so listen an' put foive an' six togither. This is ut: Mrs. Colon'l—Chris'mus—party—Sergeant Faygin—F Company's goat—two weeks' lave. Savey?'

"Faith, Oi hed him befure he was half through. He wanted me to chuck F Company's goat in on Mrs. Colon'l's Chris'mus party, fur which Oi was to get two weeks lave. So Oi winks as Oi answers:

"'Me—Bellydonny—Mrs. Colon'l—to-night—two weeks' leave—ur th' jug.' He smiles an' Oi leaves.

"Who's Bellydonny you asks? Well, you see th' hospital stewut gave F Comp'ny er goat. Bein' as how ut needed er name, we called ut Bellydonny Smith Lewis Ryan Winstin Faygin F Comp'ny. See, she wus named after all th' sergeants, F Comp'ny, an' as th' stewut hed given her to us, we called her first name Bellydonny, which is nice an' hospitul like.

"Bellydonny wus what you moight call er bear. If iver she saw

only wan leanin' over she'd butt him so hard he wouldn't know where he wus at.

"Well, to git back to th' story. Thot noight, about nine, Oi took Bellydonny over to th' Colon'l's quarters. She came along quiet enough for her, thank hivins. Oi looks in an' there wus nary er sowl in th' kitchen. Oi slips aroun' to th' door an' pushes Bellydonny in. She looks aroun', but nothin' strikes her fancy, so she heads fur th' dinin' room. Oi retreats an' runs roun' to th' dinin' room windy an' looks in. Bellydonny was jus' comin' in when Oi gits there! She looks aroun' an' goes up an' eats er big hunk o' the decorations an' ends up wi' er linen napkin. Thin she goes lookin' fur more woilds to eat an' arrives at th' parler door. From where Oi'm intrenched Oi kin see part av th' parler. Th' Colon'l was standin' wi' his back to th' door makin' er spaich. Bellydonny bein' raythe full o' napkin an' ither stuff thinks she will have er little exercise. She looks at th' Colon'l's back an' thin commands herself. 'Wi' ball cartridges, comp'ny, Load!' an' gits up on her hin' laigs. 'Aim!' she lowers her head. 'Comp'ny; Fire!' she gives er heave on her laigs an' shoots out six feet in th' air an' gits th' Colon'l in th' back. Bein' as how Bellydonny hits loike er express train, th' Colon'l goes sailin' across th' room on his face. Av coorse, everything is excitemint an' yellin.' Th' Majer goes to pick th' Colon'l up an' av coorse assumes th' fatal position, which bein' as Oi sed before Bellydonny's signal, she takes er crack at him an' lays him on th' Colon'l.

"Oi run aroun' to th' frunt an' hides behin' er tree. Pretty soon th' door busts open an' th' Colon'l comes out aflyin'.

" 'Th' Japernese! Th' Japernese!' he yells, goin' by.

"Thin comes th' ol' cat, Mrs. Colon'l, yellin', 'Oh, Hennery! Hennery! We'll all be kilt,' an' she takes out after th' K. O.

"Thin comes th' Major whoopin'. 'Call th' guard!' Thin th' Mrs. Majer, yellin', 'It's th' devil, himself.'

"After thot comes er whole mess o' officers an' officers' ladies, an' th' whole bunch takes off down th' line, yellin' loike Sancho, until th' O. D. hears th' racket an' runs out an' heads off th' mob an' pacifies thim. In th' manetime Bellydonny, not comin' out, Oi goes in after her. On th' floor th' Lootinint an' th' rest o' th' bachelor officers are rollin' holdin' on to their middles an' most bustin' wi' laughin'. In th' center, cool as you pl'ase, Bellydonny eatin' up th' remains o' th' Majer's coat-tails.

"Well," said the Sergeant, rising, "Retreat is goin' to soun' in er minit, so Oi'm goin' to hike."

"But," I complained, "what happened, then?"

"Well, Oi get Bellydonny out alroight an' heads fur barracks. Th' more Oi thinks av thot mob th' more Oi laughs. In fact, Oi laughs so hard Oi forgets mesif on' doubles up. Av coorse Bellydonny takes th' invitation an' lets fire. Oi hits th' stables so hard thot durin' most o' me leave Oi hev to limp."

And the Sergeant, turning his face towards the barracks, went off singing in his rich Irish tenor, "They may be brithers o' Willyum Taft, but they ain't no kin to me." R. D. B., '13.

H'IT'S A BEAR, H'IT'S A BEAR, H'IT'S A BEAR, THERE!

H'I h'am a bally Hinglishman,
An h'I love my cup of tea,
H'I like my roast-beef very rare,
A joke h'I cannot see.

H'I do my best to be a duke,
A bloomin' one h'at that,
H'I wear a h'eye-glass h'in me h'eye,
H'I 'ave a stove-pipe 'at.

H'I h'am quite 'ansome, so they say,
And whondrous h'is my chawm,
My mutton-chops, my cane, my 'air,
Fill many with h'alarm.

Sir Persë Peachë h'is my name—
Mah word, h'I love h'it so!
H'it sounds just like h'I look, bah Jove,
H'it's deucedly swell, you know.

In shawt, h'I'm h'awfully, h'awfully "cute,"
H'as people h'often say,
A bally Britisher h'I was,
H'I thought, 'til yestuhday.

But now, deah me, h'I'm quite confused,
H'I don't know what to think,
My wits h'are, h'as the h'U. S. says,
H' extremely "h'on the blink."

H'I'm visiting New Yawk, you know,
And fwends, when yestuhday,
H'I took a walk h'in Central Pahk,
H'I 'eard somebody say.

Most beastly rude and loud, you know,
"Say, fellows, 'e's a bear,
A Hinglish bear—some bear, eh, wot?
A bear! A Hinglish bear!"

Ill-mannahed brutes! What beastly taste,
To say a thing like that!
(H'I smoothed my frock-coat down h'in front,
And straightened my cravat).

Deah fwends, h'I was so worried, h'I
Quite ran to my 'otel,
To get a looking-glass, to 'ave
H'it quick the dire truth tell.

But nay, not so, no vision fierce
Of grizzly met my h'eye,
My monocle, my 'at were there,
My pink and purple tie.

My face was bally round and fair,
My h'eye was calm and blue;
The rowdies lied; no bear was h'I—
H'I knew h'it was not true.

But yet, to be quite sure, you know,
H'I h'asked my small bell 'op—
H'I saw 'im running past my door—
"H'I say, h'old chappy, stop!"

"H'I want that you should h'answer me
Quite honest and quite square;
Look jolly well h'at me—reply—
H'am h'I—h'am h'I—a bear?"

The bell 'op grinned, 'e rolled 'is h'eyes,
And started down the stair,
"Ah guess you am, suh; guess you am
A bear, suh; yas, some bear!"

H'imagine, fwends, my feelings then,
What trouble stirred my 'eart,
My Hinglish, London, roast-beef soul,
'Ow keen, 'ow strange the smart.

"A bear, some bear, a Hinglish bear—"
H'oh, puzzling h'U. S. h'A.—
But now h'I've found the trouble, fwends;
You know, h'it's just this way:

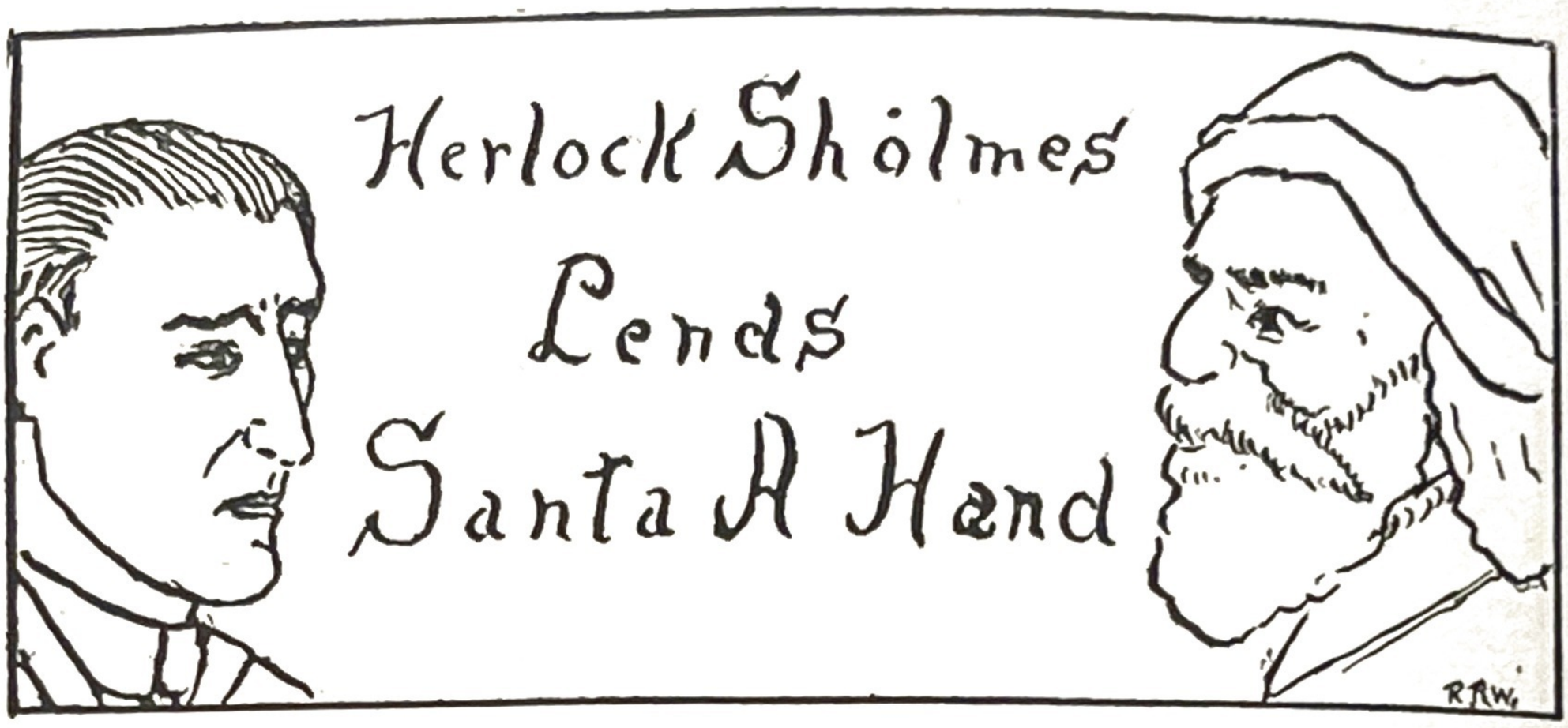
These bloomin' people over here
Don't know a bear, h'I say;
They don't know what a bear h'is, fwends—
H'oh, puzzling h'U. S. h'A.!

—M. K., '14

HEARD IN THE CAFE

Fresh Freshman—"Do you serve lobsters here?"
Madam Muntz—"Not generally, but we'll serve you this once."

Mr. Mathews (in Latin)—Byrne, what does "In Loco parentis" mean?
Byrne—In your father's auto, Mr. Matthews.



"But he is a humbug, a fraud, a——"

"My dear Skinflint," remonstrated the criminal-catching detective, "before you so rate poor Santa Claus as being all these things, calmly consider the case."

"Look at this," croaked old Skinflint, shoving a piece of paper under the aquiline nose of Herlock Sholmes.

It was a note signed "Santa Claus" which promised to fill the stocking of a certain Mr. Skinflint provided he gave the milk man a nickel and wished him "Merry Xmas."

"I did as he asked, and what do I get? Nothing! The stocking possessed of a vacuum! I'll sue him for breach of promise; I'll show him; I'll——"

"But," interceded Sholmes, "suppose we visit your rooms in order that I may ascertain more fully the possibilities of the case. Come, Swatson, let's go. Dr. Swatson, Mr. Skinflint, always works with me."

When the three reached the apartments of Skinflint, Sholmes found them to be scantily furnished, although Skinflint was known to have enough to live in comfort.

"A very economical person," observed Sholmes, after he had taken a brief survey.

"Here is the stocking still hanging up," broke in Skinflint.

"A-ha!" gushed the wonderful detective, "let us have a look at it. You will observe, Swatson, that it is stretched grotesquely from its proper form, showing it to be of cheap material and it has, as we men of science call it, a very low coefficient of elasticity. Therefore, Swatson; therefore, I say, I draw the conclusion that this stocking *has* contained divers articles for a space of an hour at least."

"Really, my dear Sholmes, I can't quite com——"

"Turn it inside out, Swatson, and let us examine the interior."

After a second's search with a lens an expression of expectancy fulfilled, showed itself on the sensitive face of Sholmes.

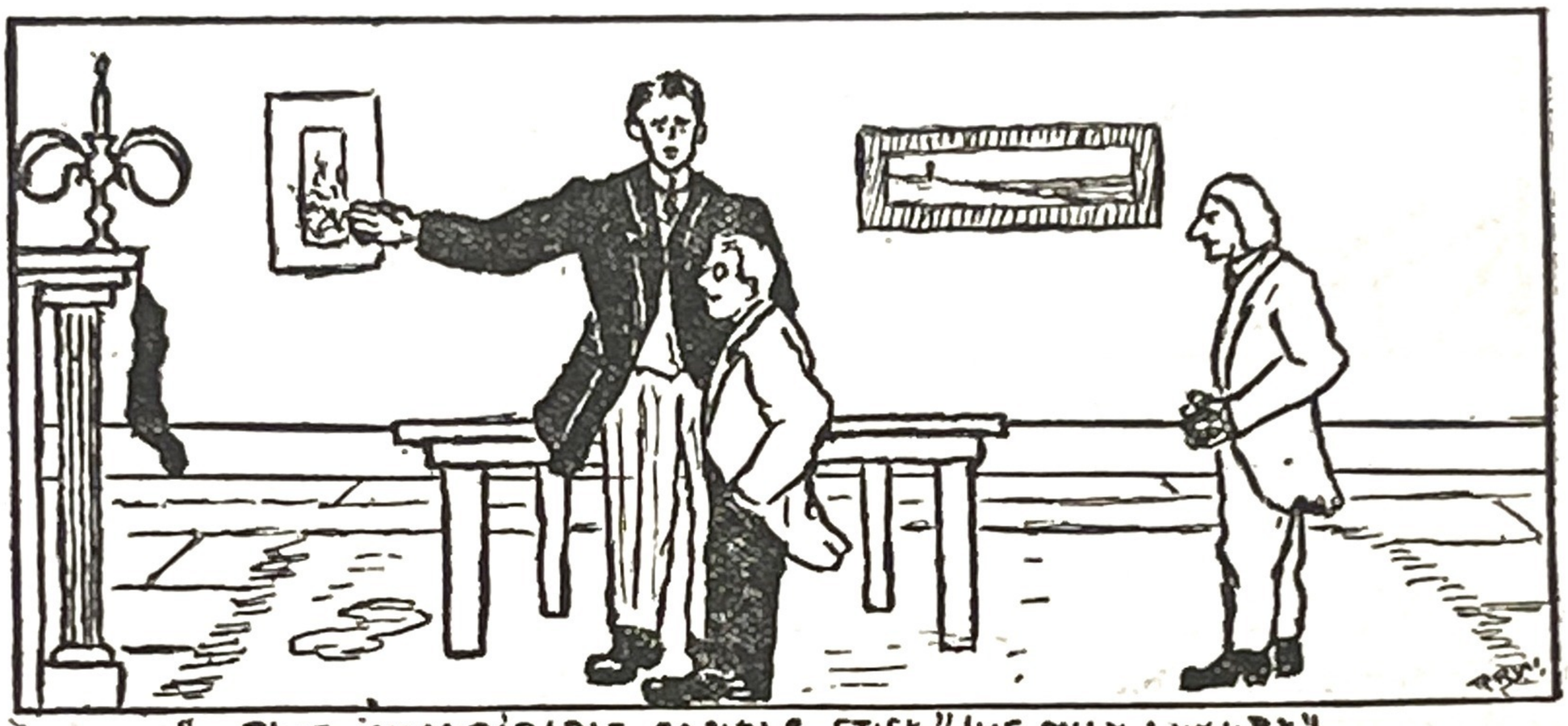
"Swatson, regard this minute particle of all-day sucker stuck to the stocking in the very toe. Does not *this* uphold *my* statement that the stocking *has* contained Xmas gifts. For so much Q. E. D."

"Now, my esteemed Dr. Swatson, it remains to prove the identity

of the person who removed these gifts. Mr. Skinflint, were your rooms so locked last night that no burglar or any other candy and fruit-devouring animal could enter?"

"They were," firmly acquiesced Mr. Skinflint.

"Swatson, I solemnly swear that Mr. Skinflint speaks the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Look at this incomparable gold candle-stick left untouched, Skinflint's only luxury!"



"— THIS INCOMPARABLE CANDLE-STICK" HIS ONLY LUXURY!

"Lived there ever a burglar with soul so dead, that never to himself hath said: 'This is my own——?' "

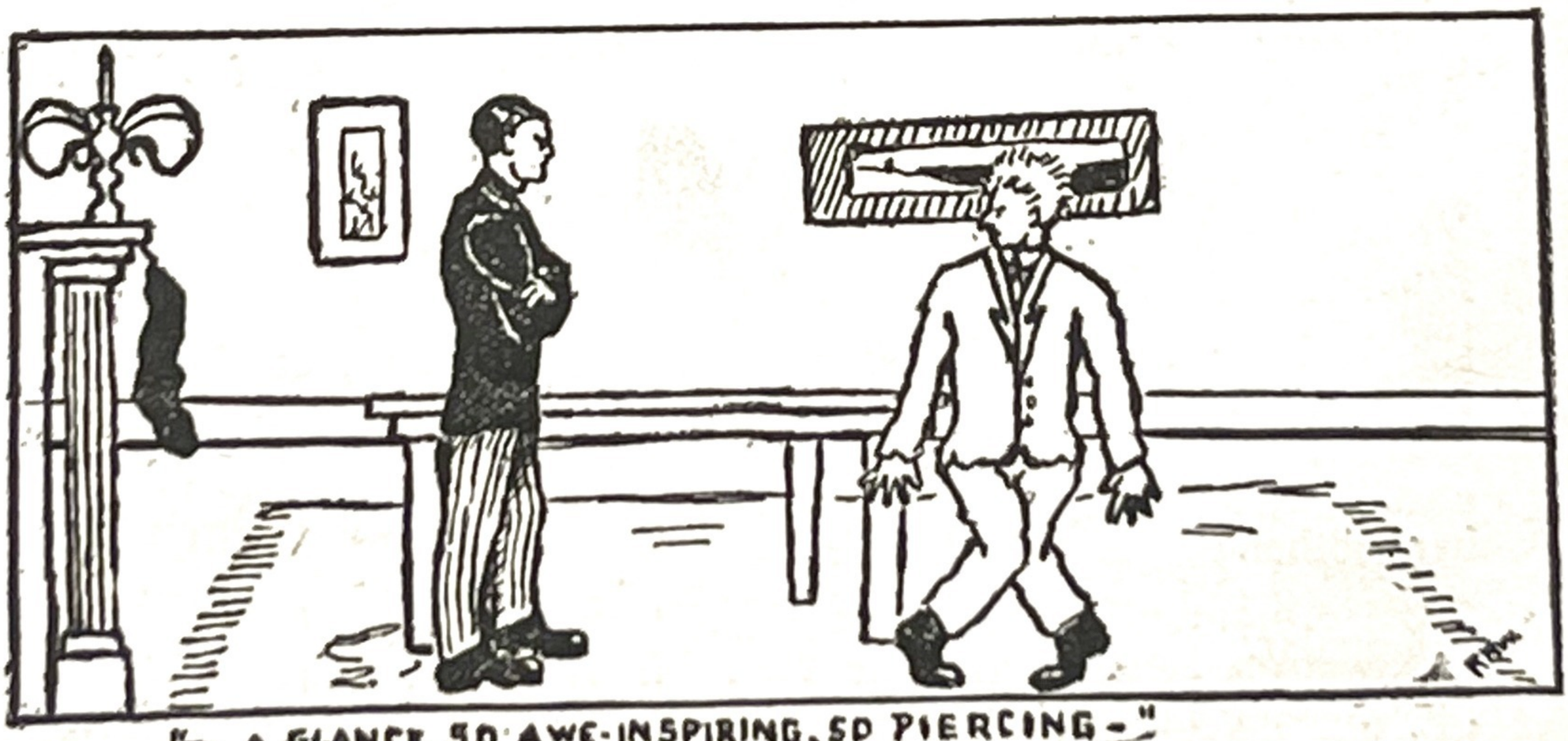
A smile, rich in its eloquence, flooded the impressive map of Herlock Sholmes.

"Caramba," ejaculated he, "we see that the gifts could *not* have been removed by the foul hands of an *intruder*."

"Swatson, send this."

Mysteriously producing pencil and paper from his pocket, he wrote a mysterious missile and handed it to Swatson.

Then turning to Skinflint, he bent upon him a look so awe-inspir-



"— A GLANCE SO AWE-INSPIRING, SO PIERCING—"

ing, so piercing that the hoary hoarder of cart wheels was nonplussed. Yea, his very knees did shake, and for need of support he sank to the floor.

In just two minutes, according to Hoyle, Santa received the aforesaid message. A frown clouded the countenance that was usually so full of sunshine as he opened the envelope.

The sentences jumped boldly at him: "I have one of your enemies within my grasp. Shall I act?—Herlock Sholmes."

Once more his face was illumined with a smile which broke through the gloom as the sun bursts forth after a rain.

* * * * * * *

For five minutes now the mighty Sholmes had penetrated the skull of his victim with his glance. Seeing all that he wished to see, he turned scornfully upon his heel and faced Swatson as he breathlessly broke through the barrier.

After perusing Santa's reply, he started to speak sadly; while Swatson waited with bated breath.

"My noble comrade, he has eaten the gifts! Never more will they be seen by human eyes. This molecule has greedily devoured them, in hopes that he might force Santa to bring him more by threatening a breach of promise suit. Such a creature is so far below my notice, and yours, too, Swatson, that were it not for the deep mystery which surrounded the case, I would consider my time as worse than lost. Come, Swatson, let's go."

R. B. W.

TWO SIDES

By Jimmy May.

Things will never be the same as they *seem* so long as they are as they *are*. This is because everything in life has two sides, and one can never be sure at which side one is looking. Perhaps it is the bright side; perhaps the dark, but there is always another somewhere if you will only look hard enough; a broken heart hidden under the merry laugh, a generous soul disguising itself with a scowl.

To be popular—almost any girl would think that is to be the most envied of persons. To be the center of things, admired, sought, loved by all; surely that is much to be desired. That is your side and mine—perhaps. That is the side that Vivian knew, the one she was living. The other side, the one she came to see—but that is my story.

Vivian was all that popular may mean to a girl who is young, attractive, with an individual charm. She frankly enjoyed it, and her mother was as proud as one would expect of a dear little self-sacrificing self-effacing mother who had never had time herself to be popular.

"I am getting it all through Vivian," she would smile, watching her daughter's social success. "It was worth while waiting for

Vivian." Which means that she was as popular with her mother as among her friends.

Mrs. Graham's ambition for her daughter was the god to which she made all her sacrifices. They meant rigid denial to the widow trying to keep within her small income, but when one's god demands——. Vivian really showed enough talent in her playing to justify the best instruction obtainable. Her professor promised big things—with study and much practising. She had worked hard until she reached the high school, and her progress had been rapid enough even to live up to her mother's faith. She had put her whole heart and soul into it, for next to her mother she loved her music.

When Vivian entered high school she was soon caught up in the whirlpool of popularity. If it sometimes interfered with her piano study, Mrs. Graham said, "She is doing it for both of us," so keenly did she enjoy her pleasures through Vivian. But if her mother condoned the falling off in her work, not so her professor.

"Ach," he would cry sometimes, at what he considered her folly, when she played indifferently. "Vot a shame der Gott vaste talend on you! Loog ad Miss Helen, now. She vork and vork and vork, und she haf nuttings mit you." Helen was a girl whom Vivian considered stupid. She was fired with ambition, had wonderful determination, yet never soared to Vivian's height in any class. Her teacher felt that some day she would burst from her invisible bonds and win the race, but whatever held her was too strong for her as yet.

Vivian was always ashamed and repentant after one of these scoldings, and for the next few days she would work diligently over the music. Then the zeal wore away and the round of pleasures once more overflowed into practicing time. The enticements of a good time proved more and more often too strong for her to resist. She would rush in almost every day just at dinnertime, and enthusiastically relate to her interested audience of one, the story of her afternoon spent at the "movies," at a football game, or "just bumming around with the girls," and too often she would add plans for amusement that evening.

Almost every lesson now was at least a half-way failure, and for a while each was followed by a spasmodic burst of hard study and elaborate plans for a reformation that never materialized. The old lure always proved too strong, and perhaps the next afternoon would see her wildly waving a gayly colored pennant and yelling at the top of her lungs at a football game, instead of industriously working on scales, exercises, etc., at home.

One evening she dashed in, almost inarticulate with excitement, and managed to announce the wonderful news that at last she was to have a chance to meet her chum's handsome California cousin. If this young man had known what a shrine of worship his photograph, enthroned on Margaret's dresser, had been among her girl friends, I fear his head would have been sadly turned.

"I know I was up late last night, too, mother, but he's only here till tomorrow, and I simply can't refuse. You wouldn't ask me to, either, if only you could see his picture once. He is positively

the best-looking person that ever happened. And he had *black* hair, and you know I *adore* black hair on a boy! Oh, I know he's going to be perfectly heavenly!"

Her mother smiled an indulgent consent. Certain bitter memories of her own girlhood were too vivid for her not to realize what a tragedy a small disappointment can be when one is young and lives for the moment.

So Vivian went to Margaret's, and the "heavenly" cousin proved so fascinating—and fascinated—that it was long after midnight when she pulled the covers over her head and went to pleasant dreams of a gallant knight with adorable black hair and eyes, wherein no spectre of a neglected and almost forgotten ambition disturbed her. The realities of the morning, when she was abruptly snatched from these beautiful fantasies, sickened her, and she left for school fussy, irritable, and really only half awake. She yawned through all her classes and her temper was not improved by a severe reprimand in French for inattention. After school she took in a couple of "movies," hoping to drive away the fit of blues, but every picture seemed to be some sort of tragedy and only made her worse. In the evening she started a letter, wrote down the date—and suddenly realized that it was her music lesson day.

Her conscience scolded her loudly as long as she would listen, so to silence it she actually practised her alloted time for several days, and was rewarded by a word of praise from the professor, who usually confined himself to criticism.

A couple of weeks later an invitation to see a matinee of "The Kiss Waltz" coincided with her lesson. Conscience tried its best, but she only turned up her saucy little nose at it.

"It would be a bad lesson anyway, as I haven't practised a minute," she explained to that troublesome little voice. As they were going in the theater Margaret stopped suddenly.

"Why, Viv, isn't this the day for your lesson?"

Vivian only tossed her head. "Oh yes, but I can't help that. I wouldn't miss this for worlds. Everyone is simply raving over this new dance."

So it went on until, on entering the third year, she was the most popular girl the school had ever known. The freshies worshipped her from afar; the sophs, too, laid their homage at her dainty feet; her own juniors were each and every one her adoring slaves; even the haughty seniors openly boasted of any slight acquaintance with her. And she deserved it all. She was as sweet, wholesome, light-hearted and happy as a girl can be. Yet this is where that other side must be reckoned with. For she was also the most aimless of them all. Pleasure alone seemed to her worth while. "Rebecca's" couplet had become her motto:

"When joy and duty clash,
Let duty go to smash."

She sometimes wondered why she always looked upon her practising now as drudgery; why the old zest in the work was gone. This was because her passion for gayety had grown and grown till it had pushed the old love of music 'way down into one little corner

of her heart, where it was so far out of sight that she had almost forgotten it was there. She did not suspect that what afforded her the most pleasure had almost killed what was best in her; and was blissfully unconscious of her perverted and pitifully narrow ideals.

The effect was not alone moral. Its physical results were just as disastrous in their way. Even the splendid constitution of exuberant youth cannot withstand the onslaughts of late hours and continuous excitement. Vivian began to lose her lovely coloring; dark rings appeared under her eyes. Then insomnia set in. Night after night she would lie awake for long, long hours thinking, thinking of anything, everything, until sleep should come. One night in particular, when she had retired early, hoping to make up a little sleep, she heard the minutes tick away slowly, slowly. She desperately counted sheep going over a fence and tried all possible methods of summoning the sandman, but without avail. The half-hours seemed ages; the hours eternities. One and two struck before her tense nerves finally relaxed in sleep.

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Graduation day! The goal so long looked forward to, alternately longed for and dreaded, is here at last. What a terrible moment when one walks up with pounding heart to receive the neatly rolled diploma. What if a pin had slipped, or there was something wrong with the dress that had meant weeks of careful thought and work. To every graduate it seems for that one moment at least that he is the center of the whole universe, one chosen and selected from the masses for great things, the conqueror of unknown worlds.

Vivian's pretty blond head was still in the clouds when her mother silently handed her a note she had just received from the professor. It curtly stated that owing to excessive neglect of her music the past few years he could do nothing for Vivian.

"So I'm afraid you'll have to look for some office position, but just for the present, dear; I'm sure something will turn up soon so you can take up your music again." There are a good many Micawbers in the world.

The old ambitious Vivian would have cried. The new aimless Vivian laughed. The idea, being novel, appealed to her, and her imagination painted the situation in glowing colors. She would be her own mistress and could do as she pleased. Then there was the regular salary. And she would no longer have to play Rubenstein's "Melody in F" for her friends when they really wanted "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee." You see, she was only eighteen and life was but a game to her as yet.

Accordingly she sallied forth, seemingly with a vague idea that a well-cut little gray suit and a coquettish hat were ample requirements for any position.

But "No training? No experience? Sorry, but I'm afraid I can't place you," was the regular formula delivered in a cold, conclusive manner. In desperation, she appealed personally to her old professor. A few plain straight forward truths from him left her looking rather limp. Then he told her about the many sacrifices, big and little, that Mrs. Graham had made for the music lessons.

He was for the most part only hazarding guesses, for the mother herself had told no one, but he knew life and was very sure that his conjectures were correct. Vivian left, entirely humbled and ashamed of her determination to consider only a high-class situation.

The next day she accepted a small position at a much smaller salary in a dingy little office. Still it *was* a position and there *was* a salary, and, of course, it was only temporary!

The first few weeks were most excitingly new and interesting. Then somehow things began to go wrong, and small worries to irritate her. Little by little all the glamour wore away. The life began to wear on her and grow irksome. The office proved uninviting, the work tiresome, and the salary much too small to compensate. The increases that came as the years passed were small and far between. A prospect of a better position was as far off as ever. Her failure was because, as with the music, she took no interest in her work.

One by one her butterfly friends flitted away and left her alone. They had no use for a person who was always tired out and listless, and could not join enthusiastically into their schemes. At first she tried to live the old life with the old friends, but how can one be happy and carefree with the memory of a weary, toilsome day just gone, the last of many of its kind, and the prospect of being waked early in the morning for another just like it, and after that another, and another in interminable procession as far as she could see.

But above all it was the endless dead routine and monotony of the work that drained her of all vitality, sapped her of all life, took away all the brightness of existence, the joy of being alive, until her whole life was subdued into the same drab monotone as her work.

So she gradually settled down into her rut, and when she reached the age where she abandoned all hope of marriage as a release from her bondage, she had shrunk into a mere machine with no brain above her work.

Then the little mother died; the dear little mother who had embodied Vivian's one *real* interest. She faced the cruel, grasping world alone and her heart was dead within her.

"Oh, I *needed* her," she moaned in the first terrible sweep of her grief. And she withdrew more than ever into herself.

After that came times when she wondered, as does everyone, whether anything was worth while, and why things were as they were. Why? *Why? Why?* Then the dullness gave way before a rush of hard, bitter thoughts.

One night she came home almost in a state of collapse. She felt that another day of that blind routine would drive her crazy. Every nerve was on edge. She wanted to scream, rage, destroy something. Finally the spasm wore away and she calmed down and went to bed; but not to sleep. Eleven, twelve, one struck. The oppression of her own thoughts was intolerable. She sat up in bed, stretched

out her arms in the dark, and sobbed the old, old cry, passionately:

"Dear God, if I had only known!"

* * * * * * *

Startled, she brushed her tears away. The room had changed. The bare, uninviting boarding-house room was gone. It was the dear, dainty room of her youth. She gasped, then put her hands quickly to her face and hair. No wrinkles were there; her hair was thick and smooth.

"Why," she whispered joyously to the friendly dark, "why it was only a dream! It was only a dream, just an innocent, harmless little dream!" she exulted with a long sigh of relief that merged into a sob very like that last one in the dream. "And it might have been true. How very, *very* easily it might have been true. But it *shan't!*" Her small figure straightened in rigid determination. "I'll work, work, *work* on my music and I won't *let* it come true."

Her old ideals seemed somehow so narrow and unworthy; most of the girls so shallow and aimless—"just as I was." She at last saw popularity in its true light and resolutely put it out of her heart forever to call forth dear ambition from its obscure little corner.

The next afternoon, Friday it was, Margaret waylaid Vivian and waved two matinee tickets enticingly before her eyes. It was then that Margaret received the shock of her life. Vivian refuse! Surely she had not heard aright.

"But they are for Gaby Deslys," she explained, round-eyed. Vivian looked at Margaret as if she were seeing her for the first time, and in a way she was, for it was through new eyes and in a new light.

"Gaby Deslys?" she repeated, with a slight curl of her lip and a curious little ring of scorn in her voice, "Gaby Deslys? Why she's just a painted up show-girl."

Then, entirely ignoring the existence of that "Most Talked About Woman in the World," she added, "Did you know I am taking Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" now? Well, I am, and it's heavenly! Good-bye, I hope you have a nice time. I guess I won't see you again till school Monday, as I've an awful lot of work to do on that new piece."

Margaret's eyes were rounder than ever, if such a thing were possible, as they followed Vivian's retreating figure. But into them had come also a question. Was it possible she had underrated Vivian after all? And there you have the two sides.

ATROCITIES

Binks—"I hope this Balkan war will cut out those Turkish atrocities."

Jinks—"Ditto here. I never could smoke the blamed things."

NOTICE

All persons desirous of joining the rifle squad must first take a course in Triggernometry from Mrs. Young.



"THE WESTERN" STAFF, 1912-13

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"The Western" is a magazine devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils, and alumni. Original contributions are solicited from all, and may be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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CHRISTMAS

The year is almost over. In a few days nineteen hundred and twelve will have become "last year." But as men ever keep the best till last, so the year saves Christmas until its very end. It is as if it wished to soften in our memories whatever hardships we may have had by casting over them the joyous spirit of Christmas. It is the one time of the year when "everybody is happy," from the greatest to the lowliest. In June only the students are happy; on the Fourth of July there are always people who

worry over explosives; at Thanksgiving there are many who are ungrateful; but at Christmas everyone is at peace with himself and the world. And this Christmas is just like the others, except that there are, as there always are, one or two things that make it just a little better than last year. Why this is so is something of a mystery, but the fact remains that it is. And while we are all rejoicing, particularly at the long holiday promised, let us not forget our own responsibilties in making this season joyful, for the mission of Christmas is that everyone aid in bringing "Peace on earth and good will to men."

THE SENIOR PLAY

The Seniors this year are attempting something in a class play that has never been even approached by the Seniors of other years. That is the play "The Countess Cathleen," written by the Irish playwright, Yeats. It is a very beautiful story, written in a very beautiful manner, and will undoubtedly be presented in the very best style. One has only to look at the Senior Class to be convinced of this. The story deals with two emissaries of Satan who, in the disguise of merchants, take advantage of a famine in progress in Ireland to buy the souls of as many peasants as possible. These two parts are the only ones in which there is entertained the slightest doubt as to their being too much for amateurs to handle. The trouble is that there is no one in the Senior Class who is devilish enough to act as if he came straight from Hades. The histrionic skill of the two boys who have these parts will doubtless make up for this defect, in spite of Nature. But to go on with the story. The Countess Cathleen, hearing of the perfidy of these two merchants, goes to them and sells her own soul in order that those of her beloved peasants may be saved. Besides this she gets a great sum of money, that she may feed the peasants. Soon after this she dies, much to the delight of the two pseudo-merchants. However, Aleel, a poet much in evidence throughout the play, has a vision in which he is shown that the Countess, through the goodness of her motives, is pardoned. This is the occasion of much rejoicing, both on the stage and in the audience, as everybody is glad to see the two villains worsted.

Those interested will watch this performance with a great amount of interest, for it is something entirely new and untried in the School. Judging from rehearsals thus far, it will be well worth a visit to Georgetown to see.

THE FIRST CONCERT

It was the privilege of the students and faculty of the Western High School, Wednesday morning December 4th, to hear what was probably the most artistic and finished and, I am sure, the most enjoyable recital the School has ever known. Mrs. William H. von Bayer at the piano and Mr. Richard Jorleberg with the cello gave a varied program that was all too short for those who could appreciate the exquisite artistry of their rendition of the beautiful com-

positions that never grow old. Among Mr. Jorleberg's selections were Schumann's "Träumerei," Papper's "Scherzo," Godard's "Berceuse," Evers' "Romance," Chopin's "E Flat Nocturne," Saint Säens "Swan" and Rubenstein's "Melody in F." His splendid work in the last three named was particularly memorable, though all were rendered with a feeling that could not fail to inspire and elevate even the most unimpressionable. The same was true of Mrs. von Bayer's impressive performance. Both in the accompaniments and solo numbers, her work rang true throughout. Especially notable was her rendition of Schütt's "Valse Lento," Grieg's "Wedding Day at Trolhagen," and Chopin's "Fantasie Impromptu." The whole school joins in a heartfelt wish for their success and the sincere hope that some time in the future we may again have the privilege of hearing a concert by these finished artists.

M. M., '13.

EATS ARE VERY GOOD WHEN YOU HAVE THEM TO EAT

(Being the complaint of a hungry cadet.)

A short while ago
There appeared in *this* paper
A poem by the author M. K.
It went on to say
How the girls of our school
Did make us poor soldiers feel gay.

How they gave us our eats
And banquets and all,
And came to our dances with us.
Now, we took it all in
And spoke not a word,
And didn't even start up a fuss.

But for "Company H"
And for "Company M,"
Who drilled hard for "Western" last year,
There was but one feed,
And that was arranged
By the Western High faculty, "dear."

The dear Senior girls
Were beautiful ones,
If you don't care much what you say;
But as for their feeds
I have not seen one
For many a long, long day.



AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE,
FAMOUS ACTOR, WHO
WILL BE WITH US
IN THE XMAS PLAY.



BASKET-BALL
- PROMIS -
ING
MATERIAL
A FEATURE



DREAMING OF
THE JOYFUL DAYS
NEAR AT HAND



TIME MAY FLY -
- But - IT SEEMS TO
TRAVEL LIKE THIS
— NEAR XMAS

RBW.



Chem. Prof.—"Now, if N H 3 is ammonia, what is P H 3?"
Brilliant Soph.—"Pneumonia."

Mrs. Young—"Well, I'll try to make it plane geometry in your case."
Buck Howard—"You'd better make it plain."

ANOTHER SECRET.

She—She told me to tell her that secret I told you not to tell her.
He—The mean thing; I told her not to tell you I told her.
She—I promised her I would not tell you she told me, so don't tell her I told you.

FALSE TO HER SISTERS.

Miss G—y (translating A5 Latin)—"Cataline was waiting for the sleep, both of the married men and the peaceful citizens."

IN ENGLISH 3A.

Kayser—Miss Rizer, if chalk is the dry mud of an ancient sea, is cottage cheese the dry mud of ancient milk?

Freshman (after watching the Senior play)—"Can we stay for the funeral?"

Miss Wallace (in Physics)—Hershman, when will a body stop sinking in water?
Hershman—When it gets where it neither goes up nor down.

Miss Brandenburg—Phillips, where do you find these protozoans?
Phillips—On the bottom of dry leaves that are wet.
And then he was struck with a blastostyle.

Monsieur Nichols—"Je ne suis allé."
Madame—Where is your "pas?"
Monsieur Nichols (surprised)—Why he's downtown.

Mrs. Young—"Well, Howard, is your mind wandering from Math.?"

Buck—"No'm, my mind was not wandering; I was just thinking about something else."

TRUE GREATNESS.

"See that fellow over there?"
"Yes. Isn't he the chesty guy, though?"
"He deserves to be."
"What did he do, win the football championship?"
"Not a chance."
"Captain the track team?"
"No, not fast enough."
"Maybe he's president of the Senior Class?"
"No, he's not red-headed."
"Perhaps he's Editor of the 'Western?' "
"He isn't seven feet tall."
"You've got me this time. What makes that guy so great?"
"He skipped a class and didn't get caught."

Mrs. Young—"What kind of a figure is this?"
Hale—"A prism whose base is a four-sided triangle."

Did you ever hear the story of the bed?
No.
There is where you lie.

Mrs. Young—"Why is the word d-i-h-e-d-r-a-l pronounced 'di'edral'?"

Hale—"Because the 'e' is silent."

Gerald must be starring in Math.

Jack Adams (to clerk at Saks & Co.)—"I want to buy a pair of silk socks."

Clerk—"Yes, sir; about ten and a half?"

Adams—"No, I don't want to pay over a dollar and a half."

NOAH IS STILL POPULAR.

Prof.—Who was the first geometrician?
Stude—Noah, because he constructed the ark B. C.

ONE FOR THE BIOLOGISTS.

When is a caterpillar said to have finished its education?
When it is through the pupal stage.

"Fifty miles an hour now," hissed the daring motorist as he gripped the steering wheel more firmly. "Are you brave enough to stand it?"

"Yes. I am full of grit," replied pretty girl as she swallowed another pint of dust.

HE'S A SMART GUY.

Mr. H. Schneider (explaining how he solved an example in Math.)—"Well, it can't be done this way, but I did it."

First Guy—Will you please take my overcoat to school in your automobile?

Second Guy—Certainly, but how will you get it again?

First Guy—Oh, I'll just stay in it.

We hope the school is making the most of Mr. Joseph Schaaf's third part during lunch hours. He won't live many years if he continues it.

Kelly—What time is it?
Nicols—I don't know.
Kelly—Isn't your watch going?
Nicols—Yes; it's gone.

What makes the tower of Piso lean?
It was built during a famine.

Senior (nervously)—"Dearest, there's been something on my lips for weeks."

Co-ed (sympathetically)—"Why don't you shave it off?"—Ex.

Fresh.—"What is a water-works plant, sir?"

Senior—"A water-works plant, my boy, is a place where water is dispensed."

Fresh.—"Then, sir, what are bulwarks?"

Senior—"The debating societies, my son."—Ex.

It was five minutes of nine and the car had barely reached the bridge.

"Can't you go faster than this?" the student asked the conductor.

"Yes," the bell-ringer answered, "but I have to stay with my car."

"Why do you beat your little son? It was the cat that upset the vase of flowers."

"I can't beat the cat. I belong to the S. P. C. A."

Impatient Customer—"Waiter! Waiter! Hang it all! How long is that chop of mine going to be?"

Waiter—"Loin chop, sir?"

Impatient Customer—"Yes, yes."

Waiter—"Well, er— about four 'n 'arf inches, sir."

Fair Worshiper—"What is that sad, sad air you're playing, Professor?"

Professor—"Dat iss Beethoven's Farewell to dar piano. I see dose instalment people coming mit der van!"—Ex.

HEARD IN CHEMISTRY.

Miss ———: How much sulphur is there in the human body?

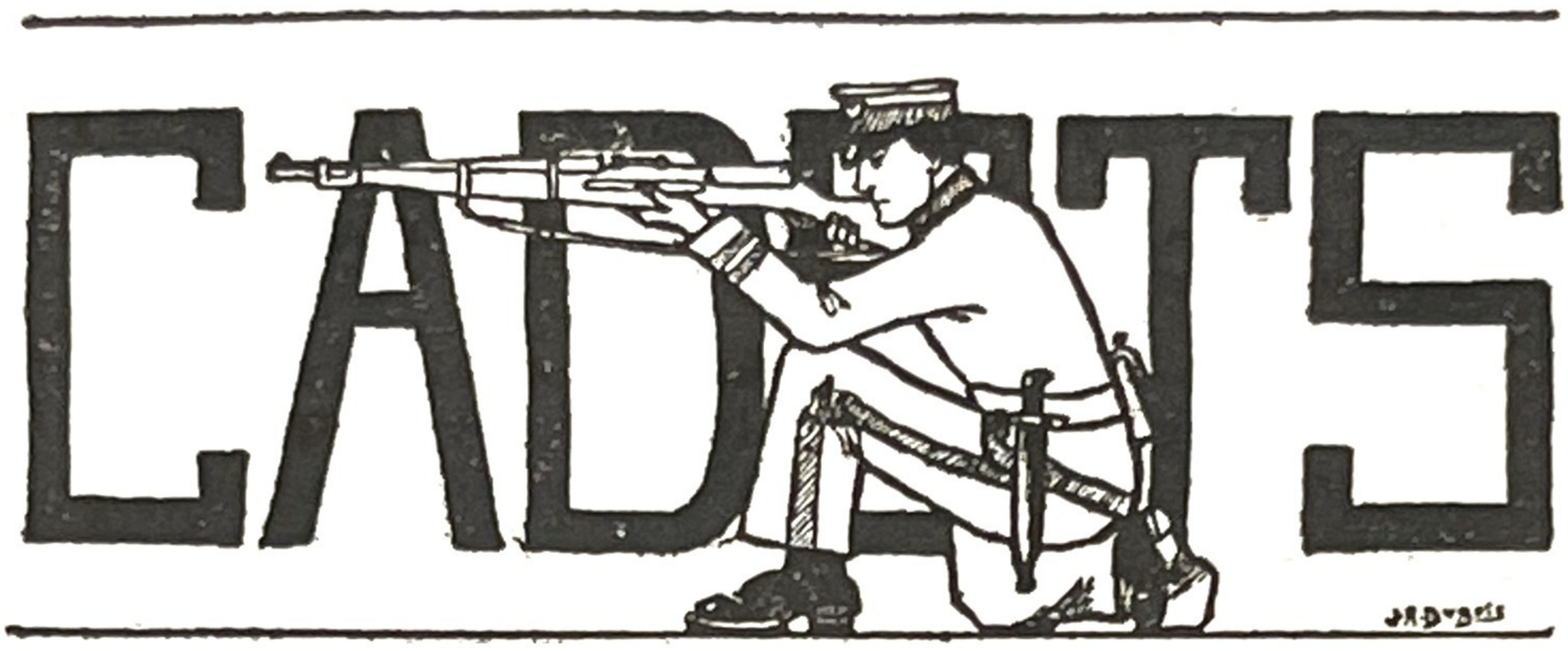
Dr. Newton: Oh, the amount varies.

Miss ———: I see; that's why some girls make so much better *matches* than others.

Miss ———: Is there much magnetism in the human body?

Miss Wallace: Sometimes.

Miss ———: That's why some girls are so attractive. Ouch!



On the fourteenth of December, when the bugle sounded in the library of the Western High School, about one hundred and sixty soldiers, some veterans and others raw recruits, answered present to the roll call. Men, women, and children, particularly the latter, congregated in great numbers determined to use all the strategem at their disposals to withstand the attack to be made upon the movement about to take place. Everyone was very well "armed," and when the opposing forces appeared on the scenes of action, the defenders rushed forth with great impetus, and seizing the nearest victim, began a fierce tussle, which lasted for four or five minutes. Thus the battle raged for several hours. All grew silent. Then a low whistle was heard in the direction of the Indian fort, Lunc-Hröom. This was a signal for action and immediately the arms crashed, the cannons roared and the defenders took the offensive side and hastened to seize the stores of the intruders. When the din ceased and the smoke cleared away, many badly injured men might be seen where the battle had just been raging. The rebels had seized the stores and removed them in some unaccountable manner. This was a wonderful battle, but although it had seemed so horrible, not even one man had been lost and there was not a "Dead soldier" anywhere on the scene.

The above, expressed in terms of polite society, would have read somewhat in the following manner:

On the fourteenth of December a most charming dance was held in the Western High School library, under the auspices of the Officers of the two Western Companies. Everyone was walking on needles and pins, bowing very low here, and severely straining his back in an attempt to pick up the ladies' handkerchief first, in some other place. All this, for the present dance was to be a test dance, and on its merits or dimerits hung the fate of the Company dance in the future. Many a poor chaperone returned home after the dance with tears in her eyes because her brand new white gloves had been ruined by the many polite "I certainly have enjoyed myself."

After the first part of the dancing was over, refreshments were served in the lunchroom by several "How will you have 'em fried, sir?"

About seventy-five or eighty couples were in attendance, among them ex-Lieutenant Blanton in company with Miss Steuart, the

lady of basketball fame; ex-Quartermaster Allen F. Garner, correctly known as "Froggy"; Captains Roberts and Burlingame, in company with Misses Kinnan and Parker, respectively; 1st Lieutenants Schaaff and Schneider, with Misses Yaeger and Heron, respectively, and 2d Lieutenant Siddons.

Now to change the tune somewhat. We are sorry to have to say that the men in the companies have not been putting forth the best they have in store in the way of drill. The discipline has been very poor and the men have been drilling with no spirit, but apparently are drilling simply because they have to. It is not necessary for us to speak against this spirit. All cadets know what will be the outcome if it continues, so if you have been "Lying down" on the officers, "turn over" or you are very likely to find yourself turned over. The suits have been secured, in satisfactory or unsatisfactory condition, but the cadets, thinking it hardly worth while to wait to have them altered and then wear them only the last month or so of drill, have managed to tie them on in some manner, so that with a reasonable amount of care they will not drop off.

So now, with the uniforms on hand to cheer up those who need it, work should start in earnest. See to it that it does!

Debate

„RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW"

A classic event of the Washington High Schools will soon be no more. Inter-high school debating, on the old plan, is doomed. Business High has never been interested in it; Tech is almost certain to drop it this year. A couple of years ago, the number of debates was reduced by a third. This year no steps toward a schedule have been taken, although debates should take place immediately after the holidays.

It would take a volume to give all of the faults of the old system. The chief of these, however, was well given by one of our English teachers, when she said that, although she would be greatly interested in a student debate between two of the schools, she didn't care to spend an evening to hear the debating coaches of Western match their wits against those of the Central coaches. Other faults can be best taken up during the exposition of the new scheme.

This was devised by Mr. G. R. Devitt of this school. It is heartily supported by Miss Westcott and has the good will of Miss Cushing. This is the scheme: representatives of two of the schools are to request some impartial person, say Dr. Davidson, to frame two questions for debate, to seal them in separate envelopes and to mark one of the envelopes with the date of the proposed debate and the other with the date of the preceding day. The question in

this second envelope is to be that of the primary debate which is held in each of the two contesting schools.

Candidates in this first debate are to be informed of the question, one at a time, and ten minutes apart. They are given an hour for preparation of the question, but are to receive no help from other than the same books which are furnished to all during the hour. At the end of his hour, each is to appear before the audience and speak for ten minutes. He may speak on either side of the question, neither side or both sides. He is not to be judged on the content of his speech, but on the character of his preparation and presentation. The three best speakers are to be selected to represent their school on the following day.

These three are to compete with the best three of the other school. The debate is to be conducted on the same plan as the first, and from the six competitors the best three are to be chosen. The winning side will depend on the standing of the individual competitors, as in track meets.

Maybe this won't make you rub your eyes! Maybe you won't re-read the above several times before you understand! The scheme is radical and untried, but who can criticise it on other grounds? It is certainly worth a trial. Remember that there is to be no choice between the old system and the new: the question is between the new and none at all. The class of 1916 will certainly witness the death of the inter-faculty forensic contests, as will probably the greatest of all classes, '13.

A word as to the advantages of this plan. One is its effect on the coaching system and, believe me, Woodrow, were it not for the hardships imposed by the old system on the coaches, this plan would never have been conceived. A future issue will tell about the self-sacrifices of Mr. Devitt and especially Miss Cushing, during the debating seasons of years past. It will suffice to say now that inter-high school debaters have been, for the most part, but little more than human graphaphones.

Then, too, it aids debaters themselves. What claim has any school on the holidays and afternoons of three students for three months? It has none and we assure you, "deer reeder," that there is no fun attached to library work and the use of car tickets.

In another way it is fairer to the debaters for, as Mr. Devitt says, the strength of a debating team has been the success of its weakest member. No more would a star be deprived of all credit because of the blunders of a less fortunate colleague.

Inter-high debating would give opportunity to those who have persevered and succeeded in the debating society. It would strengthen the society by not taking away its best members and by offering opportunities to those who join. Argument would be more practical and spirited, less scholarly; of more value to the participants, of more interest to the audiences.

Mr. Devitt adds the following: "It would develop the power of being able to use such knowledge as one has when he most needs it."

Note.—Debating Society news will all be given in the next issue.

EXCHANGES

J. P. RICHARDS.

The student body of this School is not interested in the "Lavender and Drab" from Hoggesville, Colorado, nor in the publication of the Occoquan High School. The Exchange Department will therefore devote but little space to the criticism of out-of-town journals, although we wish it understood that the Western is always grateful for scholastic magazines and will try to profit by their mistakes and successes.

We feel that nearly all Westerners want to know about the Washington High School publications and we shall try to mention them in every issue, but intend to recognize only the very best of the others.

BUT, all school interests are entitled to, and do have, space in the Western. Journalism is a very important school interest and there is no reason why the Western should betray its parent. A discussion, in every issue, of certain phases of this subject ought to interest the subscribers as well as the exchange editors. Follows an initial attempt: APPEARANCES. This paragraph was generated by the discovery of pages of advertising matter in the very center of a certain paper, and again, of a haberdasher's announcements which took up a large part of most of the pages of another. Certain business managers must be either so powerful as to be able to coerce their editors-in-chief, or so inefficient as to be unable to make their books pay in any other manner. High school magazines are not published for the benefit of advertisers; advertising is only solicited that the books may balance up. Levi Goldberg may offer a great deal for second-hand neckties, but it is pretty poor policy to sandwich this fact in between a memorial to a respected member of the school faculty and an account of the teachers' vacations. What do you think of this, "Balance Sheet"?

The Eastern High School paper is called the Easterner. As a matter of policy, we cannot say it is perfect, but it is so near so that the writer cannot think of a single criticism. The cover is a work of art; the paper, on which it is printed, the type, and the cuts, are tasty and the arrangement is all that could be asked. One question occurs, however: is it fair to the school to publish a quarterly simply in order to give the staff something to boast of? When news is published but four times a year, it is apt to be stale. Then, too, a quarterly is unlikely to be as much a product of the whole school as a monthly, because the issues, being so infrequent, will not be awaited or supported by the student body and will be chiefly the product of the Staff.

The Balance Sheet comes from Business High. It is fair. We notice that it devotes nearly a page and a half to an account of the first football game that Business ever won from Western. In view of the fact that it will be the last, it would not have been a bad idea to devote the whole magazine to this subject, though the pages are about 8 by 11. . . .

We are grateful for the receipt of the following exchanges: The Balance Sheet, The Review, The Easterner, The Triakonta, The Poly Prep, The Curtis Monthly, The Acropolis, The Maroon and White, The Blue and Gray, Aus Nah und Fern, Rutherfordian, Papyrus.

The Western

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THE MAKING OF MOLLY

"Good land, mother," exploded Dick impatiently, "any girl is bad enough, but Molly is equal to two! She can't skate, she can't——"

"Wait a minute, son; just one minute. Now, taking it altogether and looking at it squarely, Molly isn't as bad as you seem to think she is, and you know it. Look at the other fellows; they go skating on the river with girls, and you have once or twice. Now why not be reasonable when Uncle Tom and Molly are coming and take her skating like the other fellows?"

"She isn't pretty, mother; all the fellows take pretty girls, and she can't skate half decently, and oh,—the dickens!—there she is now. You could tell her by her red hair two miles off."

Mother merely smiled.

"You'll have to make Molly over, then, to suit you," she laughed; "but I know you won't have to do much. And as to being pretty, 'handsome is as——' "

"All right, mother; I've heard words to that effect before."

His mother left the room to open the door and he waited with a scowl on his face.

Presently he heard them coming toward the cheerful sitting-room and he summoned a smile of welcome, which, although rather artificial, served the purpose.

The door opened and in came Molly and Uncle Tom.

Dick stared rather impolitely, but certainly the small young lady with that attractive face was not Molly Winchester, the little red-haired cyclone he had known three years before.

"Hello, Molly!" he muttered presently; "to tell the truth, I didn't——"

"No, I didn't suppose you would," she laughed, "no one does; but say, Dick, your mother says that you're waiting to take me skating, so if you'll excuse me I'll fly upstairs and get my heavy coat and my old tam-o'-shanter. The trunk has just come."

The boy caught his mother's amused look and grinned sheepishly

"Watch out that Molly doesn't fall through, Dick," cautioned Uncle Tom; "you know a girl with as much red hair as she has is bound to be reckless."

Dick promised somewhat glumly. He had wanted to tell Molly that none of the girls wore tam-o'-shanters, but he hadn't dared. He went when she called him, expecting to see—oh, almost anything! But he had to admit that that white tam-o'-shanter was becoming and sensible, even if the other girls didn't have them.

"Do you skate very much?" he asked presently.

He didn't suppose she did, but he had to say something.

He looked down at her skates dangling on his arm and decided that she certainly did have "some bully pair," even if she couldn't cut any figures.

"Not much, I'm afraid," she returned absently, trying to brush a snow-flake from her straight little nose; "but," she went on, "I don't think I'll keep you busy picking me up."

Dick mentally murmured, "I hope not."

"Do you ever build fires and all get around 'em to make candy?" she queried; "because, if you do, I brought some matches and we could buy some sugar and the rest at the store."

"Never tried it," he admitted. "Say, come on; let's hurry and we'll be in time to see Joe Bradford and Will Chandler race. They are the best racers for miles around, and they are always trying for the supremacy."

Molly obediently increased her pace and a few minutes later they came to the river with its hard, glassy surface.

After strapping Molly's skates on and hurriedly fixing his, he took her arm.

"Take it easy, at first," he cautioned; "take long strokes and——"

"All right," she returned, with twinkling eyes; "and while I'm here——"

"Yes, while you're here I want to teach you how to rough it. The girls here are great on doing that sort of thing; that is, going out when the temperature is about ten below, walking about twelve miles in an afternoon and all that," he hastened to say, wondering what sort of an impression it would make on her.

Molly looked properly over-awed.

"All right, Dick," she laughed; "I'll try skating by my lonesome now."

"Hadn't you better let me help you a little while longer?" he queried.

Now that she had come and wasn't homely as she had been a few years before, although, to tell the truth, there was one freckle on the tip of her nose, he decided that he would take his cousin in hand and "make her over."

Molly laughed his further aid to scorn.

"I want to try it now," she insisted, and breaking away from his hold went skimming over the ice in front of him, leaving a much-astonished young gentleman to watch her flying form.

"Great Cæsar!" he ejaculated contritely; "just to think that——" and then his natural sense of humor overpowered him.

"Your lessons are wonderful, Dick," she announced demurely as she skated back to him; "I don't believe I know a better teacher."

Later that afternoon, as the sun began to set, a race downstream was proposed.

"I suppose we ought to be going, Dick," Molly murmured; "your mother said that dinner would be ready at half-past five, and as she only gave me half a dozen crackers which you——"

"Oh, come on, Molly, be a sport; mother won't mind and ——"

"All right," was the eager reply, and the race began.

Dick said afterward that if he had known how that race was to—but there, Molly said that she for one was glad that she went, so the discussion ends there.

The little party raced along, Molly well in front, the wind against her, her cheeks tingling; with every ring of her skates she was putting a longer distance between her and the rest.

Suddenly it grew dark, the wind ceased blowing, and she turned around to speak to Dick.

No one was in sight!

Molly gasped!

To be left alone on that wide river with no town nearer than the one she had left, that one being, she knew not how far away, filled her with vague alarm and she turned aimlessly around trying to learn her directions.

The afterglow had entirely faded from the sky, so that means of telling the west from the other directions was eliminated.

In front of her something loomed large and black, and Molly skated toward that. She discovered that it was a small island and she was half inclined to stay there, but knowing that everyone would be hunting for her, she decided to start back, trusting to arrive about eight o'clock.

The wind was at her back and made skating easier. Once she thought she heard hails and shouts, but when she listened again only the rush of the wind was heard.

Suddenly another small island loomed up before her and she realized that she had been going in the wrong direction—that the wind had changed.

She sat down on a log in a sheltered part of the island, and despite her efforts to stop the tears, they would come.

"I suppose I may as well stay here, because I'm sure to get more mixed the farther I go. Dick and Daddy will be along presently and I can hear their shouts," she murmured as cheerfully as she could.

As she reached the other side of the island she remembered the matches that she had brought with her, and with a thankful sigh she pulled out the box with which came one of the six crackers.

Her eyes brightened.

"Anyhow, I won't starve—just yet," she declared aloud; "and when I have a nice fire started and am well warmed, Daddy will probably be along."

She set to work with a will and it was not very long before that fire was throwing bright sparks upward.

Dick Mansington would have been forced to admit that she would do any boy credit in fire-building could he have seen her. At that moment, however, he was breathlessly relating the story to Molly's father.

"All of the fellows and I have searched the river for several miles and we can't find her anywhere. I can't imagine where she is."

Uncle Tom was out of the house and running towards the river with an old pair of Dick's skates on his arm.

"Molly will keep her head on her shoulders," he remarked, but at the same time he strained his eyes to see into the darkness.

Molly, stranded on her island, finally fell asleep with her head on a log. The fire went out and still she slept, so that the searching party passing the island saw no guiding light.

About three in the morning she awoke to rebuild the fire and, thinking it only about nine o'clock in the evening, sat up until she was so sleepy that for a second time she fell asleep.

It was thus that the men, returning some four hours later, found her.

She had rolled her white shaggy tam-o'-shanter into a pillow, wrapped her coat closer around her, and with skates tucked under one arm, was sleeping serenely with her face toward the fire.

A shout of delight and triumph went up and the girl stirred.

Dick and Mr. Winchester were the first to reach her, and when Molly opened her eyes they were bending over her.

"My, I'm glad to see you!" she began; "I've been—why—ee it's daylight almost! Then I've been——"

"You're the pluckiest girl I've ever known," Dick acknowledged, interrupting; "and I guess mother was right when she said you didn't need much 'making over.' Shake, Molly; I'm proud to know you, and—you're a brick."

E. S. C., '14.

THE SENIOR PLAY

The great and noble class of thirteen
Has given a play which I hope we've all seen.
It was a most charming and excellent play,
With nothing foolish, silly, nor gay.

Right here, in passing, I'd say of the play,
A terrible famine did it display.
The ghost of starvation did visit the poor;
The lion of hunger did cruelly roar.

Miss Merrill did labor and faithfully toil,
While the artists, their fingers did dreadfully soil.
The actors studied and ardently worked;
I think not one, his duty shirked.

Captain Claude Roberts was there with the light
Which shone on the stage so lovely and bright.
The first time he used the red light so gran'
It showed up the pate of a bald-headed man.

Some thought it looked like a toy balloon,
While others saw plainly a big "Harvest Moon."
Now attention was drawn from the laughable light
When President Schneider stepped out into sight.

He stood there a minute, scared nearly to death,
Then took a long and deliberate breath.
He launched bravely forth on his welcome speech,
I'm sure to all ears it did plainly reach.

Now as the curtain was ready to rise
A couple came in of quite opposite size.
Our Editor worthy, so stately and tall,
Had with him a girl, the size of a doll.

Lucky for "Beany" the curtains did part
And the play was off with a very fine start.
From the very beginning it claimed our attention.
A few of the actors I'll try now to mention.

An excellent "grouch" was our old friend "Pat.,"
Who spieled out his lines "right off the bat."
Miss Copenhaver did cleverly fall,
While "Cussy" Micou was the cutest of all.

Two grim old devils were Siddons and Bell,
With faces like fiends from hell!"
They bought men's souls for old washers rusty
And spoke out in voices both loud and lusty.

"Under a spreading chestnut tree"
Jack Adams stood with cheerful glee.
He looked like a blacksmith, strong and gay,
As smiles all over his face did play.

Whitcomb Nicolson, a crazy poet,
With the lovely Countess he tried to "floit."
Upon his golden harp he played,
While at her feet his love he laid.

To put the boys first is not just right;
In fact, it is most impolite.
I thought I'd save the best for last—
The leading ladies of the cast.

An old foster mother was Kathryn Drain.
She watched poor "Nick," who was insane.
Now Miss Drain is an actress grand,
I'm sure upon the stage she'll land.

Miss Leetch's face was hidden from view
By a sweet little curtain of pale "Alice Blue."
She thought she would fool us whenever she sang,
But we all knew her voice when clearly it rang.

Now we come to the heroine fair;
I reckon she was "somewhat there."
She was most beautiful and sweet,
From her dark-brown hair to her tiny feet.

The closing act was as fine as the first,
To see another, we all did thirst.
But alas! Alack! We'd reached the end.
A round of applause the hall did rend.

Miss Merrill received a bunch of roses,
And the "Countess" was given some lovely posies.
All the cast now joined in song,
It was our dear old "Hop Along."

—H. J. N., '14.

WHEN THE ICE CAME DOWN

The subtle fragrance of spring was in the air when Duncan McBain awoke that April morning. The sap was flowing in every tree; every little stream with its burden of melting snow and ice had become a raging, boisterous, torrent; bands of wild geese and ducks flying northward to the marshes and lakes of Canada kept up a continuous clamour, but Duncan noted none of these things. The only sight that gave him pleasure was the broad brown Winnesaco flowing, free from ice, down the valley towards Ellenburg. For Duncan was a Scotchman, a trapper, a miser, and a sturdy Presbyterian, all of which is too much for any one man to be at the same time. That day he would go and sell his skins in Ellenburg, but his spring visit to the "settlements" after a winter's solitude would not be celebrated by an uproarious spree. "Noo, I mon hae the muny, mon," he would always say, and paddle back to his

camp for another solitary month or so. What he did with his money, no one knew. He never skimped his clothes or supplies, yet it was plain to see that he did not spend it all on himself. But this has nothing to do with Duncan's tragic end.

On arising Duncan busied himself around the little camp. Soon blue smoke began to curl upwards, then came the crisp odor of frying bacon and the fragrance of boiling coffee. After breakfast he took down his tent, cleaned up camp and started packing for the journey. He stowed the small bundles of beaver, mink and muskrat skins carefully in the bow of his canoe and covered them with a "tarp." Then came the supplies: the flour, bacon, "salt-horse," and that indispensable utensil of the woodsman—the frying-pan. Soon all was snug and tight, and with the canoe rather low in the water for safety, "Canny Mac," as the settlers called him, set out on his voyage.

The trip down was always a wild race, and the only paddling necessary was a quick guiding stroke now and then, but the return was a battle, in which the paddler must fight for every foot, and at the best many portages had to be made where the swiftness of the stream made upward progress impossible. Therefore Duncan sat, comparatively at ease, searching the water ahead for a hidden rock or log as the canoe shot wildly through the yellow swelling "rips."

All morning the birch bark plunged along, shooting long, glassy slides and whirling through treacherous side currents. About noon, just as he was at the head of the "Trough," a long crooked channel where for ten miles the most delicate steering was needed, Duncan noticed a low rumbling noise which grew louder and louder until it was a veritable thunder. At first he paid no attention to it, but as it drew nearer he puzzled over it, and suddenly the terrible truth flashed before him; the ice in the upper river which he thought had gone down three days before had just broken loose and was coming down the river—a huge, merciless avalanche sweeping down upon him at the rate of three miles to his one. To land in this part of the river was impossible; he must race the ice to Lonesome Rock, a high flat rock in a comparatively calm bay, where, by skillful maneuvering he could land, and perched on its highest peak, safely weather the coming terror—but which would win? He exerted all his strength in mighty strokes and the canoe leaped over the water like a living thing, but faster, faster, nearer, nearer came the ice. For five miles the canoe plunged on and Duncan might well have been glad for the splendid training he was in. But finally his labor began to tell on him; his breath came in great gasps, sweat rolled down his face, and still the tireless, merciless terror behind him swept on with ever-increasing speed.

At the top of "Dugan's Shoot" Duncan could see the wall of ice, twenty feet high, tearing on, a scant mile behind, and before him, less than half a mile, was Lonesome Rock, bare and stern at other times, but now a haven of safety. Exerting all his energy, he shot the canoe down the treacherous "chute." The ice was a quarter of a mile away, now it was an eighth—a hundred more

strokes and he would be safe. Straining every muscle, he spurted toward his goal. He is almost there—forty more strokes—twenty—rip—a treacherous rock seemed to leap from the water and tear the frail birch-bark from stem to stern. For a moment he struggled in the water; then with a deafening roar the ice struck him, tiny lights flashed for a moment—then darkness.

* * * * * * *

When he came to himself a fine spray was blowing into McBain's face and the roar of the water nearly deafened him. Slowly he opened his eyes and looked about him. He was lying on a small ledge on Lonesome Rock. Ten feet below him the ice was jamming and breaking. Gradually he remembered what had happened; he had faint recollections of being hurled against something hard, with a sickening pain in his back. Things became clearer, little by little, and soon he was entirely conscious and rather surprised to find that he was in no great pain. His legs, however, felt rather numb, and, upon trying to move them, he found that he could not. He was paralyzed from the waist down. It was then that he wished that the ice had carried him on to a quick and painless death. Now he was doomed to lingering starvation and exposure—but—reaching behind him he disengaged his revolver. He spun the cylinder, every chamber was loaded, and a trial shot assured him that the cartridges were dry. Here was quick, sure death, and yet—Duncan was a Presbyterian of the most religious type, and he firmly believed in the "hell-fire and demnation" as preached by the backwoods ministers. Should he therefore sacrifice all hope of salvation for relief from pain? Should he endure several hours of torture instead of an eternity of hell-fire? For several minutes Duncan lay with the revolver pointing at his head, then with a sigh he threw it far out into the raging stream.

All day the ice thundered past. Now and again huge cakes, with a crash and roar, broke to pieces on his rock. Once he saw a deer on a cake of ice sweep down the chute and disappear in a burst of spray. Then came the chill of the Northern night, biting into his bones and freezing his clothing to the rock. The night passed and by the morning light he could see that the river was nearly free from ice; in fact, only a cake or two was drifting down. But another sight attracted his gaze. On the farther shore stood a huge black bear gazing and sniffing towards the island. As he watched, the bear waded carefully into the water and started swimming slowly across the intervening channel. There was a sudden, merciful death approaching Duncan. Seeing speedy relief from suffering, he burst into one of the beautiful old Scottish hymns. Wildly it rang across the water and the bear, startled, turned back. Then suddenly Duncan's song was echoed—but no, this was no echo, this wild, rollicking boat song that came floating down the river. Duncan exerted all his power and with a great

(Continued on page 19)



"THE WESTERN" STAFF 1912-13

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"The Western" is a magazine devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils, and alumni. Original contributions are solicited from all, and may be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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CONGRATULATIONS We suppose that by this time they must be rather weary of praises, but in spite of that we add our voice to the general chorus in congratulating the members of the cast of the Senior Play on the absolute and final success of that enterprise. And while awarding these laurels let

us not forget the scene painters and shifters, for their work was a large factor in the success of the whole.

LECTURES On January 16th the school was privileged to enjoy a lecture by Mr. Keenan, who is playing Cassius in "Julius Cæsar," on the national importance of the drama in keeping the traditions of the country. This was enjoyed the more, as many of the school had seen him in his part the day before.

On the morning of January 17th the school heard a lecture by a suffragist. But what a different one from that portrayed by the cartoonists. If all suffragists were like Miss Lord there would not be much opposition to that cause.

Beginning at Colonial times Miss Lord reviewed the progress of women's education up to the present. She was so eloquent that when she declared for Suffrage it seemed the only logical conclusion to be drawn. We hope no more Suffragist orators like Miss Lord will address the school, for if they do even the Deputies will volunteer to march in the Suffragist parade. And that would be horrible!

THE SEMESTER One-two-three-four—the student staggered to his feet and condensed the last remnants of his strength into one unexpectedly vicious uppercut. Taken unawares, D, former champion, sank back into unconsciousness and defeat. The student fainted as the referee held up his hand and pronounced him victor, while his devoted parents and kid sister shouted their joy and relief at the ringside. Thus ended one of the hardest-fought battles in the history of the ring.

That may seem a rather unimportant happening to some, but like the soap in the Biological Lab., it has a deep significance. For the eventful first of February is at hand, and now "—— is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer——."

Either that or our winter gets still colder. This, however, is one of the risks one takes in going to school, and must be accepted as philosophically as possible. Continuing this last figure, we hope that it will be a very mild winter. For the Western takes a special and peculiar interest in students, and has only their prosperity at heart.

Seriously, half the year is past, and the long drag until the Easter holidays is well under way. Those that have worked and passed are happy and deserve to be. For the others—much sympathy.

ATHLETIC DUES When the new semester begins an old question in the Athletic Association is raised—that of getting subscriptions. Many subscriptions secured last fall were only for half the year. Now is the time to renew them. This ought not to need any urging on the part of the Association, for spring is the time that Western particularly shines in athletics,

and then, even more than in the fall, is it advantageous to belong to the Athletic Association. And even if you don't think it of material benefit to yourself, the fact always remains that it is your duty to your school.

STUDENT'S COUNCIL PAGE

All the school knows that there has been a Student's Council elected, but few know what it has been doing. The purpose of this page is to bring the Council into closer relation with the school as a whole.

The principal reason why the Council has not been heard of much is that the school as a whole is not interested in it and does not realize its purpose, namely, to bring matters which need attention to the office. The duty of the members of the Council is to pass on these suggestions and put them in shape for presentation to the office. The members are not supposed to look around and find everything which anyone wants looked into. The student body must offer its own suggestions. There are two ways for doing this: one is to tell anyone of the members; the other is to write it out and drop it in the box marked Student's Council in the south corridor, near room 5. It is hoped that constant use of this box will make the Council more representative of the whole school.

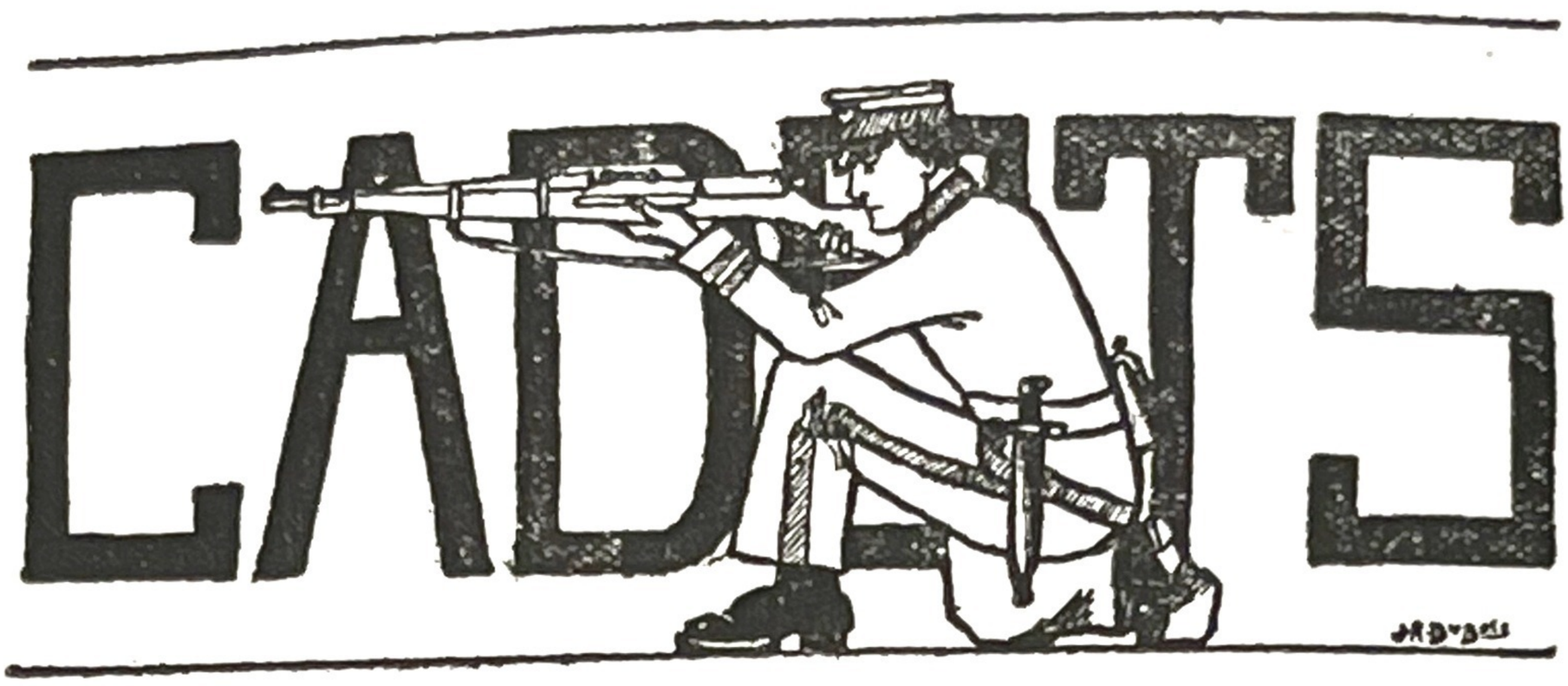
Several things have already been done. The Council has secured an Assembly for girls, in which they elected a floor committee for dancing in the gym at noon. On two requests from students, a report of the financial status of the Athletic Association was secured and read in Assembly by Miss Westcott with the apportionments for each team.

Another football question was brought up: that of withholding the "Ws" of the football players who did not return all their football material. As the lockers were made practically public property, it seems that the players cannot be held responsible. A committee has been sent to Miss Westcott and it is to be hoped that the matter will be quickly adjusted.

A SPLENDID RECORD

Last year when the students in Room 4 sold 2,200 Red Cross stamps, Alexander Abernathy leading with 460, it was thought a high mark was reached. This year the students in this room, Section B[1], determined to do even better. They formed two teams—the girls, with Grace Beach as leader; and the boys, with Urquhart

(Continued on page 25.)



MILITARY NOTES

Both companies are "at it again," and are working hard. On the first drill day after the close of the Christmas holidays, drill was witnessed by ex-Captains Olmsted and Robie, and ex-First Lieutenants Harwood and Collins. This is the kind of spirit we like to see among our former officers. Their visits help the companies greatly and the officers are always glad to receive hints from them as to how to turn out a winning company.

On the twenty-fourth of January the companies will give their second dance of the year at the Brighton. A mighty nice dance is promised and all members of school are welcome. Come and bring your collection with you.

On the thirty-first of January the girls of the school will give the cadets one of those "Feeds" of old. After drill the companies will be given a delightful spread in the lunchroom, and then dancing will be in order in the gymnasium. We want to thank the girls for their support, for these feeds undoubtedly go a long way in keeping up the spirit of the company. It was said by an ex-officer a short while ago, that in Bland's company, the last company to win a drill for Western, the spirit was, to a large extent, kept up by the feeds given by the girls. During that year the girls entertained the cadets five times. The cadets saw that the school was behind them, so worked diligently, capturing the flag in the competitive. Again to the girls, thanks!

SCHOOL—ATTENTION!

This is not to be an article on school spirit, although it is written in hopes that some will act upon it and by co-operating with the officers of H and L, turn out a company which will be able to return to Western, after the competitive drill, with something other than a long face. The companies can't do it by themselves. The school must help. For the last four or five years it has not, and as a result the cadet organization has simply been running down. We

don't like to have to say this, but it is a fact, and a grand revival is necessary. If we could see any reason for this decline we might accept it, but as it is we feel there is something radically wrong. Looking into the matter a little deeper, we find that the first trouble, and first instance of lack of support on the part of the school is that so few boys enlist and those who do are so small that they are unable to put up a drill that will win. The larger boys, those who should be cadets if Western has any success in the near future, smile sweetly, shake their heads, and laugh at the "Sissy" cadets. Yet, if you should ask one of the above-mentioned to state his reasons for not enlisting, the only reply you will be able to get from him is that "It's too much work for nothing." The "Sissy" organization has too much work. Those two statements don't go together well, do they? "Work for nothing?" We must admit that in the last year or two this statement would hold. But here again we come to the lack of support from another part of school, which gives foundation to this argument. However, we understand that conditions in this line are soon to change, so we have no "kick" to make now.

So now in closing this part of the article, we would remind the school that there still remains plenty of time to do its share. We hope a large number of enlistments will be received in February so as to give Western two six-squad companies. If the boys of the school had the right spirit, those who were in the company last year and simply "dropped" this year, would get in and work with the other cadets these last four months of drill. You have your uniforms, so there will be no expense to you, and the work you get will do you a great deal more good than harm. However, if you are not willing to do your part in this way, don't stand on the street corners, laughing and endeavoring to distract those who are working for the good of the school. You may not now realize that this is what they are working for, but you will the day of the drill when Central, Tech, or one of the other schools walks off with the flag.

We, as we have said many times before, are glad to have interested onlookers, both girls and boys. This kind of an audience helps the company, and we wish it were larger. But, if you will pardon a slang expression, "We can't see the other sort at all." That's all!!!

WHEN THE ICE CAME DOWN

(Continued from page 14.)

effort moved his foot. The paralysis, easily contracted by a slight spinal contusion, was wearing off, and—around the bend in the river shot a canoe-load of shouting, striving lumbermen.

The bear on the far bank looked silently after the boat, as, bearing Duncan McBain, it swept down the river, and then with a grunt of inexpressible regret, he sat upon his haunches and licked his chops.

BASKETBALL



WESTERN, 25—FRIENDS', 20

In a practice game with Friends' School Western won the first game of the season. The first half ended with Western in the lead, following a rally just before its ending. In the second half Western was never seriously threatened by Friends'. There was much improvement shown in this game.

WESTERN VS. ARMY AND NAVY PREPS.

Western played its second league game of the season with Army and Navy Preps on the tenth. The game was played in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. Although defeated, the Western team showed some improvement over its previous work.

TRACK

The track squad was called out for their first workout Thursday, January 2. A large number of candidates reported, and though you never can tell much this early in the season or before the semester marks go in, the prospects seem very bright for a good relay team. At the beginning of the year everyone in the school was sorry to hear that we were to lose the services of Curly Byrd; but the track team has been very lucky in securing Jimmy Mulligan, who is now coaching Georgetown, to take charge of the team. Although by graduation or by failure to return to school Western will miss such men as Mayfield, Fuller, Darnell, Loomis, Houghton, and Crawford, there seem to be good enough men among the new material to take their places. Noticeably among these are: Brewer, Needham, Rakeman, Welchel, Rose, Johnson, Donaldson, Sterns, Macintire, and Darnall. Rock, who was sure of his place on last year's relay team but was unable to run on account of failure in his studies, is out for the team again this year, and seems to be starring not only in track, but also in his studies. Last year Western had one of the most successful seasons in the history of the 32 medals, 8 cups, and a number of ribbons. This year we hope to make even a better record than last year and, most of all, WE WANT TO

BEAT CENTRAL. The only way we can do this is to have every fellow who can run, or thinks he can run, out for the team. Freshmen and Sophomores especially should take this to heart, for the only way to get a good team is to take the men in their first and second years and develop them.

The schedule is as follows:

February 15—Johns Hopkins Meet at Baltimore.
February 22—Richmond College Meet at Richmond.
March 11—Georgetown University Meet at Washington.
March 8—National Guard Meet at Washington.
The dates of the outdoor meets have not yet been announced.

EDMUND JONES,
Captain.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Though he is too modest to say so, our greatest hopes lie in Captain Jones, who, according to the newspapers, is the best runner in the high schools this year.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Ever since the holidays were ended and school began again, there have been some very exciting days for the basketball girls. The cause was the picking of the various class teams, and the occasion saw several battles-royal for certain positions. The final choosing was so hard, the players being all of the same playing ability, that each girl finally had to get up and go through her paces, so to speak, before an assembled multitude.

There is one thing, though, that the defeated must bear constantly in mind. It is an innovation, but is one of the fairest rulings that has recently been made. The new rule forces a girl who has won a position on a team to be continually on the qui vive in order not to lose the honor; for the fact that she has made the team does not, from now on, necessarily mean that she will stay there. Any girl who shows up better in playing ability can supplant a member on the team and keep the position as long as she is able to hold her head above water. So cheer up, everybody—you may get there yet! Just make up your mind that such a little thing as not making your class team isn't going to bother you the least little bit, and that you'll cause the girl who is a step ahead of you to look to her laurels. Members of the present teams, beware!

When the Biology class were studying evolution, one pupil said that his researches had disclosed even more than Darwin's. He claimed to have discovered that man's descent may be traced back to the tree.

"How is that?" said the teacher.

"Why," replied the brilliant one, "Man descended from the monkey, and I, myself, have seen a monkey descend from a tree!"



I wonder why Lehmann suggested sending forget-me-nots to Madam Bimont.

Mrs. Young, in third year Geometry: One-half the circumferences of the bases equals the circumference of the slant height."

DON'T TELL MISS STUTZ!

Mrs. Young: "Well, Brady, I do not believe you studied your Math. last night, did you?"
Brady: "Well—er—no'm, I didn't."
Mrs. Young: "What was the matter?"
Brady: "Why, you see, I went to sleep studying German."

Miss Davis: "Phillips, is your class room free?"
The Skeeter: "No, it can't get out of the building."

IN ENGLISH

Schaaff: "Miss Merrill, I made about sixty on my test, didn't I?"
Miss Merrill: "Yes, you did, and it troubled me very much to put it down."
That funereal first lieutenant: "Well, I wouldn't have complained had you put it up."

Ginny says:
At chasing chickens (poultry), Beany Leetch is there.

ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE PRESS AGENTS' DEVICES.

It was rumored the week before that Buck Howard would play the title rôle in "Julius Cæsar." The remarkable sale of tickets was doubtless due to that, although when the time came "Irv" was not to be seen.

Phillips has come out strong for Suffrage. He says she'll let him wear her class pin if he does.

Liza Grape men allry mindus
Weaken maka Lizy Ternal
Andy partin Lee B. Hindus
Sicsinch Hedlinge inthaj Ernal.

At a recent mass meeting the Deputies are reported as being solid against women's rights.

Brutus: "Cæsar, how many ginger-snaps have you eaten?"
Cæsar: "Et tu Brute."

TELEPHONOPERATORIS

A Drama in One Act, by "Mike."

As the curtain rises our friend Kelly, the beautiful telephone operator, is discovered seated before the switchboard, carefully powdering his nose.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! (Indicating ringing of the 'phone.)
Kelly: "Hello! Hello! Who calls the Western High?"
Fond Parent (on other end of line): "Hello! This Western?
Tell me, do you know
My infant prodigy, young Archibald?"
K.: "Of course be thou assured; he oft hath slept
In many a doieful English class with me."
F. P.: "I wish to get a message to him. Can
You find him in the twinkling of an eye?"
K.: "As easy as a needle in the hay.
I prithee, doth he take Geometry?"
F. P.: "Nay! Nay! But to it he is oft exposed."
K.: "What other subject does your son pursue?"
F. P.: "He still pursues them all, yet strange to say,
He always is a lap or two behind."
K.: "Oh, sir, could you inform me in what room
Your son doth pass the weary time this hour?"
F. P.: "Methinks Hysterics of the United Snakes."
K.: "Ah! That is hard and difficult to find!"
F. P.: "If it doth inconvenience you at all,
It does not matter; therefore, never mind. At any rate, I think I shall remove
Him to the school that men call "Friends' Collect." The other pupils of the Western High,
Are to my son so much inferior. Why, only yesterday I walked
The streets to watch the youngsters in their Thursday drill,
And everyone was out of step but he!"
(Blinding flash, as fuse blows out, and Kelly faints.)

Curtain.

ATTENTION FRESHIES!

My little Freshies, who learn to read, pray,
Early learn to shun
That very silly thing, indeed, which
People call a pun.
Read "Woolley's" rules, and 'twill be found
How simple an offense
It is, to make the selfsame sound afford
A double sense.

For instance, ALE may make you AIL,
Your AUNT an ANT may kill,
You in a VALE may buy a VEIL and BILL,
May pay the BILL.
Or if to France your BARK you steer, at
Dover, it may be,
A PEER APPEARS upon the PIER, who, blind,
Still goes to SEA.

A fat man's GAIT may make us smile
Who has no GATE to close;
The farmer sitting on his STILE no STYLISH
Person knows
Perfumers, girls of SCENTS, must be; some
SCILLY girls are bright.
A BROWN girl oft deep READ we see, a
Black a wicked WIGHT.

Most wealthy men good MANORS have,
However vulgar they;
And actors still the harder slave, the
Oftener they PLAY.
Braun on the boards no BORE, indeed,
Although from BOAR prepared;
Nor can the FOWL, on which we feed,
FOUL feeding be declared.

The DYER who, by DYEING lives,
A DIRE life maintains;
The glazier, it is known, receives
His profits from his PANES;
By gardeners THYME is TIED, 'tis true
When spring is in its prime;
But TIME or TIDE won't wait for you, if
You are TIED for TIME.

There now, you see, my little dears, the
Way to make a pun;
A trick which you, through coming
Years, should sedulously shun.

The fault admits of no defense; for
Whensoe'er 'tis found,
You sacrifice the SOUND for SENSE; the
SENSE is never SOUND.

So let your words and actions, too, one
Single meaning prove.
And, just in all you say or do, you'll gain
Esteem and love.
In mirth and play no harm you'll know
When duty's taste is done;
But (Deputies—Seniors) ne'er will let you go
Unpunished for a pun!

A SPLENDID RECORD

(Continued from page 17.)

Ansley as leader. Their splendid success is indicated by the figures—four thousand stamps sold, the boys winning. These sales are almost equal to the total for the remainder of the school.

Following are some of the individual records:

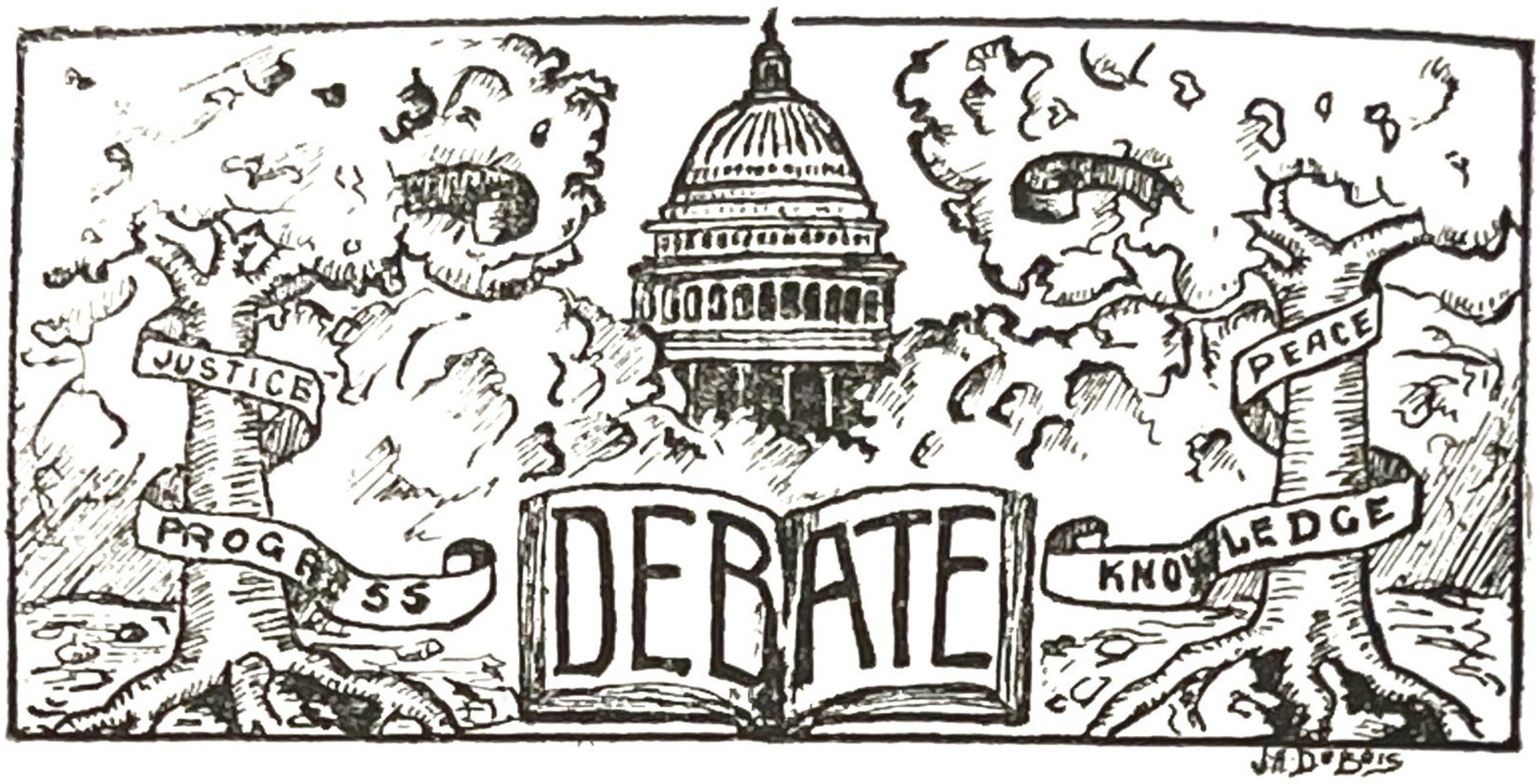
Julius Schneider.....	585	Martha Waring.....	145
Grace Beach.....	300	Dorothy Terry.....	130
Harold Kuglen.....	300	Stewart Doolittle.....	130
Dorothy Finckel.....	230	Helen Everett.....	125
Urquhart Ansley.....	170	Alice Padgett.....	125
Bernadetto Hacker.....	165	Corinne Frazier.....	115
James Holmes.....	150	Nancy Hanna.....	100
Ralph Lashells.....	150	Richard Sergeant.....	100
Robt. Livingstone.....	150	Natz Weller.....	100

TOASTS

Here's to Rivero,
The sporty old wop;
Whenever he passes
The clocks all stop.

Here's looking at Smith,
Especially the girls;
For he's shaped like Adonis,
With his hair done in curls.

To the health of Jack Adams,
A strong man is he.
He can carry five subjects
With never a "D."



The elections for next year's Debating Society will soon be held. Let them be a means of rewarding those who have supported the Society. Let the new officers be ones who really want to hold the positions. To select persons whose allegiance is undivided would be wise.

Recently the Society adopted an amendment to its Constitution which should improve things greatly. It provides that all new members shall be voted in by a majority of the members present at the meeting at which their names are proposed. This enables the barring of people who are not likely to work or pay their dues. Again, it makes membership seem an honor and is an excellent means of keeping the size down sufficiently to make the Society a good working unit.

The only meeting worthy of reporting was that of December 13, when the only closed debate since September took place. The writer was unable to attend, but secured a report from Mr. Cooper to this effect. The subject was: Resolved, That the District should be represented in Congress by a delegate elected by the qualified voters of the District. On the affirmative were Misses Kinnan, May, and Crist; on the negative were Messrs. Kayser, Day, and Cooper. The judges were Miss Cushing, Miss Rizer, and Mr. Schneider, who decided in favor of the affirmative. Miss Kinnan received first honors and Mr. Day second. These two were "some stars," but best of all was Mr. Cooper.

It is now practically certain that Western will meet Eastern in a debate before Easter. Though details are not known, it will be conducted in accordance with the plan described in the last issue. Central challenged us to a debate and demanded an immediate answer. Not wishing to be discourteous to Eastern, with whom a debate is due, we refused to give a decision and now we understand that Central is seeking a debate with the Baltimore City College.

Madame Bimont: "Monsieur Nicols, combien de fautes avez-vous?"

Monsieur Nicols: "J'en ai cinq": And then, through the window, drifted the sweet strains of "Throw out the life-line."

"ONCE UPON A TIME A BLACK DEMON INVENTED POWDER, AND------"

Oh Powder, boon of maidens fair,
Oh Powder, brunette, pink, and white,
To you I dedicate my song,
To you attribute I my plight!

When I rush forth, at 9 o'clock,
From home to school, half frantic, wild,
For fear that I'll be late—Ma-ma
Doth nab me at the door—"My child,
Just wipe that powder off your nose!"

When I arrive at school, and find
My clock was fast, and I'm on time,
Near fainting from the shock, I'm grabbed
By Mrs. Young—"Oh, Youth's Decline!
Child, wipe that powder off your nose!"

When I am sallying down the hall,
Important with my weight of years,
I meet my Senior crush, who cries,
Almost upon the verge of tears,
"Oh, wipe that powder off your nose!"

Oft, weighted with the burden great
Of tests, am I, the coming hour;
My own chum brings me back to earth,
With bitter words, full curt and sour:
"Child, wipe that powder off your nose!"

All ready, oft, I am, to go
Into Miss Westcott's office—Jean
Doth halt me with a worried look,
"My dear, don't think I'm awfully mean,
But—wipe that powder off your nose!"

My best beloved called last night;
He took my trembling hand, he sighed—
I thought, "He will, he must propose!"
The picture of despair, he cried,
"Dear, wipe that powder off your nose!"

—M. K., '14.

TO OUR REGULAR READERS.

No, there isn't any joke about Phillips in Biology in this issue. We hope to have two of them next time to make up.



Many of the school papers which we see make but little attempt at being artistic. Some use poor grades of paper; some lack cuts; others mix up advertising with the reading matter; many have cheap-looking covers. The cause of these faults may be found in the business departments, but again it may be that the staffs concentrate on the reading matter. In either case, would it not be wise to replace your monthly by a four-page weekly? The chief advantage in a monthly lies in the opportunity offered for an attractive-appearing book, and, if this be neglected, more can be said in favor of a weekly, which offers, in the long run, more space, and, containing news which is up to date, fulfils the primary and proper function of a paper by being of actual service to its readers. A fine example of a high-school weekly is the "Tatler," from out in El Paso, Texas. It is full of news and good jokes, and on the whole, is certainly a credit to its school. By planning to also get out a semi-annual in magazine form, the "Tatler" is aiming at the ideal in high-school journalism.

Since our last issue we have received the following exchanges: Review, Maroon and White, Chonicle, Acropolis, Tiger, Poly Prep, Tatler, High School News, Messenger, Argonaut, Papyrus, Balance Sheet, Net, Blue and Gray, Herald, Harvard Illustrated Magazine. "Thanks, thanks to thee, our worthy friends, for the lessons you have taught."

One of the best of the papers which do *not* come into this office is the *Hand and Mind* of Tech. Why be so unneighborly, Hand and Mind? We would be just as glad to see you now and in the future as we have been in the past. Then, too, we should like to know how that weekly, at your school, is getting along.

We did not intend to be so severe with the Balance Sheet in our last issue. It is a paper far above the average and the writer would have congratulated it upon some of its many good points had not his copy been cut down. The November cover was one of the best we have seen and the "Students' Almanac" is an original feature worthy of any paper, and especially suitable to yours. This latter is an excellent medium of humor and interesting information. We have your December issue. The cover is not as good as the other,

but that could not be expected. In minor matters and contents this issue showed improvement.

Another issue of the Review has come in. Central, you have a fine paper, but ought to have a better one. The December cover was not especially original or handsome. Display more cuts, use a heavier grade of paper and cut out the interior "ads." Your system of class reporting is a good way of getting at school news. Central is the largest academic high school and should have by far the best paper.

A watchman in a large hotel found, about 2 o'clock in the morning, a man, clad in a night-gown, wandering about in the corridor "Get out of here!" he yelled. The man opened his eyes. "I'm a somnambulist," he said. "I don't care what your religion is, get out!"

Herschman: There was a big fight on the street car this morning, Ginny.

Rivero: What was it?

Herschman: The conductor punched a ticket.

Miss Brandenburg: How do you know when spring is here, Mr. Leetch?

Leetch: The fish wagons come around every day.

JANUARY SECOND.

'Tis January second now;
The holidays are o'er,
And after all the Christmas joys
We're back at school once more.

Did lessons use to be so hard?
They're bad enough, I know,
All through the year, but now, dear me,
I'm plunged in depths of woe!

I cannot translate Latin now.
I simply can't, so there!
And, as for idioms in French,
They drive me to despair.

My other lessons, too, are twice
As hard as e'er before;
I work, and work, and work, and work,
And work, and work some more.

And then—I come to school and flunk.
I'm sure you'll all agree
That it is most encouraging
To get a great, big D.

I'd really, truly, like to learn
Why these things should be so.
Could anybody tell me now?
Does anybody know?

—A. G.

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VOL. XVII WASHINGTON, D. C. NO. 5

JIM'S DEATH

(Wm. Sopris, '14.)

"An'," continued Jim, falling into that slang quite familiar to him, "in '49 the people were all havin' luck but yours truly an' his partner We'd been, I reckon, 'bout three weeks on the trail, just beatin' aroun' killin' game whinever we got the chance. The chance didn't come often, to be true; but what's that? Bill an' I were big husky guys then, an' war used to sich life. Well, that's leavin' my story. The weather was beastly cold, an' at night we'd hear the coyotes yowlin', while we wus tryin' to go to Slumberland, and treatin' us to some of thim delicious (?) melodies sich as war their wont to give. The grizzlies would come aroun' snuffin' fer venison an' generally get what they wanted, leavin' Bill to cuss a blue streak an' swar it wus my fault.

"One day we run upon one uf ther darndest whoppingest she wolves whot I iver saw, an' she had three little ones taggin' 'long after her. Bill ups with his gun an' pops the mother an' I follows suit, knockin' over a young critter. We wus erbout to load an' fire agin, but an' inspiration come to Bill. 'Let's keep 'em,' he said, 'one fer each of us.' I agreed, for Bill had a peculiar way of always gettin' what he wanted an' this case wus no exception. We adopted the waifs and later tamed thim.

"It was 'bout one year afterwards that Bill an' I left our cabin with 'our dog,' as Bill called him. His coyote died soon after we'd built our cabin. We got lonely and hungry and felt like travellin'. At night we'd build a fire and go to sleep, bein' tired 'cause there wus no bucks or bear meat eroun'. We had eaten nothin' but berries fer so long that Bill gets mad and sets out fer town, a minin' camp with one grub pervider in it, to get provisions so we could make an extended huntin' trip. I wus to meet him at the cross trails at 'Bear Gulch,' three or four days later. Wal, I waited two weeks fer Bill an' seein' no signs of him and thinkin' the worst had happened, took up me pack and started fer the town myself.

"It was near sunset of the second day that I came in sight of the cutest little settlement house I'd seen fer years. Deed but it was a sight fer poor tired eyes. It war squar in my path an' I couldn't help thinkin' 'bout my stummick. I steps up to the door and knocks, an' the best lookin' girl I ever saw opened the door. I doffs my hat gallantly an' says 'Good evenin'.' She agrees—rather coldly though. I'm erfraid me looks were none the best—an' I mentions my hunger and hard luck, thinkin' it wasn't a bad idea. Wall! ef you could er

seen her change. She wasn't gone ter have no beggars foolin' 'round here and if I didn't make a quick getaway she'd call Pete (her brother, I suppose). Now that got on my nerves so's I opens my wallet an' shows 'er a coin. Well, dis change was greater than the other! She was all smiles then and acqu-i-e-s-c-e-s-s.

(Jim was making a brave attempt at it, but his efforts did not succeed.)

"Funny, ain't it, how the coin makes 'em talk," commented Jim, hurrying on to rid himself of that fateful blunder.

The audience was now keyed to the highest pitch and our hero, noticing their anxious looks, continued.

"Wal, I pay her first since she insisted so, and thin she leads me into the sittin' room fer lunch! I thought it queer, but fearin' another change in her attitude, kept mum. I takes a seat and she goes out, *but* locks the door. Then she comes around an' closes the shutters and locks them, leavin' no means of escape in case of fire. Wasn't that dangerous? Now it was no use to make the worst of things because she was afraid of me, such a desperado was I. November (my coyote) was as lean as a spare rib, and so was I, so we begins to anxiously wait fer the eats, so's to fatten up a bit. It doesn't come so quick, so I gets up and examines the furniture and contents of the room, wall paper included."

Jim evidently had not had anything appetizing for so long that even the grapes on the wall paper met his eye.

"November begins snoopin' aroun', lookin' at things with me. Then all of a suddin I notice a big music box. It had a horn as big as myself and the cutest little 'ring-eround-the-rosy' thing I iver saw. The lady, a young girl I should have said, evidently saw we were tired waitin', so she comes to the door and says she'd give us some music. So she fools eround ther door an' soon I hear a buzzin'. November hears it, too, so *he* begins a buzzin' and yowlin'. Thin the music strikes up. It was the wurst thing I ever heard. Doleful wus no word fer it; it sounded like some death chant like the Dead March of Saul, although I never heard it. November's yowlin' wus better, I swear, then that bloomin' phonergraph. All of a sudden the music stops and November goes a shootin' through the horn, follered by the chairs and carpets in quick succession. I feels somethin' comin' over me, and myself bein' drawn towards that horn. I grabs a chair that wus beside me, then a table, an' then a sofer, but all the same I keeps approaching the mouth of that music box. Just then I hears a voice an' Miss Housekeeper peeps in and laughs. I hollers at her to let me out, but she just giggles again and says that I'll meet Bill down there. That was all I heard, not having a chance even to remonstrate or bargain with her, for I went shooting down that hole a mile a minute."

Jim 'rose from his seat by the stove and surveyed his audience smilingly.

"That's queer, Jim, what was that horn?" asked one of the loungers, wishing to satisfy his curiosity.

"Oh, only a vacuum horn," he answered solemnly.

"And what happened to you? Did you sue her for damages and

breach of promise?"

"No, I didn't have the chance or possibly I should have done so," replied Jim.

"Why didn't you have the chance?" chorused the listeners.

"That's easy. November and I were killed!"

"PRETENDS"

By "Old Jordan."

I.

Say, can you just imagine
Things being turned aroun'
So everybody in the school
Seemed almost upside down?

II.

We all can see that "Beany"
At thinness takes the hat,
But just suppose that he should shrink
Till he was short and fat.

III.

The students in the hallway
Must look 'way down on him,
While our friend Kelly cannot joke
And is too sad to grin.

IV.

And "Schmitty's" hair has straightened,
Each hair lies in its place,
While Joe Schaaff's head is covered o'er
By curls of dainty grace.

V.

But now comes old Jack Adams,
His face is wan and pale;
Much studying hath made him mad,
His health has 'gun to fail.

VI.

And then there's Bob La Follette,
So stately and so tall;
He has grown very dignified
And will not laugh at all.

VII.

"Peanuts" and Janney Nicols
Have both forgotten quite
That crazy dance they used to do,
And don't stay out at night.

VIII.

Well, here comes Phillip Pepper
Who's left his voice at home.
And—I'll be hanged! Here's "Scotty"!
He's walking home alone!

IX.

And can you see Kernodle,
With short, light curly hair?
With an ugly pout, and lips stuck out?
He's six feet in the air!

X.

We know that Walter Royer
Is sure a good old guy,
But just suppose he'd fuss and frown
And make the girlies cry.

XI.

And here is "Little Eva,"
Who has to wear eyeglasses.
The girls have ceased to notice him
In either halls or classes.

XII.

It surely would be funny
If all these things were true,
But—Goodness! Here's a teacher!
So our "pretends" are through!

Miss Cushing in A3 English: "George, give me two bits of description."

Nordlinger: "I can't give you two-bits, but I'll lend it to you."

COUSIN HIRAM'S VISIT

"James Fenimore," '14.

I approached the house, whistling gayly one of the latest rags, feeling extremely happy, but my wife met me at the door and imparted some news to me which drove all the joy out of my soul.

"Henry," she said, in a tragic whisper, "I have got some pleasant tidings for you. Your Cousin Hiram is here with Cousin Sally and those three 'delightful' kids."

"Holy smoke!" I groaned; "Hiram is bad enough by himself, but with—Oh, help, help!"

Hiram and his family live on a farm somewhere in the wilds of Virginia. They seldom visit the city, but when they do, they always quarter themselves upon us. Their previous visits had been so pleasant—for them—that when we moved we refrained from sending them our new address. As this precaution had proved futile, I asked my wife, "How did they ever find us?"

"Too easy," she sighed, "they looked you up in the directory."

"Well, have they started anything yet?"

"Oh, no! Those three little pests have broken up all of our children's toys, Sally has complained that our dining room is draughty, and Hiram has smoked six of your best cigars."

"Oh!" I groaned, "and they were fifteen cents straight, too. Well, I bet he won't get any more, because I will lock that box up and put a box of Pittsburgh stogies in its place. But where are our delightful guests now?"

"Sally is taking a nap and Hiram has taken those three detestable kids out for a walk."

"Well, it might have been worse, but still I must think of a plan for getting rid of them."

* * * * *

About an hour later Hiram and his three minute offsprings arrived and the former greeted me profusely.

"Hello, Henry!" he said, "glad to see you, old top. Ain't you glad to see us? I'm going to stay a long time this time."

I scowled, not only because his words confirmed my worst fears, but because all the time he was smoking one of my choice Havanas.

"Glad to see you've already made yourself at home," I remarked, with a dismal attempt at mirth.

"Oh, you mean the 'seegar,' eh!" he answered. "You know, I don't pretend to stand on ceremony with you, Henry."

Oh, no! I couldn't perceive this.

* * * * *

After awhile Sally awoke from her nap and condescended to sit down to the dinner table with us, where she imparted the information that there were mice in the bedroom and that our best mattress was "uncommon hard." At home, on the farm, Maria slept on a mattress which was just as comfortable as if it had been stuffed with iron filings.

At the supper table Hiram and his family ate so much that I

got up from the table almost as hungry as when I sat down. Then Hiram, who has about as much talent as a prize-fighter, sat down at our new grand piano and drummed out all the rustic airs he knew.

While he was engaged in thumping out "Auld Lang Syne," with such a vim and lack of harmony that it set our teeth on edge, his eldest son was engaged in the pleasant pastime of whittling one of the legs of the piano with his knife.

Then I tried to get revenge by offering my boy Willie a quarter if he would wallop Frankie, Hiram's eldest. Willie agreed, but was knocked out in the first round, with his eyes blackened and his front teeth loosened.

This was the next scheme. I purchased a brand of cigars, noted for their abominableness, and presented them to Hiram, thinking this way to hurt his feelings and make him leave, but, not on your life; he smoked them until the odor was so terrific that I had to flee from the room, while he said he liked them better than my fifteen-cent Havanas.

Then as a final attempt, remembering Sally's aversion to draughts, I left windows slightly open all over the house. As a result of this, my wife got a bad cold in her head, I got a severe attack of rheumatism, and our youngest boy got a sore throat, but Sally and her family continued to enjoy the best of health.

Then we gave it up and three weeks later they left. We received this note a few days after:

"Dear Cousin Henry: I wish to thank you for the good time you showed us and the hospitality you showered upon us. We did not intend to remain so long, but you were so anxious to get rid of us that we stayed just for spite. Thanking you again,

I remain,

COUSIN HIRAM."

After receiving this I felt rather mean, but still I was glad they had left.

Oh, let not love thy sweet life mar,
For maids are always cruel.
If she another loves by far,
I would not fight a duel.

For when the first few pangs are o'er,
The maiden you'll forget.
In this wide world there're many more
You've not discovered yet.

—C. D., '13.



"THE WESTERN" STAFF, 1912-13

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"The Western" is a magazine devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils, and alumni. Original contributions are solicited from all, and may be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

Subscription, 60 cents per school year; by mail, 75 cents; single copies, 10 cents. Advertising rates furnished on application to the Business Manager.

CHAMPIONSHIP

Not since the historic relay of 1910 has Western done so well in track as it has done this year. No longer is the loyal Westernite compelled to warn his friends in the other high schools to "look out for next year's team." For, after stepping out of the athletic spotlight for a short time, Western is once more in the center of the stage and crowding all others off into the wings.

Champion Scholastic Relay of the South! That certainly looks

as if the old school was once more settling into her accustomed seat at the top of high school athletics. But the Senior Relay was not by itself in carrying off trophies. Hardly a meet passed without Western cleaning up for the dashes and placing with the Junior Relay. It is hardly necessary to speak of the fine work of Coach Mulligan, since without a coach there could have been no championship. Of the work of the squad, Western is proud and it extends to it every wish for as great success in the outdoor meets coming.

JOY The Easter holidays are about to begin.

"Go take a nice rest and be refreshed for your lessons," says the teacher.

"Um," says the student.

And that is the introduction to the Students' Joy and the Friend of the Scholar, the Easter Holidays. When Christmas was over the wait for Easter seemed like an illustration of infinity in the Math. class. But now, in some mysterious way, here it is with no one overcome with old age or struggling under long beards. And this year the school is doubly blest, for it gets not only a holiday, but the WESTERN to while away the tedious hours of it.

A GENIOUS The busy staff of the WESTERN has unearthed one more genius; this time in the third year class. He is Eliot Day, and he will henceforth make our ears ring with the praises of Debate. He must be a pretty classy debater, or he would not now be Debate Editor.

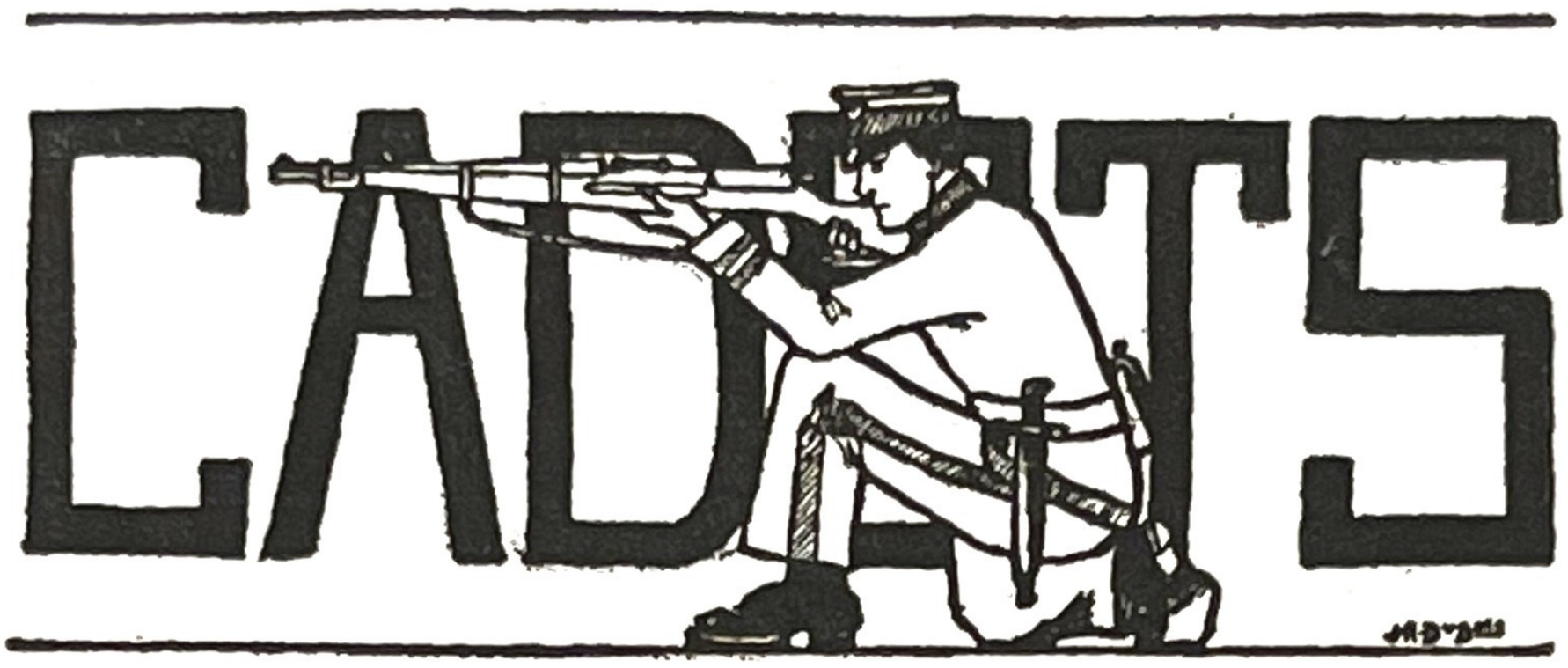
ANOTHER ADDRESS On Tuesday, the twenty-fifth of February, the boys of the school were given a talk on debate by Mr. Clark Griffith, Manager of the Washington Nationals. Although he did not wear a uniform or tell us how he ran his team, his talk was excellent and was well worth listening to.

DEBATE

The Program Committee has decided upon a new plan of action: short debates between members (one on a side) will be intermixed with short talks by prominent speakers. All who heard Mr. Griffith's talk were delighted. You will like the next one better.

Miss Brewer: "When was the first treaty ratified?"
Mr. Schaaff (as usual): "I don't know."
Miss Brewer: "Next, please."
Mr. Nichols (who has been dozing): "I'll have a hair cut."

Freshman (to a deputy): If one fellow *sics* the deputies on another fellow, is this first young man liable to subjugation by them?
Deputy: Why, I suppose so; why?
Freshie: Well, I know someone who wanted to sic the deputies on me, and now I want to see him suffer defeat.



MILITARY NOTES

Quite a time has elapsed since our last issue, and though it is difficult to tell of the proceedings of the companies, there has been much progress made. In February each company received about seven recruits, so now Western has two six-squad companies, with one blank file in each. Daily drill was given the newcomers in order that they might be in condition to do their part in the inaugural parade.

I think it may be said that both companies put forth a creditable drill in this exhibition, particularly when the accompanying circumstances are considered. On account of bad management somewhere, the companies were formed much too soon, and after a rather long and tiresome march over cobble stones, were made to undergo a wait of about four hours before falling into the parade proper. This meant that the men were in company formation from eleven until seven, during which time they had no "refreshments," except in a few rare cases in which the boys had thoughtfully brought along a sandwich, and by strenuous efforts postponed indulging in the same until lunch time.

Something over one hundred and seventy-five dollars was furnished by the cadets for their share of the parade expenses, and it does seem that they should at least have been supplied with a good band. This was promised them, but I don't think there was a boy in the regiment who did not have something to say of the band which would hardly go in "polite society." The men did not even have uniforms, some of them having old cadet coats and ordinary trousers. It may have been something in the air vibrations which made things sound queer, but if you will pardon a slang expression, that music certainly did not "listen well," that is, when it listened at all. The men would, after some difficulty, catch the step of the band, but seldom if ever were they able to keep it over a half block, due largely to the fact that the drum major was greatly annoyed with frequent attacks of nervous prostration. Hence, taking into consideration the foregoing facts, I think no Westernite need be ashamed of the showing made by his companies. But if you want to know what we really can do, come out on the "West Lawn" one of these fine afternoons. We'll be glad

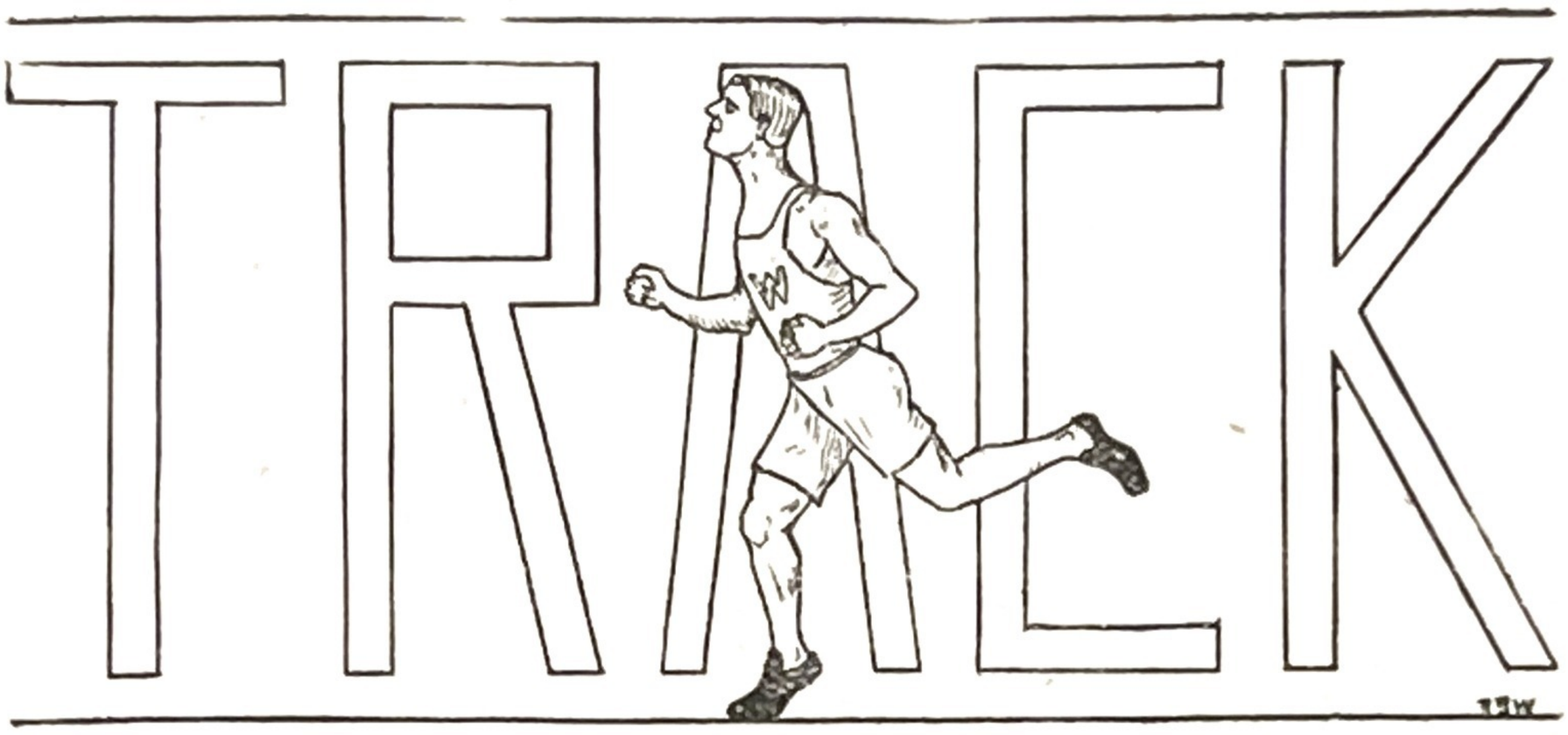
to see you, just so you aren't clad in baseball armor. Strange to say these baseball warriors are unwelcome guests to the companies, for they are generally desirous of starting a fight, the one thing of all things which the soldiers hate worst. All others, however, are cordially invited. Mondays and Thursdays are our days at home. We hate to have to keep asking for this patronage, but it undoubtedly helps and we have one mighty hard time to create any outside interest in the companies.



The Student's Council has recently taken up the matter of the "W's" since there was some dissatisfaction over last year's "W's" for basketball and track. Last year the track "W's" were much smaller than the football and baseball "W's" and more like a "W" for minor sports. Consequently, nearly everyone who went out for track and trained consistently throughout the year received a "W." This year the policy will be different. A blocked "W" will be given for track to those only who are members of the Senior Relay or who win eight points in the dual meets throughout the year. This, we hope, will be much more satisfactory since deserving men, such as one who runs consistently on the Senior Relay or brings Western eight or more points throughout the year, will be properly rewarded.

The Council passed also on a "W" with a small "B" on each side for basketball. However, this has not yet received the consent of the office, since the Athletic Committee of the faculty must first be consulted. The basketball "W" of last year, one with a circle around it, was not popular, since an outsider would not know what a circle around the "W" would mean.

There has been only one slip in the box during the past month. That was one suggesting that about twenty copies of the WESTERN be kept in the library. The slip was probably written by someone who does not subscribe to the WESTERN. The Council hardly considered the matter since the only effect it would have would be to diminish the subscriptions to the WESTERN, a very undesirable result.



JOHN HOPKINS—FIFTH REGIMENT MEET

In this meet, February 17, Western only entered three events—Senior and Junior Relays, and Jones in the hundred-yard dash. The Senior Relay—Brewer, Stearns, Rose, Jones—ran Episcopal High School, Stuyvesant School, and Marsden University School and beat them, successfully taking its first step towards the Southern Championship. The Junior Relay—Rakeman, Ansley, Welchel, Needham—got second place.

Jones, in the hundred, easily took first place, making the record of Western's three entries two first places and one second.

GEORGE WASHINGTON MEET, FEBRUARY 22

Western had several entries in this meet, most important of which was the Senior Relay. The same men ran in it against Baltimore Polytechnic Institute, Scholastic Champions of Baltimore. Western was winner in this race by over half a lap.

Besides this Jones won the fifty-yard open against a heavy handicap.

GEORGETOWN MEET, MARCH 1

In this meet the Western Relay should have run against the Washington high schools. However, none of them would run against Western, and Baltimore City College and Baltimore Polytechnical Institute were put against them. At the last minute even these two refused to run and Western won the race by forfeiture, thus clinching the Southern Scholastic Championship.

Brewer starred for Western in other events, he winning the fifty-yard novice and fifty-yard scholastic dashes.

BASEBALL

Reader, if you do your share Western will win the 1913 Championship. By that we mean that so far as material is concerned we have the best prospects in years; but our treasury is very, very low. A vast proportion of the school must pay up Athletic Association dues, if our team is to go on the field with even ordinary equipment.

What is more, you should pay up soon; we cannot even get suits for our players until more money comes in.

As was said, we have fine prospects. Our coach, "Dave" White, the famous Georgetown University pitcher, will fill the shoes of Mr. Byrd, if anyone will. Our captain, H. Irving Howard, informally known as "Buck," is one of the best athletes Western has ever had and is claimed by many to be the best amateur third baseman in the city. We have the best part of last year's infield and a veteran catcher in Lehmann. Jack Adams is still with us and it looks as though there will be about a score of outfield candidates. All eyes are upon "Unz" Brewer as our mainstay in the box. If he flunks there will be "weeping and gnashing of teeth."

Among new men expected out are Brewer, Ansley, Baker, Needham, Rohrer, Royer, Collins, Doxon, Peck, Rock, and many others.

Battery work starts Monday, February 17.

Take it from us, friend, that although Byrd and "Yellow" Myers and Lynn Loomis and the others will all be missed, the 1913 team is going to finish in the same class with that great championship team of the old days which was led by Virgil Michael.

Here's to Dame Luck; may she not be kidnapped again during the high school series.

On February 13 the basketball team elected Harry Jones to be the captain of the 1914 team. "Fats" will make a worthy successor of "Beany" Leetch, although hardly of the same physical dimensions. Harry is game, earnest and clever and Western should be proud of his election.

GIRL'S ATHLETICS

Since the WESTERN was last issued, our school has played one outside game—the one with the Holton-Arms School. The contest was one of the best and most exciting that has ever been played in our gymnasium. At no time was the victory assured by either team, and consequently there was no let-up until the last whistle blew. The Holton-Arms team came over here with colors flying, for they have won every game that they have played this season, and they were evidently confident of adding our scalp to their belt. Our girls felt much the same way, although, of course, we wouldn't have let *them* know that for worlds! After the game had started, however, our team suddenly woke up to its own ability, and showed such splendid team work that at the end of the first half the score was in our favor, 13-9.

Then in the second half the Holton-Arms girls caught up with us, and from that time the advantage wavered back and forth

(Continued on page 29)



THE DRAMATIC CLUB

After the Senior Play was presented, the desire to form a dramatic club increased. This new school interest has been particularly noticeable in Western. All the other high schools, excepting Business, organized dramatic clubs and it was only natural that Western should form one also. It is well to mention the object of the club. It is to train the pupils in correct elocution, to produce plays, not particularly for the public, but for the club's entertainment, and to cultivate a keen appreciation of good drama.

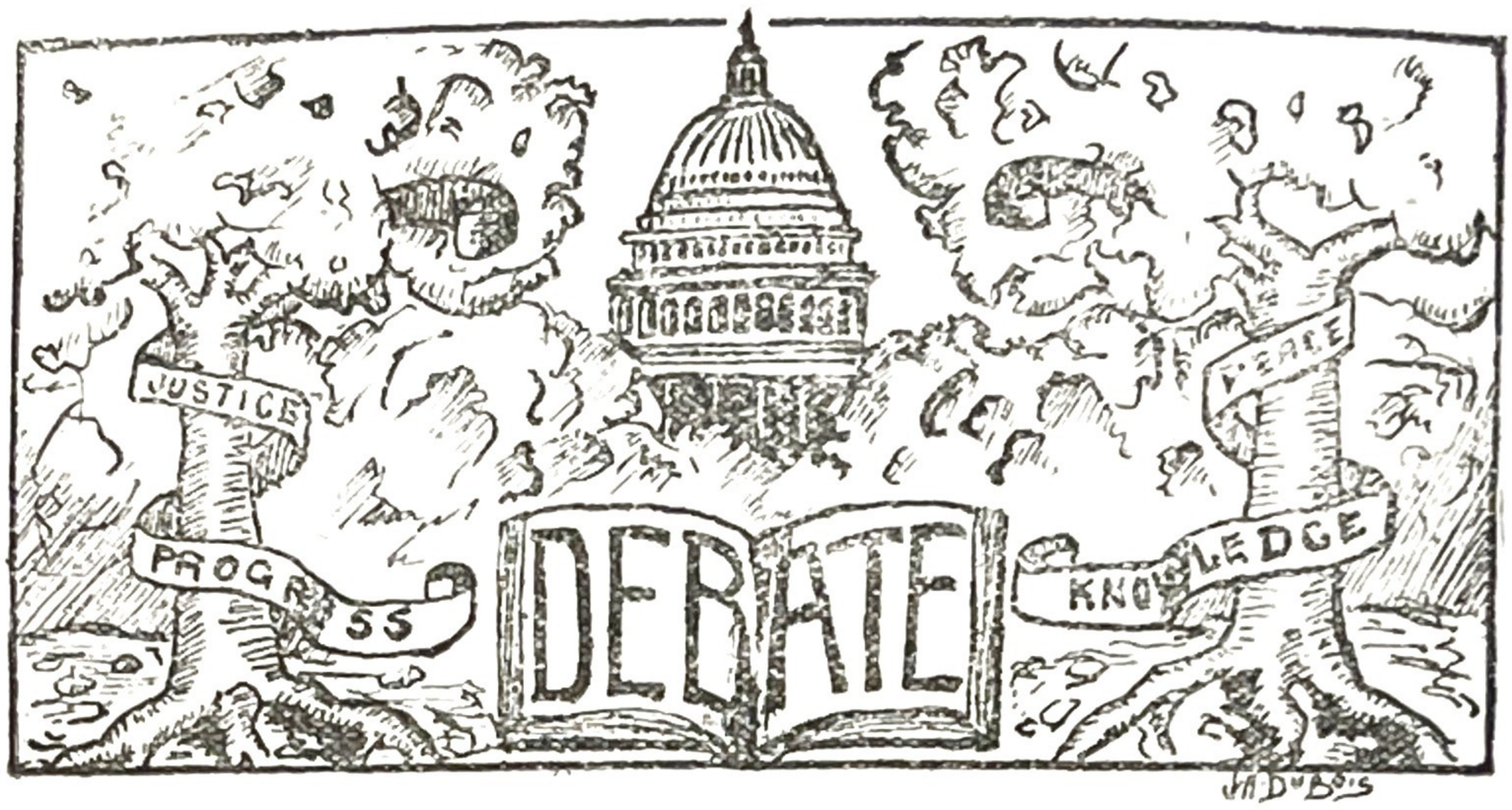
On January 17, 1913, a committee consisting of Miss Drain, Mr. Schneider and Mr. Siddons were chosen by those interested in dramatics for the purpose of drawing up a constitution. This it did at once and the constitution was presented at a meeting of the pupils, held the following Tuesday, January 21. At this meeting the constitution and by-laws were considered and adopted, article by article and section by section, with a few amendments. The next day the elections were held, with the following result:

President, Robert La Follette.
Vice-President, Mildred Needham.
Secretary, Kathryn Drain.
Treasurer, Heyward Siddons.

The Executive Committee consists of the four officers and two additional persons, Miss Emmerick and Mr. Cooper. The Program Committee consisted of Miss Copenhaver, Miss Kinnan, Mr. Bell, Mr. Warren and Mr. Nicholson. This committee entered earnestly upon its work and finally decided to produce a play called "The Sleeping Car," a farce written by W. H. Howells. The try-outs were held on February 12 and those successful have begun rehearsals of the play. Miss Merrill and Miss Wood have kindly offered their services in producing the plays which the club has selected.

In conclusion, the club wants to urge all third and fourth-year pupils to join. Don't join and then sit back inactive, afraid to try out for a part and merely watching earnest workers. Don't be the person who says, "I can't do it." You can; there is a lot of good in just trying. We want you Juniors and Seniors to join the club and hope that by the next regular meeting, which will be held on the first Tuesday in March, those not already members will have become enrolled.

F. H. S., '13.



On Tuesday, February 11th, annual elections of officers of the Debating Society were held, resulting as follows:

President, Joseph Du Bois.
Vice-President, Miss Elizabeth Campbell.
Secretary and Treasurer, George Cooper.
Chairman, Elmer Kayser.

The elections of the committees will be held at a later date. I know that every officer of the Society will work his hardest and will endeavor to make the Society at least as successful and as good in the future as it has been in the past.

GEORGE S. COOPER.

We sincerely congratulate these new officers who, we know, will strive their utmost for the Society. Especial congratulations are due Miss Campbell, who, in the writer's recollection at least, is the first second-year student who has received so high an honor as Vice-Presidency.

Now, fellow-students, there is no excuse for small attendances. There are some of you perhaps who were dissatisfied with the way the Society was run last year. Well, try us again! see how you like the new regime. These new officers are hustling just as hard as they can to make the meetings interesting and instructive. Make their work worth while! Have some "standing-room-only" meetings! You don't seem to realize that the Debating Team is, to a very great extent, chosen from the members of the Debating Society, and according to the work they do in the Society. All of you can debate—perhaps lots of you don't know it—but you can! Get out and try! A lot of the members of the Society are, I am sorry to say, content to be pulled along by the Society, with never a thought of putting a shoulder to the wheel on their own account. Those people are all right in their way but—they don't weigh worth a cent—at least with the exception of Giblin, they don't. We want a bunch of hustlers in that Society who are willing to push HARD!

NOW A WORD TO THE NEW OFFICERS

A good deal can be done to make the Debating Society more interesting, and it's up to *you* to do it. The officers of the past few years have had rather too much of an "I-should-worry" attitude toward their Debating Society duties. They have done well, mighty well, but try and see if you can't do better! We would advise as possible improvements:

1. That the officers look into their committees and see that they are "on the job."

2. That a good program be gotten up, and printed monthly in this paper.

3. That the Program Committee arrange with some good speakers to address the Society on current topics.

4. That members give short talks on subjects of general interest.

On Wednesday, January 29th, a most interesting closed debate was held on the question: Resolved, That the militant methods of English Suffragettes are justifiable.

On the affirmative were Misses Hanna and Fraser, while the negative was upheld by Misses Wight and Beach.

The judges were Miss Sherman, Miss Drain and Mr. Collins, who voted unanimously in favor of the negative, but were unable to come to any conclusion as to the honor man, or, in this case, honor woman. Miss Wight did fine work for the negative and Miss Fraser starred for the affirmative.



Since our last issue went to press, we have been glad to receive the following exchanges: *Hand and Mind, Tech News, Mirror, Red and Black, Papyrus, Columbia Collegian, Hangar, Blue and Gray, Maroon and White, Acropolis, Cerberus, Poly Prep, Review, Chronicle, Curtis Monthly.*

Our Contemporaries at Tech. So far as journalism is concerned, we shall have to admit that Tech is leading the high schools. They have two papers, the *Hand and Mind,* a handsome quarterly, and the *Tech News,* a neat and lively bi-weekly. Each acts as a supple-

ment to the other and by having the two, Tech gets more news and more literature and gets each in its place.

The Hand and Mind. We can best describe this book by the word "classy." It is printed on a rough, buff paper in large type and with wide margins. In the second number, the cuts are attractive and well chosen with the exception of that on the cover. There is no crowding. The editorials are in a class with those in the best city dailies; certainly they are equally scholarly. A notable point about the *Hand and Mind* is that the reading matter is not confined to fiction. Ordinarily, this, in our opinion, is not a good policy, but such a paper as the *Hand and Mind,* spacious and supported as it is by a bi-weekly, articles on outside subjects, serve well to round out the magazine.

The Tech News. A high school bi-weekly around this way is something of an innovation and hence the *News* is hard to criticise. The cartoon on the first page is a fine idea and the cartoons themselves are most excellent. Jokes are good and well placed. We note that even in an informal paper of this kind Tech refuses to do what certain other schools do in their monthlies—for all advertising is segregated. We are very glad to see that the *News* is on a good business basis and we hope that the time will soon come when Western, too, can get out a weekly.

The Review. We now have the January number and are pleased to see that the set seal design is again used on the cover. The paper is brim full of news, but we are sorry that some of this reading matter is not replaced by cuts.

The Hangar. The Army and Navy Prep School paper is small, though neat and well gotten-up. Its principal fault is the lack of a cut on the first page, that is, over the editorials.

The Balance Sheet. The Business paper, in answer to an over-severe criticism in one of our past issues, comes back with the statement that a magazine needs advertising if it wants to pay and that the *Balance Sheet* has a large business staff for this very purpose. The WESTERN is not opposed to advertising; its business managers have been very successful and the book is paying; but we do not have to make use of interior "ads." If you have such a capable business department, why is it that you mar the whole appearance of your book simply to get in the better-paying interior advertising? The WESTERN is only advocating what nine out of ten of our exchanges carry out; we realize the importance of advertising, but deny the necessity of interior "ads."

The Mirror. This, the largest monthly among our exchanges, comes from Central High of Philadelphia, a boy's school of about 2,500 pupils. We have heard of this school before in regard to student self-government, and it looks as though *The Mirror* was subject only to this self-government; we see numerous passages that down here at Washington would receive the blue pencil long before they got to the printer. *The Mirror* contains fine poetry and stories and the best cuts and cartoons which we have seen in a school journal. A heavier and better grade paper would make *The Mirror* almost perfect.

AND WE GOT OURS WHERE THEY GOT THEIRS

Once in a while exchange editors make note of the WESTERN; follow some quotations:

Review: "The WESTERN is a good paper. The cover design is attractive and the cuts are excellent."

Monthly Chronicle: "Your stories are good. Your paper would be greatly improved by the addition of an athletic department. A table of contents would also help your magazine."

Blue and Gray: "The WESTERN is a well-gotten-up paper, but in the December number the exchange editor committed quite a breach of etiquette in his criticism of the *Balance Sheet.*"

Balance Sheet: "The WESTERN's stories are excellent. You, as a whole, contain some very clever writing and show a big improvement over previous issues."



Sophomore: "I see you have a bad cold."
Junior: "Yes, I slept in a stable last night and I'm a little horse."

The other day while looking in the locker room we noticed Donovan walking around, looking on the lockers and under them as if he had lost something.

"Whatcher lookin' for, Chancey?"

"I'm looking for the insides of that basketball I left down here the other day."

Miss Thönssen objects to having "Sub" as a prefix to the name of Urban Holmes, a freshman of B section.

Miss Brandenburg in Biology to Ada Watress: "Ada, honey, have you got a heart?"

Little Johnny ran into the house shivering after an automobile ride. "Mother," he said, "it was so cold my feet were unconscious."

"Pop, what's the best kind of paper for a kite?"
"Fly-paper, my son."

"Pat, somewan tould me th' ither noight, Oi was as loight as a fairy on me fate."
"Shure, Bridget, darlint; ye're as loight as anny number av thim!"

About a month and a half ago, when Cook had a shave, the clear-cut effects of his new lawnmower were in great evidence.

"My dear, don't you think it extravagant to eat butter with that delicious jam?"
"No, it is economical. Same piece of bread does for both."

EVEN THEN.

(From an Old WESTERN.)

"Now that the soft-aired afternoons are again with us, the handsome, handy, hilarious heart-breakers are again in evidence, Mr. —— and young Smith, the fair.

"Patrick, you haven't given fresh water to the goldfish."
"No, miss; they ain't drunk what they had already."—*Ex.*

Chem. Prof.: What is the best conductor of heat?
Fresh.: Silver.
Chem. Prof.: How do *you* know?
Fresh.: Because every piece of silver I get keeps burning my pocket until I spend it.

Mr. McNeale: "Mr. Le Duc, how many mistakes have you?"
Mr. Le Duc: "J'en ai two" (pronounced Johnny 2).

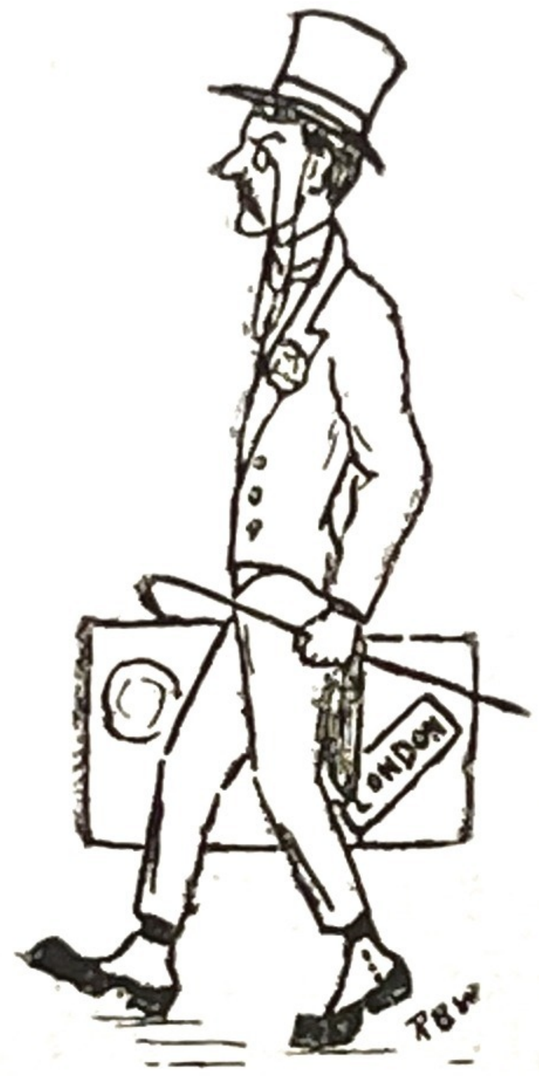
Mr. McNeale (writing on board): "I am not afraid of anyone?"
Voice (far in rear): "You don't need the question mark—it's an established fact!!!!"

Mr. McNeale in Fr. (giving a French sentence): "What is your name, little girl?"
Miss Bridges: "Louise Bridges."

Miss Cushing (after reading a story about a man's being rescued from hanging by a rope out of an eight-story window): "What principle of narration does this illustrate?"
Bright pupil: "Suspense."

Miss Brewer (speaking of H. Clay): "What sort of a man was he; did he stand on his own feet or on somebody else's?"

PERSE AND THE BASEBALL GAME



Perse

I.

Oh, Perse was a British lod,
A British lod was he—
Carnation in his bottonhole,
An eeglass at his ee.
"Bah Jove!" his fav'rite by-word was,
"Mah Word!" he'd often say;
A' those wha ever heard him would
Frae lauching faint away.
He dearly, dearly loved himsel'—
A joke he couldna' see—
That he was the biggest joke of a'
Ne'er wot that proud Perse.

II.

Now Perse to the U. S. cam',
As bauld as bauld could be,
Carnation in his buttonhole,
His eeglass at his ee.
'Twas in the springtime that he cam',
When baseball held full sway—
He ne'er had seen a baseball game,
And sae ane bonny day
He hied him to the Baseball Park,
To see the "Giants" play.

III.

Sair swagger in a long-tailed coat
Upon a bench he sat;
Sair swagger, when, wi' bat in hand
A man stepped to the bat.
The pitcher sent a lovely curve
Right past the batter's head—
The batter swung his bat, and then
"Str-r-r-ike one!" the Umpire said.

IV.

Dear Perse quite excited was,
Up frae his seat sprente he.
"Bah Jove! Mah Word!" he shouted forth,
"Methinks that looks easy!"
The people on the grandstand lauched,
"An' wha are ye?" they cried.
"I'm Perse Lenfall," answered he,
"I crossed the ocean wide
To see a U. S. baseball game—
I wot 'twas something fine—
An' now I find, mair wae to ye,
'Tis but a pantomine!"

"Oh, merce, Perse," then they howled,
"Wha tied your tie?" they yelled—
But Perse anely swately smiled—
Wi' pride his bosom swelled.
He dinna' ken they lauched at him—
A joke he couldna' see—
He merely smiled, an' put once mair
His eeglass to his ee.

V.

"Can ye do bether, Perse dere?"
"Can Perse bat a ba'?"
"Why don't ye fa' your luck, my dere?
Because ye can't—that's a'."

VI.

But Perse turned, wi' hauteur in
His every move, and said,
"I'll do it! I con bot a ba'!"
And soon his coat he shed.
He sprente onto the diamond,
And pyked up a stick,

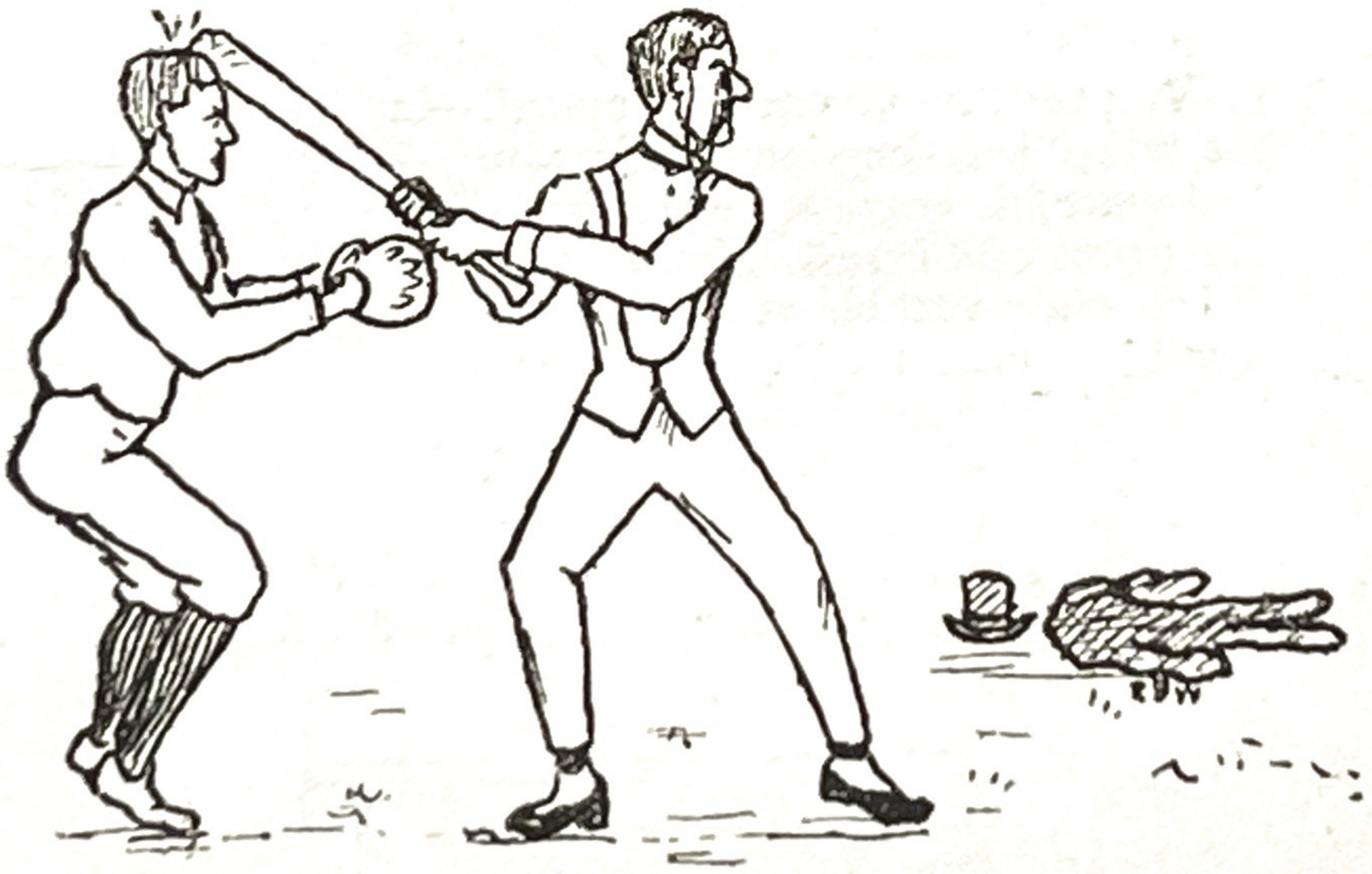
"Bah Jove! Come on! Send out your ba's!
Come on—an' send 'em quick!"

VII.

The pitcher lauched, the batter lauched,
And every rooter squealed.
"Aw, let 'im play!" each cried in glee—
The players in the field
All cried aloud, "Yes, let 'im play,
Let Perse take the bat!"
Sae Perse, wi' out mair ado,
Discarded his plug hat.

VIII.

Wi' shirt sleeves up, wi' frown on brow,
He waited for the ba'—
The pitcher sterte, lauchingly,
A slaw one at his braw.
Dear Perse squealed—"Hell-up!" he called—
The ba' 'gan to come on—
"You'll kill me! Take the ba' away—
Ye fause, ye wicked mon!"



IX.

"Why don't ye hit it, Perse dere?"
Each rooter yelled aloud.
Sae Perse swung his bat sair hard,

And then—a dusty cloud
Shawed whaur the catcher bit the dust,
As grass to the earth is mowed.

X.

The ba' had not reached Perse yet—
The sweat upon his brow
Did trickle down his British cheeks—
The ba' is there!—and now—
It strikes dere Perse on the nut—
It passes thro' his head—
(His brain is empty) sae ye see
It kills poor Perse dead!

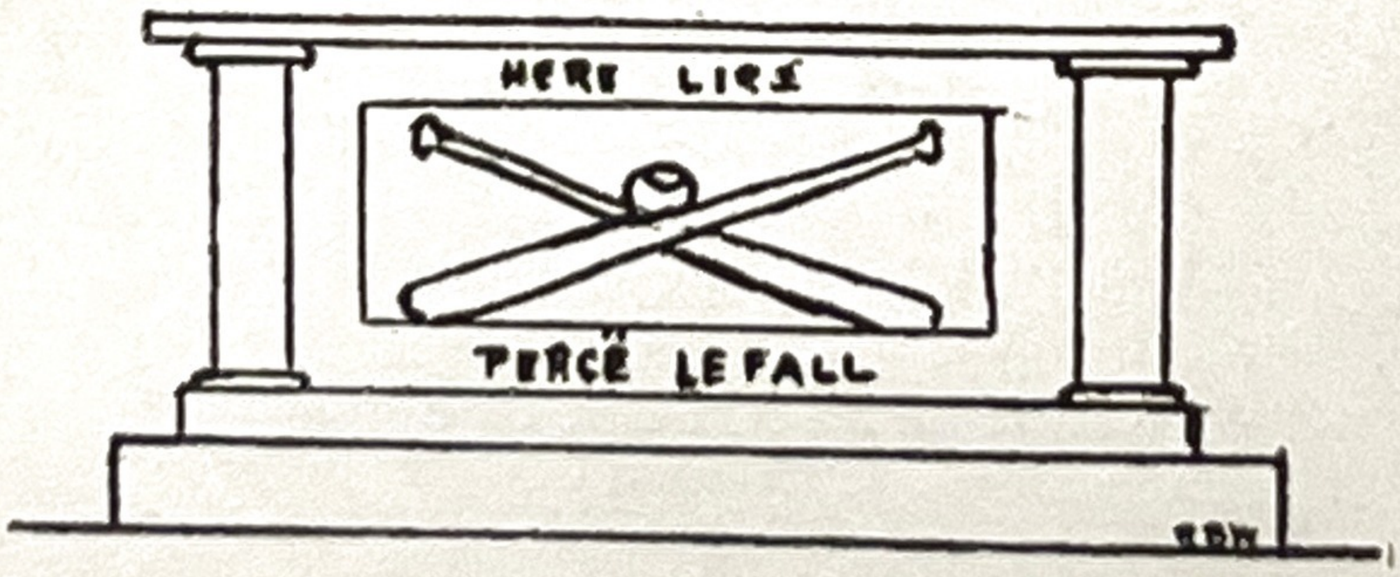
XI.

Alas! Alas! He's dead! He's dead!
He lies upon the ground!
An' a' those cruel rooters do
Run 'round him, 'round and 'round!

XII.

They carried him hame to England—in
Westminster Abbey buried him;
And there his grave it lies to-day—
The grave of Perse Lenfall gay.
This is the epitauph on his tomb—
'Twill last until the day of doom:
"Here lies dere Perse Lenfa',
Was hit in the head by a baseba'.
He couldna' stay, he had to go—
Praise God frae whom a' blessings flow."

—M. K., '14.



GIRL'S ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 18)

between the two teams. Every girl played the game of her life, and yet in spite of their splendid work went down to defeat by 19-18. At first the thought was maddening that one point had thwarted us, but after we had calmed down, we realized that it had been a great old game, and that instead of our being defeated by a fair score, the Holton-Arms team had carried off the victory by a single point only. Every Western girl must be congratulated on her splendid work, individually and as a unit, in the best display of team work that has been seen for a long time. Three cheers for the team!

L. M. M., '12.

Miss Trowbridge: "Mr. Micou, translate, and Mr. Dowell, please shut up" (making motions toward the windows).

Monsieur Radl (translating from "Le Roi des Montagnes"): "Her little roguish nose trembled and flapped its wings and her beautiful eyes ran from one object to another."

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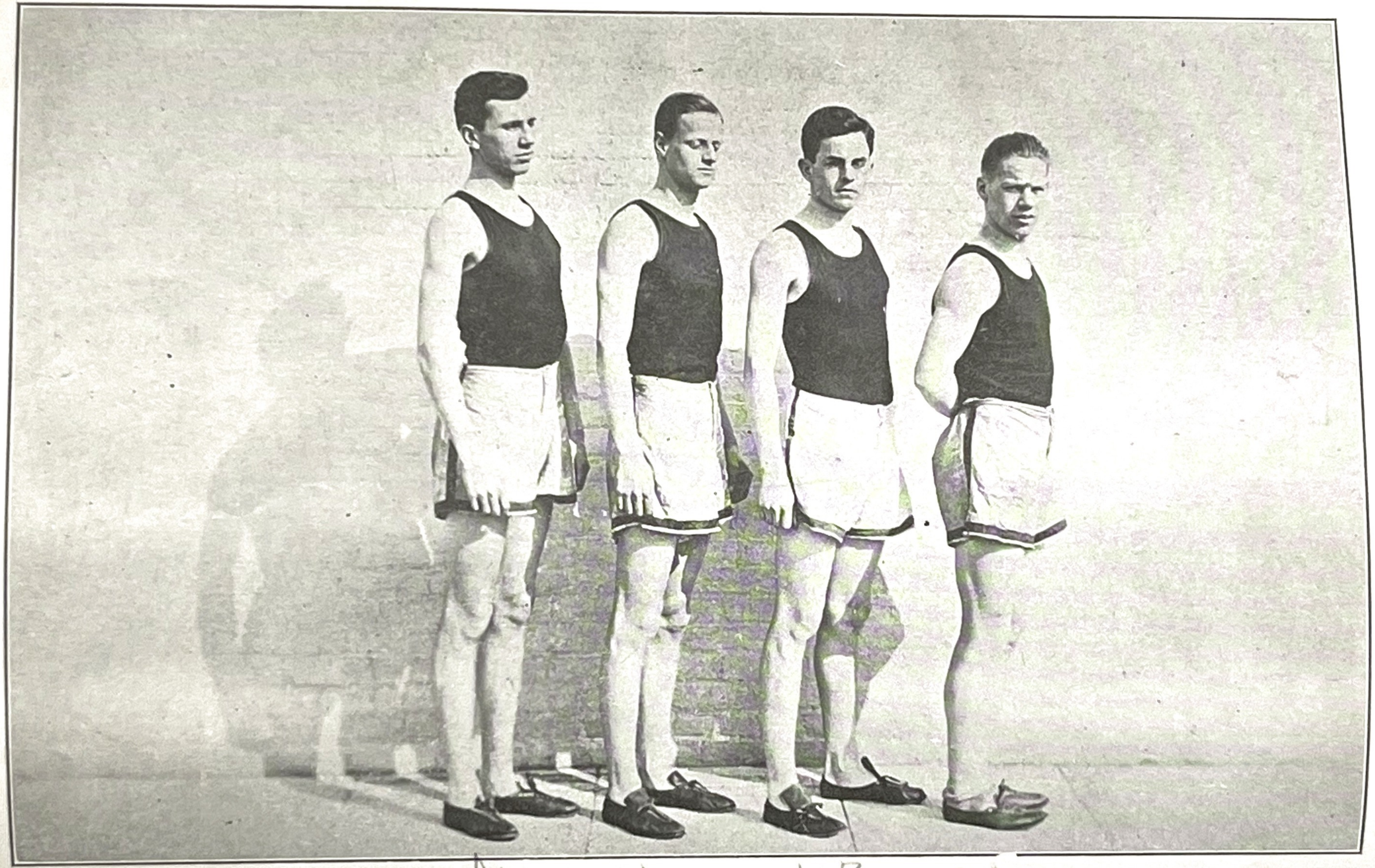
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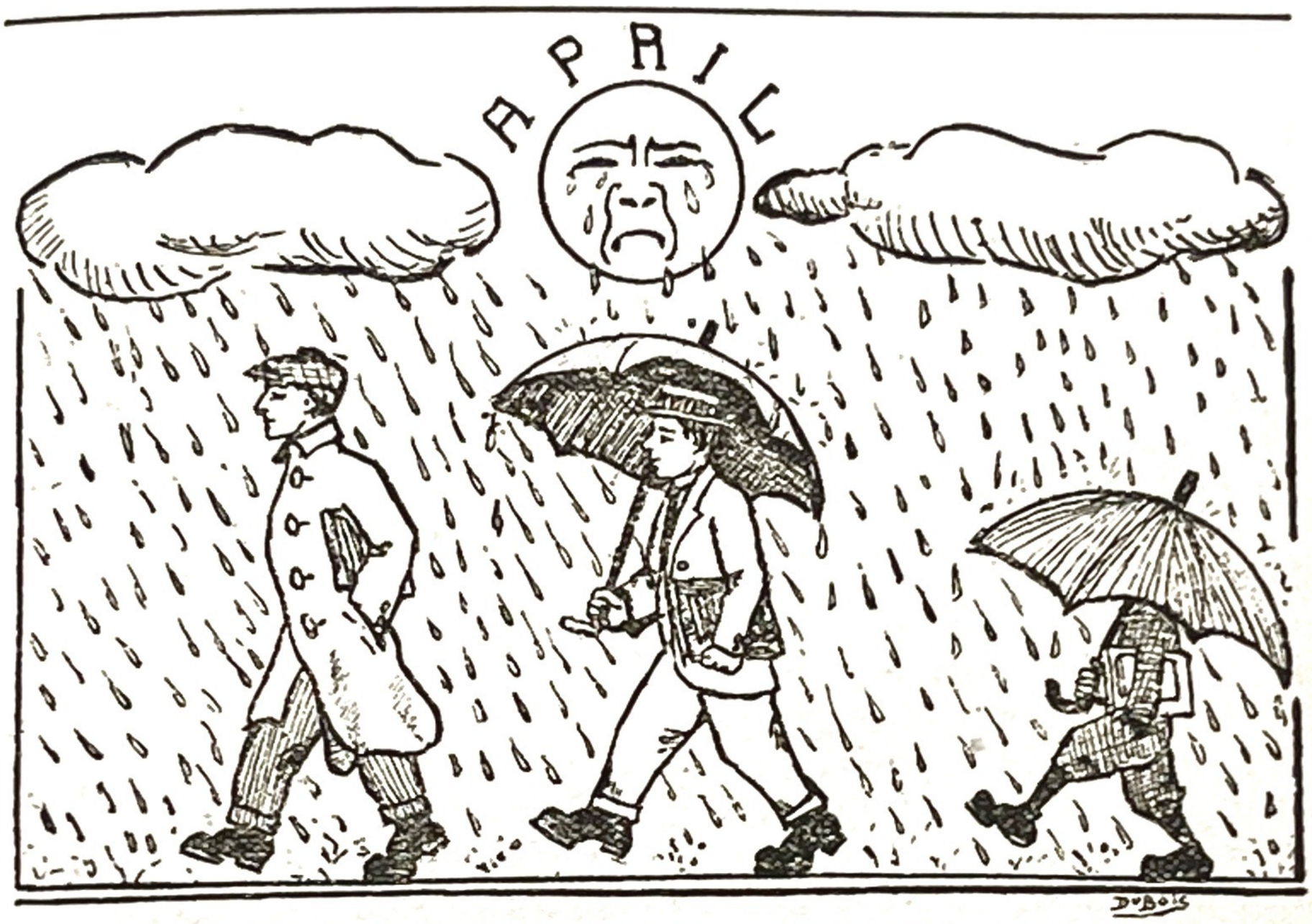


W. H. S. 1912-13 Championship Relay

N. J. P. S. J. R. B. B

The Western

VOL. XVII WASHINGTON, D. C. NO. 6



THE LOG OF THE "SEVEN SEAS"

No. I—Chinese Ghosts.

"Chinase ghosts and navigation don't get along together without a scrap," remarked Dan Carrigan.

We were sitting in the cabin of the "Seven Seas" and there was quite a gathering of nautical men around the small iron stove. For when the "Seven Seas" had become too old for voyages she had become a kind of a club for sea-faring men, and almost every Sunday afternoon would find half a dozen old salts gathered around the stove, smoking short clay pipes and spinning deep sea yarns. Here one would find "Jawn" Connolly of the "Lucky Ned" who made a fortune smuggling pearls and lost it six months later when his vessel sank off the Grand Banks; likewise, "Old Man" Wilson, master of the "Barbrados," the ill-starred ship that foundered with a cargo of unlucky Italians bound for Panama, and many other celebrities.

Chief among the assembled mariners was Dan Carrigan. It was he who had commanded the "Seven Seas," the first oil-driven packet ever built for private use, and who had stuck to her through thick and thin in the striving days of the "Yellow War." He was speaking now, his scarred, grizzled face hidden in a cloud of tobacco smoke.

"As I was sayin'," he began, "spooks and navigation don't mix. 'Twas in the days just presadin' the Yalla War whin I was sailin' the 'Sivin Says' howiver and whiniver I plased, that I had me

furrust axperience with 'em, atall, and faith, that's the last experience I iver wish to have. 'Twas along in the year 1930 or thereabouts whin I saw an advirtisement in the paper that made me sit up an' take notice, me being out of a job. It read like this: 'Wanted—a fast light packet fur voyage frum Panama to Paking, Chiney; must be of stale consthruction and loight, but complate armed. All expinses and foive thousand dollars to owner.' Now me being, as I said, without job of any kind whatsoever, I jumped for this advertisement like a fish afther a wurrum and as I was thin at Colon I loaded me tanks wid oil and shot full speed through the canal fur Panama. At Panama I wint direct to the party what advertised and there me throubles began, for, you wouldn't belave it, the paple what ran the place were Chinks. Chinks, mind ye, low down, durthy Haythins, and wot'ell you think they wanted av me? Nothin' more nor less than to carry eighteen hundred dead Chinase back to the Saylistil Kingdom! For the Chinase being a superstitious lot ain't contint at all with good Amerikin soil, not thim! Back to Chiney they have to go whin they die or else it's the hot place for thim hereafter. Faith, I didn't know what to do at all for it's no Christian man that'll be carryin' Haythens about on his ship and dead ones at that; but finally the foive thousand overcome me scruples and the result wus that I signs me papers and puts out from Panama Sunday mornin', April the 18th, wid a crew of eighteen and two thousand odd dead Chineymen stowed cosy-like in the hold. Besides me crew and the Chinks, I had one passenger and faith, but 'twere a funny man he wor, to be sure! Sames that he was a photygraf shark what had tuk pikturs all over the worruld. He was going to Chiney to finish up a sit of lantern slides which he had begun onct. 'Twas a funny felly he was, but quiet like and sociable; me and him got on furrust rate.

"We hadn't been under way for three days whin the furrust mate repoorts to me that the Chinase is having bad drames. 'Capting,' he says, 'I aint a superstitious man nor anything like that, but there's somethin' quare about this business. You rayminder how careful thim Chinase paypul wur that we lave the hatches open, and all that. I don't like it, Capting; I've heard things, groans and cries, all hollow and muffled like. It ain't right——'

"'All hands on deck,' comes a yell, 'typhoon!'

"From that time on there was no more thoughts av ghosts at all. For two days the storum raged, wave afther wave would break over the ship; time and time again I thought the 'Sivin Says' would niver come to poort again; but she stood it grandly, and by six o'clock in the av'nin' of the second day of the storm, things had quieted down. Invistigation proved that no one was killed nor any serious damage done, ixcipt that our propeller was carried away intoirly! There we were unable to go ahead or astirn. The furrust thing I done was to call a convintion av officers. We were a sorry lookin' bunch, all cut and bruised and drenched with wather. 'Men,' sez I, "tis a hard toim we've had entoirly and now 'tis a wreck we are as far as navigation is concerned. I will now call

on the furrust mate for a report on the ghosts which he says have congregated under the main hatch.'

"The furrust mate got up and sure 'twas all trimblin, he was. 'Gentlemen,' sez he, "tis no ghosts we have on board, 'tis loive min.' 'What do you mane, loive men?' sez I. 'As live as I am,' sez he. 'Sure, and I've heard 'em groan and talk Chinase, and durin' the storm,' he says, 'I heard 'em act just like civilized min afflicted with saysickniss; sure 'tis——.' Just then in rushes the woirliss operator, "Av a message, sor,' sez he. 'What is?' sez I. 'Chiney has declared war on the United Shtates!'

"For a minnit we was fair flabbergasted. Thin, strange to say, it was the passinger that shpoke furrust.

"'Frinds,' sez he, 'we same to bay the victims of a sthrange plot. The mate is right, 'tis live min we have aboard and 'tis dangerous Chineymin they are. The way I figur ut is this,' sez he: 'The Chinase government git ridy fur a big scrap and she sees she'll need all the min she kin git. Well, she knows that United Shtates ain't going to let no Chineymin go home these thrubbled times, so agints in Ameriky sind out advertisements. Now joost consider thim—'Ship for voyage to Payking; must be speedy and all stale constructed and *well armed.*' These Chineymin have a dooble purpose, you see. Not only do they git min fur their army, but ships fur their navy, fur onct this ship got to Chiney, I misdoubt if the ship or any of the crew would see Ameriky agin. So, you see, they fill nice roomy coffins wid perfectly 'dead' Chineymin and sind thim out in all the ships they kin find. Now, the quistion is, what are we going to do about it?'

"The question wor niver answered, for joost thin a sailor dashes into the room:

"'Capting,' he yells, 'Chineymin! The whole damn ship is oozin' Chineymen!'

"We ran to the deck. Sure enough a stream of yalla min was pourin' frum every hatchway. The next minut all was confusion. Thin I come to me sinses. 'All hands forrud,' I yelled. 'Mate, take charge of the two Maxims!'

"In tin minuts the crew was armed to the teeth. The two Maxims, high-power, rapid-fire guns they wor, was coverin' the Chinks and three fire hoses connicted to each main boiler was ridy to disperse biling wather in judicious quantities to whatever Chinks was unraysonable.

"'Twas about eight o'clock in the avening whin the Haythins bruk loose and fur a while they hild a pow-wow on the rear main deck—ivery wan had a long crooked knife in his hands and frum somewheres or other they had resurricted some of these tum-tums and joss or incense, or whativer you call the stuff. Soon a pillar of white smoke was rollin' up to the sky, the tum-tums were going and the whole gang was singing some sort of chant. One old man, a rigular divil he looked with a great mask over his head, was ividintly incitin' 'em to slaughter.

"'Twas a fearsome sight, with the smoke curling up to the sky

and the faces of the Haythins near the fire all lit up by divilishness. The owld divil what was leadin' 'um was getting more and more irritable. He had got up on the cabin roof and was doin' a kind av dance whin suddinly he gives a scream like a dying pig, points up at the cloud uv smoke an' flops flat on his face. The rest of the Chinks gives one look and flops, too. I looked and come near floppin' mesilf, for there, kind of indistinct on the cloud of smoke was a face, and such a face! My God! it was one of these awful Chinase faces—all teeth and eyes and things. Fur a minnit I was scared stiff, thin a voice beside me pipes up, 'I fawncied that would fetch 'em.' An' lookin' 'round I saw the passinger, calm as you plase, wid one of these here stereopticons like what they use in the talkin' pikturs, only much powerfeller. Seems like it was worruked by concintrated radium or some such. Annyways, it had these Chinks bulled to death and small wonder, I was half scared mesilf. "'"Tis a Chink God,' says the passinger. 'Wan av a colliction I'm makin'. I think I'll try another wan.'

"An' without more ado, he slips in another slide, and that is where he made the big slip, for that new piktur hadn't been more than shown on the smoke whin the layder of the Chineymin jumps to his fate wid a yell. The other Chinks looked up and thin the whole bunch came for us.

"Thin hell bruk loose. 'Twas a grand fight. The two Maxims were roarin' like rivettin' hammers; tin of the crew kneeled on the deck and poured volley after volley into the mad mob. The furrust ingineer was shootin' with a grate dooble-barrel scatter-gun. I mind how comical he looked sitting on the cabin roof with that cannon going bum bum just as regular as a clock. As fur me, I was thot busy yellin' orders and managin' two .45 Colts, that I had no time to injoy mesilf at all. Half way down the deck they come, a great wave of yellow min. Thin wid a roar like Niagry Fall the three hoses bruk loose with a torrent av bilin', scalding wather and stame; tin more fate they come, thin wid a yell the hull of 'em bruk and run.

"Thin was my time. 'Forrud,' I yells, and 'Afther thim,' yells the mate, and on we come, twinty civilized min against two thousand Haythin divils. Wid the three hoses playin' before us and a stiddy fire of Colts and Winchesters to back it up, we swept down the deck. For a minnit the Haythins waited for us, thin scramin' with pain they dove fur cover. The majority uv thim wint overboard, thim drownded; some of 'em dove down the hatchways, thim we caught. 'Twas a grand fight, but soon over."

Dan paused and lit his pipe once more.

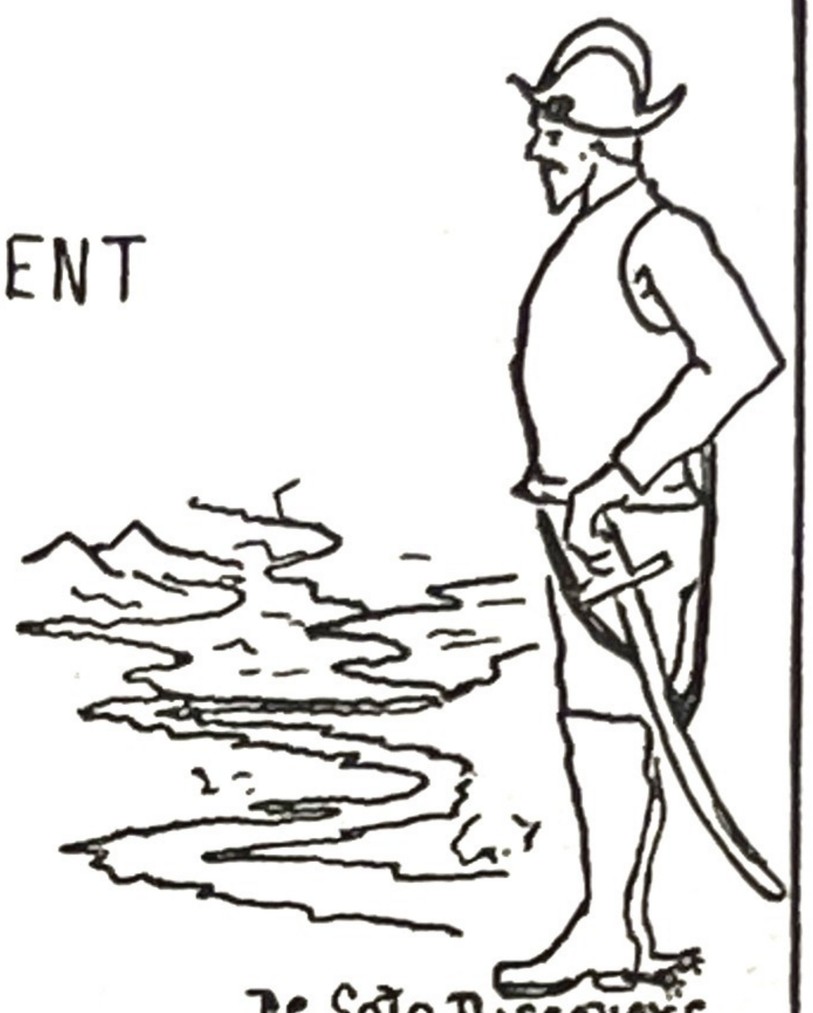
"But why," said old man Wilson, "why did they duck their dom heads fur one picture and foight like divils fur another?"

"Well," said Dan, "the passinger got a bit mixed; the second piktur he showed was the God of War. 'Twas foin times we had when we were young."

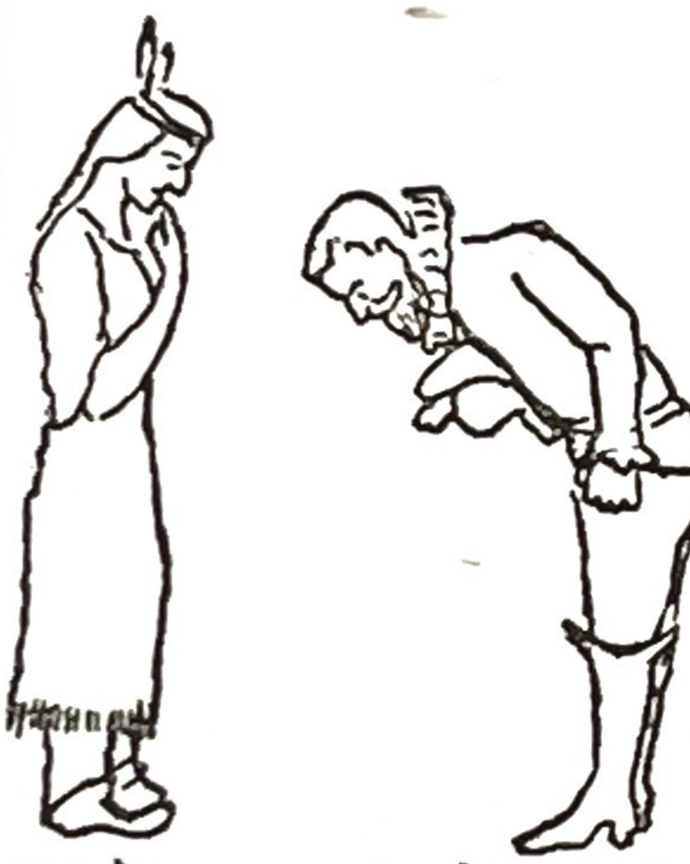
THAT SPRING ENTERTAINMENT



Columbus before Ferdinand



De Soto Discovers The Mississippi



Meeting of Smith and Pocahontas



DUTCH TABLEAU



Sir Walter sees his first pipe



Oh You Kidd!

Walker

WHEN HE WON OUT

Anyone branded with the name of Walter Coward seems destined to think himself faint-hearted. Walter Coward was faint-hearted, in his own estimation, and that, you know, is far worse than really being so in the eyes of all the world without being conscious of it. For, in the first place, whether it is true or not, one has the agonizing thought always popping up before him, whereas in the second instance, one may be a coward without realizing it, and can drift along, for a little while at least, safe from the tormenting fact.

The fellows all liked Walter Coward. He was big, frank and generous, and moreover, he could play football and baseball with the added accomplishment of being able to keep from the dangerous shock of flunking. And yet, to himself, he was the biggest coward in the world.

He grudgingly admitted to the captains and the coach that he was so nervous before a game that he had to sit on his hands and have the fellows tie weights to his feet to keep from running away.

"Say, Coward," began Donovan, the coach.

The big fellow jumped.

"Great Grief!" he exclaimed, "I wish the fellows would call me something besides that Walt—or—Mutt—or—or anything almost."

"You're too touchy about a little thing like a name," laughed Donovan. "Now you've simply got to brace up," seriously, "for we need you on 'first' and unless you get a little more 'pep' in you than you've been having——"

"Oh! I know that I've been showing rotten form," he growled. "You'd be justified in chucking me. But somehow, Donovan, I don't seem to have the reach and steadiness that I had a year ago. You remember?"

"Yes," returned the coach absently, "I remember. And you're going to have the same reach and steadiness again this year. You're going to find them soon." With which prophetic remarks he turned away.

"I wonder if he has confidence in me," Walter Coward muttered, as he turned to find Marshall, captain and catcher, regarding him with puzzled eyes.

"Hello! Walt," Marshall greeted him. "Say, what makes you so lazy this spring? You make me tired. You need your head punched hard."

The first baseman grinned good-naturedly.

The captain had shown more tact than had the coach, both in not addressing his first baseman by the hated name and, last but not least, by giving no hint that he thought courage was lacking, and thus he scored a point.

"Be ready for hard practice to-morrow," Marshall went on; "we're going to beat Fairport next week. And——"

The other fellow swallowed hard.

"Of course, you know——" he began slowly.

"What?" snapped his captain.

"Why—why—that I want to recover my old form," stammered Coward in surprise.

"Hum!" was the judicial reply.

"I—I—haven't been doing as—as well as I did a year ago, you know. Donovan says that I will recover both my reach and steadiness. Do you think that I——"

"Think what?" gruffly. "Say, Walt, what do you think is wrong with you?"

It is extremely hard to admit to anyone what one's faults are, and to be able to look another in the face and say in all earnestness, "I am a coward," takes more courage than many men have needed to face shot and smoke.

Nevertheless, the first baseman faced Marshall sharply, as he said, "It is simply that I am a coward. I can't reserve enough strength and nerve to—to kill a fly on the days of the games and consequently I go all to pieces."

"Well, you are a nice one!" exclaimed the captain in disgust. "Why, old man, do you know what the fellows think of you? There isn't a man in the school who wouldn't be willing to swear that you have more nerve in reserve than any other fellow on the team. If you haven't, you sure can bluff. Look what you've done in past years! Why, last year you were the one who——"

"Aw, cut it out," grinned Walter Coward in embarrassment. "I was scared purple when I went to the plate."

"Yes, and I suppose you thought about being scared 'green' when you pulled Jimmy Logan out of the raging current last——"

"I was shaky," he told Marshall, "but, of course, I couldn't stop very long to think about it, and anyhow—"

"So long!" laughed the captain, "I'm tired of such tommy-rot. Remember to-morrow afternoon."

The day of the big Fairport game dawned bright and clear, and Donovan tried to keep his boys from thinking of anything concerning baseball, and he whom the coach saw exercising his arm came in for a severe tirade from a sharp tongue.

"You're in fine form," he told the first baseman reassuringly, as he saw Coward's firm lips tighten. "Where are you going?"

"Out in the country," was the sharp reply.

"Don't walk too far," warned the coach.

The boy turned to hide the fear that was creeping into his face.

"Be at the gym at 1.15," Donovan called after him. "Game called at 2.30."

He walked and walked out past the last houses of the town into the open country, fighting his hardest battle.

"Why," he asked himself, "do I feel so unnerved every time anything is to happen?"

Then suddenly, "I've got it," he cried. "It is the *thought* of fear that unnerves me. I always keep thinking I'm going to be scared stiff and won't be able to do a thing. And, of course, when I keep thinking *that,* nothing else can enter my head and naturally

I can't do a thing. But, by Jove! I don't believe I'm going to lose my nerve this afternoon."

He looked at his watch and gasped.

Four miles from town and almost one-thirty-five!

What would the fellows and Donovan think of him? Surely they would begin to believe that he was showing a "yellow streak."

He had started on a run, but slowed down into a dog trot, knowing that in the end the latter would be better.

It was about two o'clock when he came in sight of the outskirts of the town and his breath was coming in short gasps. With every beat of his heavy feet his brain kept saying, "What—will—the—fellows—and—Donovan—think—of—me?"

He turned into the main street and, of a sudden, something smote on his ear. He stopped a moment to listen and he heard the sound of fire engines, the only fire department in the town.

And not far down the street the smoke was pouring in volumes from the windows of a frame structure. Then around the corner shot the engine, hook and ladder, and the hose cart.

Coward increased his pace and a few seconds brought him in front of the fast burning building. Most of the people had gone to the games, so that part of the town was almost deserted and the firemen looked around anxiously for help.

"Lend a hand," someone cried to the boy, and the next moment he had forgotten about the game.

One could see that it was useless to attempt to save the house, and the terrified woman and the two children with her were homeless.

And then at the second-floor window a little golden head appeared and two horrified, appealing blue eyes of a little boy gazed at the small crowd below. The sight was too much for Walter Coward, and crying out to the men to put up the ladder, he commenced to shin up the drain pipe at the side of the house. There was a shout of protest, but seeing his determination, they co-operated.

The water pipe was becoming hot and the boy's hands were blistered, but he kept his eyes on the little child.

"I'm coming, kid," he called, and he reached the small ledge extending to the window. Clutching the slanting roof, he crept along the little ledge. Four feet more—three feet—one—the ladders were in place and he reached the window. The flames were in back of the child. His little blouse caught on fire. With his strong young arms Coward snatched the child out of the window, beating out the flame with one hand.

The perilous descent commenced. And finally willing arms relieved the boy of his burden. He sank weakly to the ground just as the roof fell in. For a few minutes he was dazed and when he opened his eyes he was sitting on someone's lawn with two firemen bending over him.

"The game!" he cried suddenly, then dully, "I forgot about it. They'll sure think I'm a coward."

"Coward!" echoed one of the men. "Do you think that you are a coward?"

"I was supposed to play in the game and they'll all think I'm 'yellow.' I can hear 'em saying now, 'Walt Coward is yellow.'"

"Name Coward?" asked the other.

He nodded his head.

"We'll fix it up for you, boy. Come on now, you'll feel better as soon as you start to walk and you won't be very late."

"Oh! you don't know Donovan. He won't let me in the game," bitterly.

The two men conversed in low tones for a minute, then one of them left to return a few seconds later, nodding his head in answer to the other's questioning look.

Coward said little on the way to the field, and for a few minutes he felt rather weak and wobbly. When they reached the steps of the gym they stopped.

"Now hurry," the jolly Irishman ordered, "and come right onto the field, me bye."

The first baseman obeyed slowly. As soon as the two saw the door close behind him they hastened to the field and hurriedly purchasing tickets pushed their way forward until they stood behind the Hartford bench.

The big-hearted Irishman leaned over and touched Donovan on the shoulder. The latter turned angrily.

"Well?" he inquired.

"I hear yer first baseman is missing," he said in a low tone.

"Well, what of it? Showed a 'yellow streak,'" contemptuously, "that's all. What are you looking for? Trouble?"

"'Yellow streak,' eh? Well, I can tell ye, Donovan bye, there's not a braver lad in Hartford. I'm a fireman, ye can tell that, an' that bye has jist saved the life of a little kid whin none o' us dared to risk our lives."

He saw the boy come out of the gym with lagging steps.

"Is it true?" cried the coach eagerly, "can you prove it?"

"I'm proof," declared the other. "He is more a man than any of us. Reckon he was scared, but——"

Donovan called time!

Snatching a megaphone from one of the cheer-leaders, to the amazement of everyone, he cried, "You fellows have no doubt been saying that Walt Coward has turned 'yellow.' He's the bravest fellow among you. Just saved a little kid's life in a fire down on Austin Avenue. Any fellow that says he's 'yellow' now has me to fight. Three cheers for Walt Coward and make 'em good!"

The substitutes rushed from the bench and when they returned the bewildered first baseman was on the shoulders, holding on for dear life.

Then slowly he began to understand and a happy grin spread over his face.

* * * * * *

It was the ending of the ninth.

The score was five to three in favor of Fairport.

There were three on bases and two out when Walter Coward stooped to select his bat.

"Don't worry, Donovan," he smiled, "I'm over being scared."

And Donovan sank back relieved.

Strike one!

The coach shook his head anxiously.

Strike two!

The man on third poised himself on tip-toes dangerously far from the bag and——

There was a sharp crack as ball and bat met, the white sphere speeding high over center's head.

Pandemonium broke loose!

The man on third galloped home; the man on second shot around the bases; the fellow on first raced in; Walter Coward was straining every muscle and it looked as if—there was a thick cloud of dust as the first baseman slid to the plate, beating the ball by a foot.

A tall good-loking fellow and a stocky good-natured chap joined hands with the wild mob and danced madly around in the middle of the diamond.

"He always had more nerve than ten men," declared the stocky good-natured chap, executing a war dance.

"Right-O!" agreed the tall good-looking fellow, joining in the wild procession.

E. S. C., '14.

THE PRESENT STYLE OF DRESS

The way in which a great majority of the people dress at the present time is something fierce. The men resemble ostriches strolling along the street in their sparrow-legged trousers and tight-cut coats. But the tightness is not the only thing; the colors in most cases are enough to make a blind man blink. The finishing touch is the green hat with the dinky little bow in the back. Not satisfied with this they are now wearing ties that heretofore were only visible on shady persons. Arrayed in this costume the natural walk of a man looks foolish. So to look more foolish they cultivated a walk suited to their appearance. Here is the way it is done: thrust the head forward, crook the arms slightly at the elbows and let them hang down in back. Turn the toes way out. You are now ready to start. When you get in motion swing your crooked arms up and back, never in front of you. No man is considered well dressed until he wears this walk. It's English.

BRUCE WARDEN, '14.



"THE WESTERN" STAFF, 1912-3

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"The Western" is a magazine devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils, and alumni. Original contributions are solicited from all, and may be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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CHEER LEADERS

Last fall the school failed to support one of its teams. We refer to the cheering. In the football season it was, to use a mild expression, rotten. But now the school has the easiest kind of chance to vindicate itself. That chance is baseball, and it is easy because we have a championship team. Part of the reason for the poor showing last year was the lack of cheer leaders. That fault is remedied now, for the

Students' Council has appointed leaders—fine, strong, House of Kuppenheimer youths, who can cheer quite cheerfully. In fact, one of them claims to be the original guy that put the cheer in cheroots. (By this time the Editor has certainly been destroyed with violence, so you are robbed of your revenge, Ignatius.) But no matter how good the leaders may be, the final responsibility rests with the fellows of the school. And if half of them have to go to dancing school or to the matinee the day of a game, the cheering will be just as funky as it was last fall. But we are optimistic enough to believe that that won't be the case this spring.

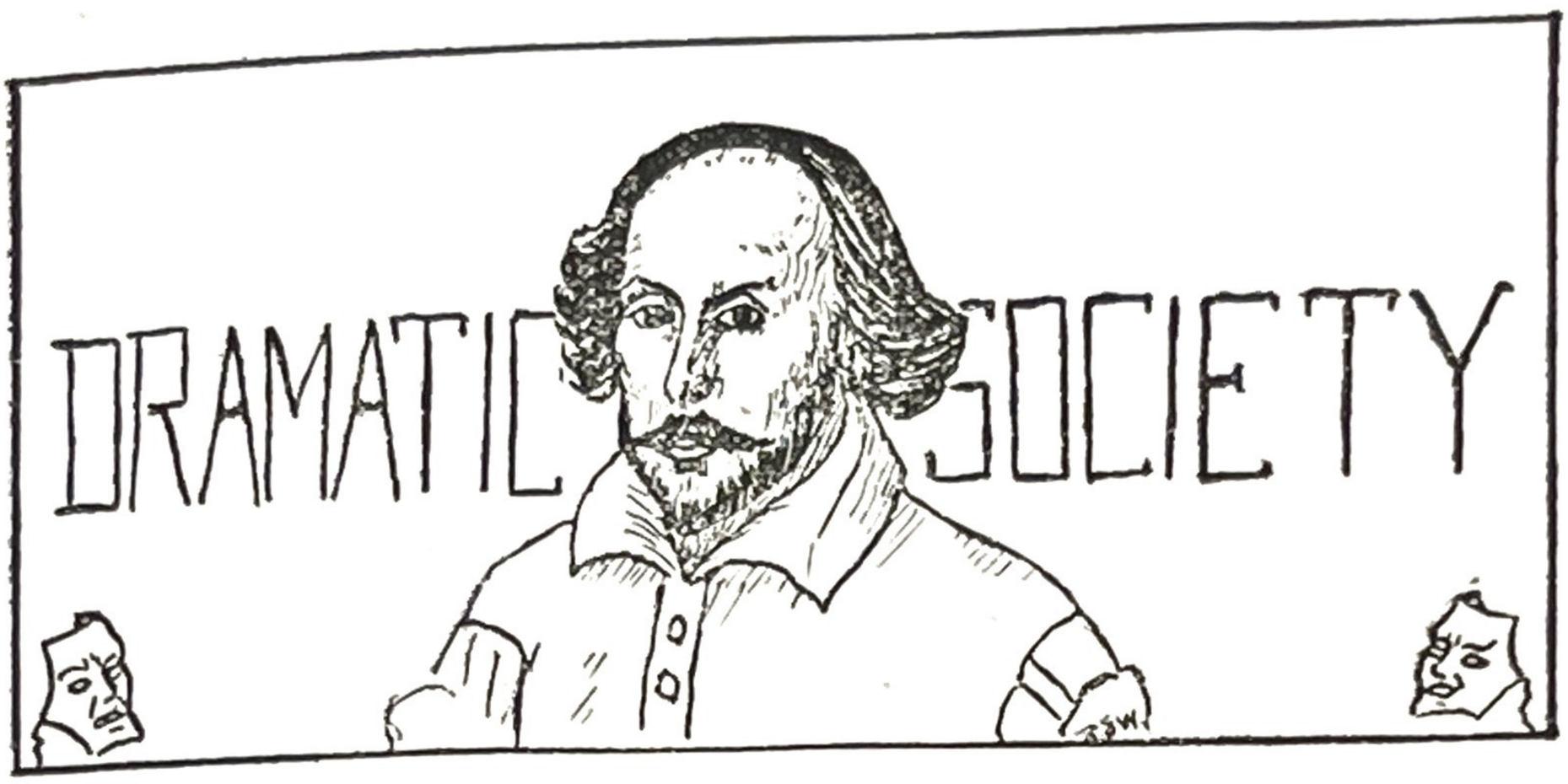
AWARDING OF W's. A short while since a meeting of athletic managers was held, at which it was proposed by the manager of tennis that a W should be awarded for that sport. Considerable protest arose and a committee was appointed to decide this question. Their decision will be more important than might appear on the surface, for it will be an interpretation of the meaning of an athletic W. Is the W to be awarded for work done for the name and honor of Western against other schools, or is it to be given to individuals for their playing against other persons in the school, none of whom represent anything but themselves? That is the question that is to be settled by this committee, and it seems to us that it is a pretty big question for three people, two of whom were already in favor of the change before their appointment. We should think that it would be a thing to be fixed by the Students' Council rather than by an arbitrarily appointed committee. In fact, this seems to be an ideal case for that body.

But the objection has been raised that if W's are given for inter-school athletics the girls will not be able to get any, since they do not play outsiders after this year. This applies particularly to basketball. But they have a different system of athletics and a different set of standards regarding athletics.

In the case of fellows, however, the situation is altered by the sentiment which has grown up among them concerning the meaning of a school letter. It would be a pity if the school should destroy the only reward for its athletics that it is able to give. The school letter depends for its value upon the mind of the person who receives it, and if that condition of mind, produced by the difficulty of attainment of a W, should be overthrown by a lavish disbursement of athletic letters, the school would have nothing of value with which to reward its athletes.

NEW STAFF MEMBERS The staff heartily welcomes to itself two new members. Miss Ethel Connor's work is well known to readers of our little journal, though possibly not under her name. Frances Seacow Stetson takes great pride in writing stories, and real good ones, too.

The school had another address by the Reverend Dr. Wilfley on April 4. It was about dishonesty in school work. As is the way with Dr. Wilfley's speeches, it was exceedingly forceful and interesting. With the rest of the school, the WESTERN thanks him for his interest in the school. We also hope that he will come again.



After numerous postponements and difficulties owing to illness of students, the Western High School Dramatic Club succeeded in presenting its first play, "The Sleeping Car," by W. D. Howells, on Friday, April 4. The cast was as follows:

Mrs. Roberts.....Isabelle Johnson
Mr. Roberts.....Heyward Siddons
Aunt Mary.....Sarah Miller
The Californian.....Robert La Follette
Willis Campbell.....James Herron
Porter .....George Cooper
Conductor .....Creswell Micou

The scene of the play is laid in a sleeping car running between Albany and Boston. The plot describes the ridiculous positions in which several of the characters are placed and the manner in which they finally succeed in getting out of their difficulties. Miss Johnson played the part of the inconsequential, somewhat flighty Mrs. Roberts with great spirit. Her impersonation of the character was delightful, making one of the hits of the afternoon. Miss Miller's impersonation of Aunt Mary was well done. Mr. La Follette, who played the role of the fierce three-foot broad Californian, had a part which just suited his fancy, a role in which he was in his natural element and one which required strength and endurance because of his struggles with Mr. Roberts and the conductor. Mr. Herron, playing the part of the long lost brother, Willis Campbell, acted well, although at times he seemed a little bashful and backward. The porter, impersonated by Mr. Cooper, was a study. His makeup was excellent and it was heard from outside reports that he looked quite natural. Mr. Micou valiantly played the small role of the strapping conductor, although his dimensions were out of proportion to the character. Absent-minded Mr. Roberts was played by Mr. Siddons. Before the presentation, Miss Needham favored us with a speech, very truthfully saying that the production of the play was made possible through the help of Miss Merrill and Miss Wood. Right here the Club wishes to thank them heartily for the time and work they gave it. Mr. Warren, who acted as stage manager, should be

congratulated, because, though laboring under difficulties, he succeeded in producing a fine sleeping car scene. Miss Beach and Miss Connor painted the scenery. The cast sincerely hopes that the play was enjoyed by the school. The Club wishes to produce another play in the near future, but such a production is doubtful because of the spring entertainment.

Since the last issue the Club has held two regular meetings—one on March 11 and the other April 1. The annual election for officers of the year 1913-14 will be held the first Tuesday in May. All those who are members should be present and especially those of the third year class, from which the officers will be chosen. There is another matter which the members of the Club should not forget, and that concerns the payment of dues. We want enough money in the treasury so that by next year the Club will have a little to start with and be on a firm basis. Bring your money and pay it to the treasurer as soon as you can.

F. H. S., '13.

MILITARY NOTES

We can't tell you much now, we are saving it for next time. We hope that by then we shall have something to say which will sound well to the school, and to that end the companies are working hard. The drill program has been issued and much practice is necessary, in order for the men to master some of the more difficult movements which are new this year. The first drill of the year on the White Lot took place last week. As good a drill as could be expected was put up, for the boys were not used to playing on the grass. (Accent on "on the grass.")

On the first drill day after the Easter vacation, Captain Roberts was presented with a very handsome saber, bearing the inscription, "A token of appreciation from the Officers and men of Company L—H. S. C.—1912-1913."

THE AUBURN TRUNK MYSTERY

Francis Stetson.

On cold evenings Burns always came into my room to sit by the hearth in front of the great open fire. I suppose the large old-fashioned fireplace, the crackling of the logs and the flickering light of the great flames as they leaped up the chimney appealed to something primitive and imaginative in the man's being that was ground down and kept under by the continuous monotony of the detective department. Perhaps it was this appeal that led him to choose our rambling old mansion for his boarding house and not one of the newly painted red brick establishments uptown.

Sometimes he would sit by the hearth for an hour in his old red rocker, gazing in silence at the flames as they played about the logs. Again he would be overflowing with a garrulousness that always sat so strangely upon the man, chief as he was of the city detective

department, ready to tell any tale gathered during wide experience. He was in this latter mood when Bill casually mentioned a newspaper story of Birkie, who had recently performed an especially raw piece of work.

"Yes," said he, "that was green, but when I first got on the force I was worse than that. I had my head all chucked full of vain ideas, dime novels and all that sort of truck. When the chief gave me my first case, I thought I would bring the town to its feet. I had visions of identifying mysterious villains by means of paper clues and catching vanishing cracksmen in my clever traps. I thought of hand-to-hand conflicts with armed murderers and desperate struggles on high precipices, but I had absolutely no idea of real detectives' business, so I got to letting my imagination run away with my head.

"The Case: It concerned the disappearance of an old farmer (who had no children) at Auburn, New York. The police were sent for by a city chap named Johnson, a neighbor of the man Talbott who was missing. The country people 'round about didn't think there was much in it, so they heard. That's why he sent me, but you bet he didn't let on.

"Well, ages seemed to be consumed on my ride to Auburn. Never did a steam engine move more slowly or train window sights seem so uninteresting as they did to me that morning. What interested me were the pictures of my mind, creatures of my ever-ready imagination. I saw myself (in that brilliant future so easily created by youthful minds) tracing out the dark and difficult mystery. Here I was discovering the corpse. Then again I was surrounded by the enthusiastic cheers of multitudes greeting my return as I led the murderer (for I was sure there was a murder) to jail guarded by a dozen officious policemen. Last of all there was a picture that stayed somewhat longer before my eyes: it was a photograph of myself engraved roughly on the front page of the New York Herald, and under it in proud capital letters stood these words, 'Charles B——, the wonderful young man detective of the Y——s force.' With these and other fancies, I beguiled my time during the journey to Auburn.

"On my arrival Auburn proved to be a sleepy little country town, not the busy little city full of excited inhabitants who rushed to the station to see me that my excited imagination had conjured up. As matters stood, I had difficulty in waking up the station master. When I judged he was sufficiently aroused to give attention, I commenced what I intended to be an awe-inspiring speech, 'I am the *detective* from Yonkers; come to——'

"Here I was interrupted by what I considered a burst of the most unseemly laughter on the part of the countryman, 'Haw, haw, haw,' he laughed, 'so you're the one that "fool" Johnson sent up here. I reckon you can go out on Miller's pin wagon over yonder, 'cause there ain't no fix around here.' I was too enraged to say another word, so I made my way in silence toward the pin wagon.

"I rode on Miller's wagon about a mile out the road to Talbott's

farm. Here I met Samuel Johnson, the farmer's neighbor, whom I concluded on first sight to be by far the most sensible person I had seen in that part of the country. He was obviously very excited when he saw me and motioned me to come to him quickly. It seems that he first noticed Talbott's absence about two days ago. His negro also disappeared about the same time as a result of a quarrel with his employer. Johnson had sent for the constable of the town, who, after a brief inquest, had left the matter to clear itself up. It had been Mr. Johnson's belief that matters such as that did not clear up by themselves, so he had called for the police's aid in my person.

"In the meanwhile he had made an investigation for himself. In this he had discovered that three hundred dollars recently paid Mr. Talbott were missing from the latter's cabinet and also a far more important fact, that a blood spot could be seen on the floor of the granary. This was enough for me and I walked rapidly to the barn to examine the spot for myself. The upper floor, a combination of hayloft and granary, was in the highest state of disorder. A pich fork or two were flung against the wall, while one was left sticking in the partially stacked hay, and in the center of the floor was a dark red stain, most probably of blood. This he told me was covered up by a bundle of hay so far away from the rest as to excite his suspicion.

"Walking among the loose hay toward the stack, my foot came upon some hard substance. Stooping down, I drew forth from the straw a pitch fork whose bloody prongs showed only too plainly to what use it had been put. I now saw the whole case clearly. The negro, enraged because he had been dismissed (probably without pay), had attacked his master while the latter was working, killed him with this pitch fork, taken his money, hidden the corpse, and fled. There were, to be more exact, two alternatives concerning the corpse: either he had hidden it on the place, or he had taken it with him. After several hours search about the farm, we concluded that it was not on the premises, so we started for the village.

"When we arrived there it was quite dark and lights shone in many windows. Down the main street we went to the station, where I stopped to get a drink of water. We knocked at the door of the waiting room. No one was there. I turned to leave, when suddenly I perceived the station operator coming towards me. I never saw a man so changed in my life. His face was white and haggard and his dark eyes burned brightly beneath his shaggy eyebrows.

"'You are the detective,' he whispered hoarsely, 'come here.'

"'Ah!' I thought, 'he will confess—a new mystery.'

"'I have something to show you,' he said.

"'Something to show and not to tell,' I thought.

"As we entered the dark baggage room, I started across the floor. He called me back and, holding the lantern near the floor, said in a hoarse unnatural voice, 'Look here.' I looked and there upon the floor of the baggage room was a second *blood* stain.

"'What does this mean,' I cried.

"He muttered something which the hoarseness of his voice prevented me from hearing. Then he led me again between dark masses of crates and trunks, piled on either side of our narrow way, to a corner of the room. There in the blackness I recognized the shape of a trunk. He flashed his lantern on it. Lo! the sides were covered with dark red stains and from a crack near the bottom *blood* itself oozed forth. I started back in horror. Again his whispers broke the silence of the room, 'This come from "Whop" Trapani's.'

"Ah! this diabolical murder was the work of an Italian. No doubt of it. Nothing but their devilish cunning could have picked such an opportunity as this for laying suspicion upon someone else. It was not the work of the negro Nelse. No! It was done by the Italian Trapani.

"I called to Johnson on the porch and told him to bring the constable. The station operator and I left that room of horrors for the fresh, cool air. The constable soon arrived and quickly perceived by our white faces that something was wrong. The station master beckoned for him to follow us. The operator showed him the blood spot. A simple 'Ah!' was all that escaped him. We showed him the way through the piles of baggage to the blood-stained trunk. He looked at us, then at Johnson, who had followed, and demanded an axe to break open the trunk. Johnson handed him one.

"He raised it. Crash! it descended with a loud bang on the top of the trunk. A second time he raised the axe; a second time it fell. Still the top was not broken. But three blows proved too much for even its sturdy oak. It was broken. Quickly he tore away the packing that concealed a blood-stained case of wood.

"He lifted the axe. I shut my eyes, I could endure the horrors no longer. I already saw the bloody corpse of Talbott bent double in the trunk or perhaps cut in pieces, sliced by the diabolical Italian. Crash! the axe fell! All was silence. What could I believe? Was it laughter that fell upon my ears. Horrible thought—they were turned mad by the sight of it and this was the laughter of the maniacs. I opened my eyes and saw not the mangled and bloody body of Talbott—but *a crate of smashed tomato sauce bottles.*

"Trapani had sent a crate of tomato sauce bottles to his friend in New York. These were imperfectly packed and in the hard ride to the station, the bottles had become broken allowing the red sauce to escape.

"'Well,' I inquired, 'what about the farmer?'

"'Oh! that cleared itself up in a few days. The farmer while in his barn was bitten by his pet dog which he considered mad. He killed the dog with a pitch fork and immediately set out on horseback to the Pasteur Institute, together with negro and money. It turned out the dog wasn't mad at all."



The Students' Council has taken up the matter of the tennis "W" and has decided to send a representative of the Council to Miss Westcott and to the members of a committee on the subject, appointed by Miss Westcott. The Council decided that it was opposed to these "Ws" for three reasons: first, there are too many "Ws" being given and it would greatly lessen the honor of making a "W" in football or baseball if someone who happened to win a tennis tournament should receive one; secondly, a tennis "W" would be one which is won by elimination in the school and by small, if any, competition with outside schools, A "W" is given to someone who plays on a Western team against some other outside team. Last year's team, composed of Siddons and Mayfield, had one game scheduled which was called off. That was with Episcopal High School. Teams which represent Western and received a "W" are supposed to play the other Washington High Schools which, I believe, have no tennis teams. Thirdly, the best men don't always win the tournaments, for there might be one person on a team put out of the tournament early who is better than one or both members of the winning team. He is put out because of an inferior partner.

The Council also saw to the appointment of agents for the distributing of pledges for the Athletic Association. In most cases the same agents did the work, but in some rooms new agents had to be appointed. The agents had fair success, but the students did not respond as well as they might. There are not more than ten people in the school who have any real reason for not belonging to the Association.

A request has come to the Council to arrange for some concerted cheering at the game and the Council will appoint two or three cheer leaders for each game. Everyone who can ought to attend each game, not going in little straggling bunches which sit apart, but joining a bunch which can sit together and "yell their heads off." No one can tell how much good it does a team to have some good cheering or how much better cheering can be done when the Western boys, and girls, too, are bunched together.



There is an impression around the school that, with the exception of the Manager, Western has a championship ball team. In our first game of the season we defeated the strong Maryland Agricultural College team which had just beaten Navy. Since then we have only played two games and this seems to be poor management.

Nothing, however, could be more satisfactory than this defeat of M. A. C. It looked for a while as though Mr. Byrd stole a championship from us when he took away with him Lynn Loomis. We certainly had our revenge in this game, and furthermore, Brewer seems to be more than competent to take Loomis' place. Byrd and Loomis are both at M. A. C.

The other two games were not so satisfactory so far as the actual scores were concerned. At Fort Washington, the score was 5-2 in favor of a team averaging thirty-five years. Our second game with M. A. C. was lost, 2-1. With the series but a week away, we are badly in need of practice games. Games which were scheduled with the Georgetown Preps, with Brookville High School, with Episcopal High School, with Alexandria High were prevented by bad weather. In addition Cathedral and Army and Navy cancelled on us and the Manager was instructed by Coach White to call off games with Gallaudet and Emerson Institute.

Following the Tech game on April 22, we have these contests scheduled:

...

April 24, Cathedral School.
April 26, Cardinal Athletic Club (at Alexandria, Va.).
April 30, Gallaudet.
May 2, Central.
May 5, Catholic University Freshmen.
May 9, Business.
May 14, Cathedral School.
May 16, Eastern.
May 21, Army and Navy Preps.

Of course none of these games are on home grounds.

During the last two seasons Western was the dark horse in the big series. Twice we lost out to an inferior team. Until we played the games we won from the other high schools, however, we were

not conceded a chance and our final defeats by Tech were not as disappointing as they might have been.

This year it is different, and the Red and White is the favorite. Tech and Central are not considered as dangerous rivals and for the first time in years the Business-Western game is doped out as being the decisive contest of the series.

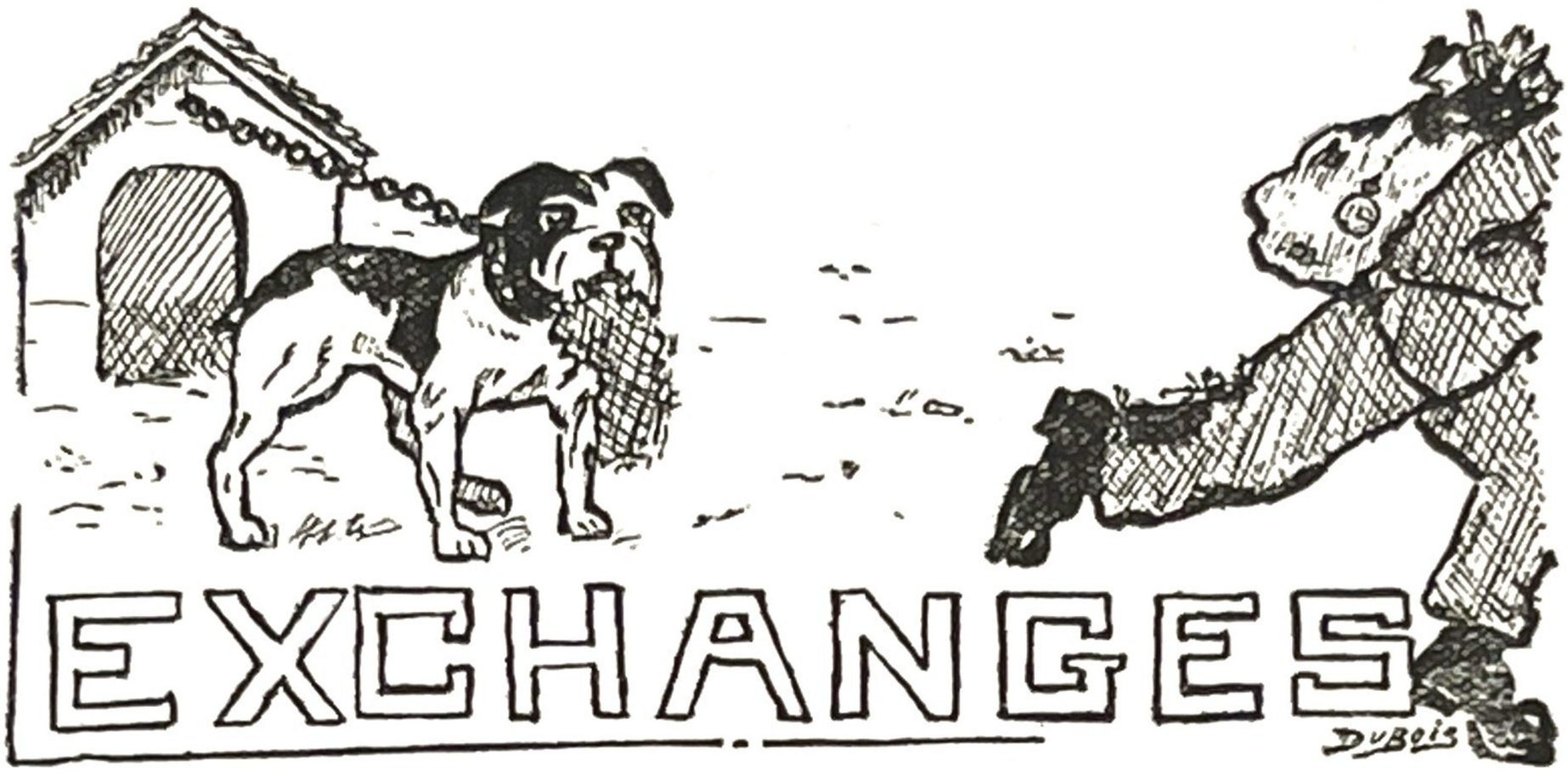
With the exception of the outfield, our team is stronger than it has been in years. Lehman, catching, is better than ever. Bron. Howard, though not as strong a batter as Meyers of last year's team, is an excellent fielder at first base. Royer, the "toothless terror," is playing second base. Stearns and Capt. Howard at short and third respectively, are all-high men. Donovan, Brooks and Peyton are a reliable outfield and are good batters. Did they but possess enough judgment to take their teachers in earnest, Cook and Peck would be sure of places. If we do lose the championship these two men will be as much to blame as any individual on the team.

Maryland Aggies.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Knode, ss	2	1	1	1	7	0
Keyworth, rf	2	1	2	2	0	0
Shipley, 2b	3	0	0	3	2	0
Morris, c	3	0	1	4	0	0
Lednum 3b	2	0	0	1	1	0
Hunteman, 1b	3	0	0	5	0	1
Williams, lf	3	0	1	1	0	0
Ruff, cf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Lepper, p	2	0	0	1	0	1
Totals	22	2	5	18	10	2

Western.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Stearns, ss	1	1	0	1	3	0
Peyton, rf	3	1	1	0	0	1
I. Howard, 3b	2	1	1	0	0	0
Cook cf	1	0	0	2	0	0
Royer, 2b	3	0	1	0	2	1
B. Howard, 1b	3	0	0	7	0	0
Donovan, lf	2	0	0	1	0	0
Lehman, c	2	0	1	7	2	0
Brewer, p	2	1	0	0	1	0
Totals	19	4	4	18	8	2

							Totals
M. A. C	2	0	0	0	0	0	—2
Western	3	0	0	0	1	0	—4

First base on balls—Off Lepper (5), Brewer (1). Struck out—By Brewer (5), Lepper (3). Three-base hit—I. Howard. Two-base hit—Morris. Stolen bases—Knode (2), Morris, Williams (2). Royer. Hit by pitcher—By Brewer (2). Umpire, Mr. H. C.



Since our last issue we have received but few of the school periodicals carried on our list, so we have but few to acknowledge. The latest and one of the best is the Hand and Mind, although this number is not as good as previous ones. It seems to lack its accustomed vigor and force. We do not mean that it is not good, but it is not up to its usual standard. The cuts are always excellent and we can truthfully say that we have never seen a poor issue.

The February Review is, as usual, full of good news, but it still lacks cuts. They certainly improve a paper, and Review, you ought to know it by this time.

The Papyrus of Stamford, Conn., although small in size, is a neat, well-gotten up paper. The cover design is good, but the cuts!

The Argonaut, of Mansfield, Mass., occupied too much space with its athletics. Why not list your small games and discuss only more important ones? Don't you also think it would be a good plan to divide the girls' athletics from the boys', making each a separate department?

The Pennsylvania Punch Bowl is one of the best papers we have received. We certainly wish more colleges would send us their issues. Let us heard from you again, Punch Bowl.

It seems that we have been charged with being a little too critical in some of our reviews, but the Western does not intend to be so. It writes in the best of good faith and spirit and hopes that our friends will do the same. Tell us our faults, we want to know and correct them. Finally, we hope that by our next issue we shall have received more of the school papers in exchange; and we acknowledge with appreciation those which have, at this writing, come to this department.

F. H. S., '13.

OH, YOU ROCKVILLE!

"Did you say Nubby makes his living with his pen? I didn't know he could write!"

"He can't: he keeps hogs."



A KNIGHT.

"Oh, Bill, what's the Knight of the Bath?"
"Why Saturday, you bonehead."—Ex.

Soph: The library is quarantined.
Fresh: It is. Why?
Soph: They found smallpox in the dictionary.

Miss Brewer: How many of the 300 senators did Marius have killed?
Hirschmann: All but Caesar and his wife.

Miss Rupli: What is the difference between Acadia and Arcadia?
Nancy: Acadia is a bug and Arcadia is a land.

LOCAL.

The following bright remark was heard in F1 History:
Miss Brewer: Mr. Hite, could you tell me where the Persian fleet was at the time of the battle of Marathon?
Hite: Er—er—in the water, I believe.

Miss Schaaf (in D4 English): "The Puritan Sunday was a very severe one. It began early in the morning."

Blondy: Listen how my new shoes shriek.
Runt: That's a sign they are not paid for.
Blondy: If that's it, it looks like my coat and pants would shriek, too.

Houghton: "What kind of costume are you going to have in the spring entertainment, Bobby?
Rohrer: "Well, I'm going to have a bald-headed wig.

Father: "What is your favorite hymn, Ethel?"
Ethel: "The one you chased away over the fence last night."—Ex.

Steppie: "Open the window and I'll throw out my chest."

"How many studies are you carrying?" one student asked another.
"I'm carrying three and dragging two," he replied.

I have travelled far o'er this earth of ours,
I have visited China and France.
I have wandered away where the dolphins play
And the little pollywogs dance.

I've been marooned on a south sea isle
With nothing but clams for tea;
I've gone aground, in a far-off sound,
I have lived for a year in a tree.

And all the time I've been learning things
Which were strange and odd and new,
But I've never seen, wherever I've been,
A place where such knowledge grew

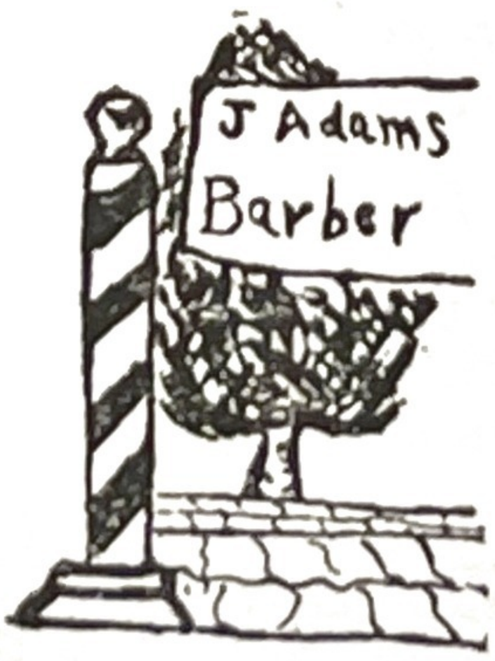
At Western High on the top of the hill.
That's the home of knowledge and fun.
So, where'er I roam, I always come home
To Western on the run.

Oh, it's nice to live with the Eskimoes,
Or with cannibal savages black,
Or to go way south, to the Amazon's mouth,
But I always want to come back.

For I've travelled far o'er this earth of ours
And I've seen more than you'd guess.
But where'er I go, I think you know
Of my days at W. H. S.

A NEW HERO ARISES.

At a recent date a new school hero appeared who did mankind a very great boon. As is ever the case, when a great need arises, a great man is supplied for that need. The man this time was Jack Ad—ms; the need—K—lly's mustache. For a long time that useless piece of scenery had been giving the school a bad name. At last the clean city crusade arose. Fired by the tales of his compatriot's exploits in this direction, Jack Ad—ms determined to emblason his name on the annals of fame. And so, amid rousing cheers, he rubbed off half of the mustache. The scissors he used are now resting in the National Museum. K—lly pulled out the other hair shortly after his release.



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VOL. XVII WASHINGTON, D. C. NO. 7



THE MILLION DOLLAR PARSON

FRANCIS STETSON.

"Mac" McGraw, the manager of the New York Giants, sat in his dugout watching his players as they moved to and fro upon the ball field. He could see with half an eye that the Giants of 1916 were not the equals of his fast team a year back. The outfield was fair, "Chief" Meyers was still a good catcher, and a strong infield might be built up about Capt. Merkle on first and Shafer at short. But the pitchers! That was the question—the pitchers. Matty was gone, Marquard and Demaree were failing. He knew the Giant fans couldn't stand a poor pitcher. He would have a losing team, and then—well, he'd be on the road again.

"Hello, Mac," broke in the cheery voice of Dugan, sub-shortstop, interrupting his reverie, "got a new pitcher."

Mac half-turned and looked gloomily at the newcomer. He certainly was a queer specimen. The tall, thin, angular build, the dusty suit of black serge suggested rather the preacher than the ball player. A high forehead, side whiskers, and dark compelling eyes beneath shaggy eyebrows added to the natural ascetic look. Fresh youth had gone; the new recruit would never see thirty again.

"Come on," said Mac, turning away from the stranger in disgust, "I didn't ask for an old parson, I wanted a pitcher."

"Well," replied Dugan, expostulating, "He said he had the stuff."

"Aw——," Mac commenced.

Then the newcomer, with a quick compelling look of his beady

eyes, said shortly and decisively, yet with a sort of measured cadence, "I think you will give me a chance."

Mac, like so many other blustering men, was caught quite unprepared by this quiet assertion and stood gazing at the beady orbs of the speaker. Then he knuckled under and with a short nervous laugh, said, "Get a suit on; we give anything a show."

Some minutes later the tall, lank figure of the stranger, looking yet taller and lanker in his tight, ill-fitting baseball suit, wound up and with a slow, easy motion delivered the ball. As he pitched he "mixed 'em up"—curves, slow ones, fast ones, and a spitter. Although the newcomer could pitch everything easily and his curves broke fairly well, he appeared to have no more natural ability than any man of his age would possess had he lived a clean, quiet life. The quick eye of the manager vainly endeavored to detect any curve, any speedy one wider or faster than its fellow that might give promise of future development. But, no, every ball sped onward with same uniformity and the same good control. Evidently this pitcher had reached the heighth of his playing ability.

"Nope," said the manager shortly, "you won't do. You haven't got the stuff."

"What," exclaimed Myers, the catcher with the license of an old ball player. "Mac, you can't tell a pitcher from a canary bird. This fellow has more stuff than any guy I've ever seen breaking into the league."

Mac was worried. Bill never had spoken for a pitcher before. He didn't like to turn an old favorite down, but—here he was conscious that the tall man was looking at him with a curious, intent stare—he stopped half nervously and considered—they did need a pitcher—those compelling eyes seemed to burn into his very brain—he must have a pitcher.

"I sign you," he said in a weak voice quite unlike his former self. "How about a thousand five hundred," quickly recovering his nerve.

"I've got my own terms," replied the tall pitcher dryly, "I'll sign for one hundred thousand dollars." A cry of astonishment went up from Mac; he could hardly believe his ears. Myers stood gaping, his gloved hands at his side, allowing the oncoming ball to strike him full in the chest. "I'm not unreasonable," continued the hurler, "I only demand that sum on condition I pitch nearly every day and I win 98 per cent of my games; otherwise I'll work free."

"A hundred thousand," commenced the manager, finding his voice at last, "why the best men in the league only get ten thousand."

"Anyway you please," said the ball player, his dark eyes fixed intently on the manager.

Capt. Merkle, the first baseman, took McGraw aside, saying, "That man's a lunatic, but 'Chief' says he's got the stuff. He can never win all his games and you'll have a fine pitcher free."

"All right," replied the manager unwillingly, "I give him his

terms." But it was not so much the arguments of the ball player as the consciousness that only twenty paces away two dark compelling eyes were fastened on him.

The game was on. All eyes were centered on the tall, ungainly figure in the box. "The Million Dollar Parson," for that was what the reporters had dubbed him, stood silent, sizing up with his beady black eyes the batter before him. The latter shifted uneasily from foot to foot, striving in vain to withdraw his eyes from the man on the mound. One strike. Two strikes sailed by. Mac, on the bench, watched in wonder. He knew Carey, of Pittsburgh, was not the man to overlook a good ball. Three strikes. A new batter replaced the first. He swung his bat half-heartedly and backed away from the plate. A weak roller to first was his best effort. The third batter, standing as if petrified, never moved his bat from his shoulder while the umpire called him out on strikes.

Thus the game continued, batters coming up to the plate, gazing steadfastly at the pitcher or swinging half-heartedly and going out on strikes. Some wandered back to the bench in a maze to listen to managerial scoldings; others, as soon as they left the plate, vigorously protested that the pitcher didn't have a thing, but that they simply couldn't swing their bats.

Meanwhile, the parson, Harding (for that was his name), worked on easily and steadily, never using his spitter, rarely a curve ball. He was visibly saving his arm for games to come. The team behind him had scored four runs, so he merely tossed balls over in the eighth and ninth. Still the men fanned. Only once, when the pitcher was watching the bench signals, did Carey of Pittsburgh come across with a hit. The men in the stand marvelled. The managers were dumfounded, no longer scolding their players, but straining their eyes as they watched the slow balls in their lazy flight toward the plate. At last the game ended, 6-0, in the Giant's favor. Twenty men had struck out and one hit been culled by the Pirates.

The second day was but a repetition of the first. Again the tall twirler, with compelling, beady eyes, sized up his opponents to mow them down in regular order. The final score stood 2-0 against the Pittsburgh team. Seventeen whiffed the ozone and no hits were accumulated.

The clear spring air of May had changed to the warm breezes of late October. A world series had come and gone, leaving behind Harding, still unbeaten and still unhittable. Fans had arrived with telescopes, scouts and baseball experts peered through spyglasses to watch the "parson's" balls. Casts were taken of his arm. X-ray men examined his bones. Newspapers published wonderful stories concerning the peculiar structure of his arm. Still the mystery of his pitching was unsolved.

The rays of a sinking sun poured their fast-paling light over a

ball field. "Mac" McGraw, manager of the New York Giants, and Fred Merkle, first baseman of the same team, were walking slowly across the grass toward the clubhouse after the last fall exhibition game in Havana.

"Fred," said Mac slowly, "did you ever notice anything strange about Harding's eyes?"

"Yes, they always was strange and fellows kinder give him his way when he looks at 'em; but he's a queer-looker anyway," remarked the other, tired from a hard day's work.

"'Taint natural the way men stand up against him—they're scared, Fred. He ain't an ordinary man; he's a hypnotist."

"The Devil——," commenced Merkle.

"Manager," said the million dollar parson, striking in from behind, "You've hit it right. Keep it close, though; it wouldn't do to have it get out." The others nodded. "I am a college man," he continued; "I've studied the psychology of the thing. I know that nine-tenths of success is confidence or belief in self. As men have more or less confidence, so they act more or less vigorously. If that confidence were taken away and a firm belief in the power of someone else imposed upon a mind, it would be rendered practically helpless or subordinate to the wishes of the stronger will. This is what hypnotism does. Hypnotic effects may be secured over all but the strongest minds. Ball players as a class are not gifted with especially strong intellects. Some give themselves up to debauchery, others are superstitious and the best minds among them have found their way to the big leagues. Even these are easy to overcome. I saw my chance, by successful application of well-known scientific principles, to make a fortune. I practiced on and off for ten years, till I learned how to throw all kinds of balls (for successful hypnotism, like any other mental illusion, must at least rest on facts), and then came here."

"Parson," replied the manager gravely, "I've seen all kinds of heady ones, but you have it on 'em all. My man, you're a wonder."

"Yes," continued the parson, when the men were under the showers, "I am going to continue at the game for a good while, till I have at least two hundred thousand dollars, and then——" his foot slipped on the hard marble floor. He stretched out his right arm to save himself. Crack! Two bones snapped. They were never set successfully. The greatest pitcher of all time was ruined.



CERTAINLY,

Her father, at the head of the stairs—Grace, just ask that young man if he doesn't think it's bed time?

Grace: (after a pause)—Jim says if you are sleepy to go to bed by all means!—*Exchange.*

AN INCIDENT IN GUAM

Year 1492.

(Editor's Note.—This story was sent in by Kenneth Coontz, a former Western student. It has been published once in the "Guam Letter." We hope you will be with us in our belief that it will bear repetition.)

King Gummy Tow Tow sat cross-legged upon the coral beach in front of his village that straggled along the shore of the bay upon which his dominions were situated. He was in a contemplative mood, and as he leaned forward he stretched his long arms and meditatively scratched his toes. He had but one eye and with this optic he gazed in a listless manner upon the long fringe of mangrove that bordered the opposite shore. Two years previously Gummy Tow Tow had been attacked by an insidious malady prevalent in all the tropical islands in that part of the Pacific. In the case of Chief Gummy the loathsome disease had, so to speak, poked him in the eye, and now a disagreeable void marked the place where the organ of vision should have been. Later on, as the disease progressed, his cheek would become loose and begin to sag down, his nose slowly disappear, his teeth would fall out, his remaining eye go the way of its mate and finally death would ensue from destruction of the mucous membranes, if the distracted victim did not in the meantime end his troubles by suicide.

Presently there approached from behind with a shuffling gait an ungainly looking creature. In appearance he much resembled a gigantic frog. His huge feet flapped uncertainly at the extremities of a pair of bow legs and his great paunch, loose skin, and bilious eyes completed the resemblance. Chief Gummy Tow Tow rose wearily from his sitting posture and having, by running his hands several times over such parts of his anatomy as had been in contact with the coral sand, removed offending particles, remarked in a disgusted tone to his unlovely subject, "Skin of a decayed lizard, how long have I had this?" and he indicated with his finger the place once occupied by an eye. "Twenty-seven moons, Your Majesty," humbly replied the subservient individual addressed, bowing profusely and nervously shuffling.

"And you have done nothing towards providing a cure, you cast-off-hide-of-a-defunct-watersnake!"

"Your Majesty," whined the pood medicine man, "I have implored the spirit both day and night and am sure that a certain remedy will soon be revealed."

"Well," replied the king, "this revelation has got to be pretty quick, or you will not be the one to receive it."

The next day the medicine man might have been observed deeply engaged in the mysteries of his art. Upon a fire in front of his

hut there simmered an awesome broth, the most powerful and complicated that he had ever attempted. Powdered lizard bones, tentacles of devil fish, centipede heads, slime scraped from the coral reef at low tide, and the arm of a man, the rest of whose body had been devoured by a shark, were among the important ingredients. Diligently the medicine man stirred while the unholy stew bubbled. At intervals he would jabber and make curious motions with his arms and feet. Eventually the broth was brewed to the satisfaction of the dusky magician, and he proceeded to anoint certain parts of the premises with the concoction, also smearing himself with a portion, and partaking inwardly of the remainder. These preliminaries being completed, he retired within his hut and lying upon his back he fell into a deep trance. Prostrate thus, with his limbs extended, his huge body apparently lifeless, his great fishy eyes staring steadily at the roof, he looked like a pig that had died of apoplexy. At the end of three days the medicine man awoke and in due course his bulky form darkened the door of the King's hut, who squatted smoking a kind of rude cigar made from leaf of native tobacco rolled and held together with tough fiber. Gummy Tow Tow glared at him with his solitary optic for a few minutes and then remarked, "Well?"

"Your Majesty," began the seer, "a true cure for the disease with which your Royal Highness has been afflicted is now made known to me by the spirits who have condescended to impart to your unworthy servant the secret that will restore Your Majesty's sacred person to its original beauty. The remedy is simple and only depends for success upon Your Majesty's acquiescence. If Your Majesty will condescend to eat at one meal the entire body of an iguana, including the claws and skin, so that no remnant whatever be left, then within the space of one moon Your Majesty will be completely restored."

"What size must this iguana be, O son of a slimy sea slug?" asked King Gummy.

"Your Majesty, it must not measure less than six lengths of your royal foot, from tip of the nose to the end of the tail; anything smaller will not be powerful enough to counteract the deadly disease."

King Gummy looked fiercely at the medicine man in front of him for sometime without speaking and the latter shifted uneasily from one foot to another under this unwavering and piercing scrutiny.

"You descendant of a decomposed cockroach! I have finished forever with your spells and charms. This time I feast on something more luscious than the skins and claws of iguanas."

For six days now had the wretched witchdoctor been kept prisoner without food in his hut, where he sat upon the ground and groaned feebly. Only once had he tasted anything, and that was

when he successfully captured a great fat spider which he hungrily bolted. Dusky warriers armed with spears kept guard without. In the distance might be heard noises and shoutings, indicating that something unusual was happening. In fact, the King had ordered a great feast which was to take place at sundown by the light of the brilliant tropical full moon. Fires were being lighted, piles of cocoanuts, breadfruit, yams, pineapples, bananas, fowls, rice, fanijis, and many other delicacies were coming in to be cooked. At about midday bearers might be seen carrying great bowls of fresh cooked rice to the house of the witch doctor. At the same time a message from the King suggested that in view of his long fast the medicine man must be somewhat hungry and it was His Majesty's special desire that he should immediately set to and satisfy his appetite. The fresh rice mixed with milk of the cocoanut appealed to the famished man, and although he would have liked some of the good things in preparation for the feast, he set to vigorously.

"His Majesty desires that you finish all that has been set before you," remarked one of the guards as the medicine man's appetite began to show signs of appeasement. "He desires it as a special favor upon the occasion of the great feast which he is preparing which is the anniversary of his *first* wedding."

Once more he tackled the bowls of food until at last he lay prone upon his back, declaring his gastronomic powers were unequal to further strain.

"His Majesty ordered us to give you all possible assistance," said the attendants, as forthwith they began to stuff rice and cocoanut down the throat of the already overfed victim, till at last he lay upon his back with all his wrinkles smoothed out, breathing faintly. From the distance came the pleasant aroma of cooked viands and upon the cooking fires one great pot stood empty.

It was night. The glorious moon soared slowly into the blue vault. The breeze stirred lazily the ponds overhead. Upon the outer reefs might be heard the low deep boom of the long Pacific swell. The dying embers still glowed, round which were scattered the remains of the feast. Men and women slept upon the ground where they had gorged. And among the sleeping groups the village dogs were quarreling about the division of the scraps. King Gummy Tow Tow reclined upon his royal mat blinking his bleary eye at the expiring fires. Many times had the distilled juice of the cocoanut gone round and not without effect.

"I will say," remarked the King, who addressed nobody in particular, patting his stomach affectionately at the same time, "I will say, that in spite of former disappointments and disagreements, that crafty old liar could not have pleased me better had he been a real pig."

"SUMAY."

Jones is one of the most successful track men Western has ever had. The following is a list of his work for Western during the past winter:

Johns Hopkins Indoor, Feb. 17: Won Hundred, 10 seconds; Relay beat Episcopal High School.

George Washington Meet, Feb. 22: Won 50-yard Open; Relay beat Baltimore Polytechnic Institute.

Washington and Lee Meet, April 26: Won 100, 10 seconds; 220, 23 seconds; broad jump, 20 feet 6 inches; won Point Trophy.

M. A. C., May 3: 100, 10 2-5 seconds; 220, 22 3-5 seconds; broad jump, 21 feet 3 inches; won Point Trophy.

Johns Hopkins, May 10: Won 100, 10 1-5 seconds; 220, 22 seconds; broad jump, 20 feet 6½ inches.

Although there is scarcely a man on the team who is not an All-High possibility, the team has not done as well of late as was expected of it. Since our last issue the team has played five big games, of which we have won four, but in only one of which did we play up to our true form. That was the game with the Georgetown Preps, which we won by a 15-0 score.



"THE WESTERN" STAFF, 1912-13

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Henry W. Leetch, '13

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
Allison F. H. Scott, '14. Mgr. Harold Dutton, '15, Asst. Mgr.
Dr. Elmer S. Newton, Treas.

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Miss Elizabeth Graff, '14
Miss Ethel Connor, '14
Longstreet Welchel, '15
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MILITARY,
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ART,
Miss Cornelia Stuard, '14
R. Bruce Warden, '14

ALUMNI,
Miss Dorothy Campbell, '12

"The Western" is a magazine devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils, and alumni. Original contributions are solicited from all, and may be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

Subscriptions, 60 cents per school year; by mail, 75 cents; single copies, 10 cents. Advertising rates furnished on application to the Business Manager.

THE SPRING ENTERTAINMENT

And now there are no doubts left. Western is a school of actors and actresses. And along with that knowledge comes the feeling of satisfaction accompanying a fat exchequer. Every one who witnessed the Pageant must acknowledge the fact that a great artistic success

was attained. The success both financial and artistic was due to the hearty cooperation of the students and the faculty. The undertaking was a difficult one because of the size of the cast.

THE LAST WORD

This issue is the last in which the editor is allowed his say, and it is only natural that he should wonder just how well the paper has succeeded. The staff has done its very best to make the paper interesting and representative of the school, and if, perchance, it may have done this, it would give them great joy to hear of it. And if you have not liked the WESTERN this year have a little kindly charity and don't make it your business to tell every member of the staff. We want suggestions, not "knocks". It is very easy to do that without offering any solution for the trouble. The staff has made the WESTERN coincide with its idea of a fine school paper. If this idea has been the same as that of the school it will be profoundly glad.

THE HONOR OF THE SCHOOL

The incident which occurred at the Western-Business game, on the thirteenth, was, to use the language of a diplomat, very unfortunate. Western has ever had the reputation of being a good loser. The unsportsmanlike attitude taken by the students at the field was not worthy of the supporters of our school. There is no doubt that the provocation was great. However, we feel that every one interested in the school is now heartily sorry that a thing of this nature should have occurred. We feel that in the future every member of the student body will co-operate in preventing another incident of this character.

A REAL GHOST

"I have the very place you want, Mr. Blank," said the real estate dealer, taking a map from a shelf. "It is a five-acre plot about six miles from Dash station; has a one-room cabin on it and a fine well of water. It's just the place you want if you desire a rest."

"That's the kind of place I want," I replied.

"There's only one thing against the place," he continued. "About five years ago a negro tried to kill a man out there, but the man, after getting badly cut up, shot and killed the negro. Since that time most of the people in this section swear that the ghost of the negro haunts the cabin."

"Good heavens, man!" I exclaimed. "You surely don't believe any such story as that, do you?"

"No, I don't believe it myself, but two people I rented the cabin to swear that they have seen the ghost, and they moved out very quick afterwards."

"Well, I'm not superstitious enough to believe any such tale as that," I replied. "I will take the place provided your terms are reasonable."

We arranged the terms of sale all right, and a week later my brother and I were settled in the cabin.

Things went along fine for three months, and I forgot all about the ghost story. One evening, however, my brother had gone to a dance in the neighboring town, and since I did not expect him home that night, I went to bed early.

In the late night I woke up, thinking that I heard some noise. It was a bright moonlight night, and the cabin was flooded with light streaming through two big windows. I looked around to see if some animal had gotten into the cabin and awakened me, but I could see nothing. I was just settling myself to go back to sleep when I heard a creaking noise. I glanced at the doors and saw that one of them was slowly opening. I jumped out of bed and sprang to the table in the middle of the room where we kept a pistol. Just as I reached the table the door swung completely open, and standing in the doorway I saw an enormous negro. He appeared to be about six feet and a half tall, with very broad shoulders slightly stooped. His arms were tremendously long, reaching nearly to his knees. His face was the color of a mulatto's, but his features were those of a pure-blooded negro. His face was deeply marked by smallpox and a purple scar ran across the left side of his face, just missing his left eye. His lips were parted in a malicious grin, showing three or four ragged yellow teeth. His eyes, which were shining like a cat's, were turned on me with a glare of hatred and malevolence that nearly froze me to the spot. My fears were further increased by seeing in his right hand a large knife. I tried to fire the pistol at him, but it would not go off. I then hurled it at him, but to my horror I saw it go through him and out the door beyond. When he saw me throw the pistol his grin became more malevolent than before, and he crouched a little lower in his walk. I had by this time backed up until I had reached the other door, and had put my hand up to open it. To my great surprise and consternation, I found that the door was bolted. In the meantime the negro was creeping nearer and nearer, and I could see a gleam of triumph in his eyes. Unfortunately for me, the bolt was rather high upon the door, and to get at it I had to put my arm behind me in an uncomfortable position, for I didn't dare to turn around to unbolt the door. The negro had come nearer and nearer, and I could see his right arm slowly rising. My hand was shaking so from fear

that I couldn't find the bolt. The negro had now gotten within a yard of me; he had straightened up to his full height, his right hand held the knife up above his head, his left hand was extending toward my throat, while his eyes were fastened on mine with a glare of learing triumph. I was leaning against the door, nearly dead with fright, when suddenly the neigh of a horse was heard. At this sound the negro's left arm began to drop to his side and the look of triumph to go from his eyes. The neigh was heard a second time, and then the negro faded away into the air.

The sudden reaction was more than my nerves could stand, and the last I remembered was slipping slowly down the door.

The next thing I knew was about noon the next day, when I woke up to find a doctor working over me. The doctor asked me what had happened. When I described the negro, I saw him look sort of queer, and I asked him what was the matter. At first he would not tell me, but finally he said that I had exactly described the negro whose ghost was supposed to haunt the cabin.

As soon as I was able, I moved away from that locality, but it was over a year before my nerves recovered from the shock.

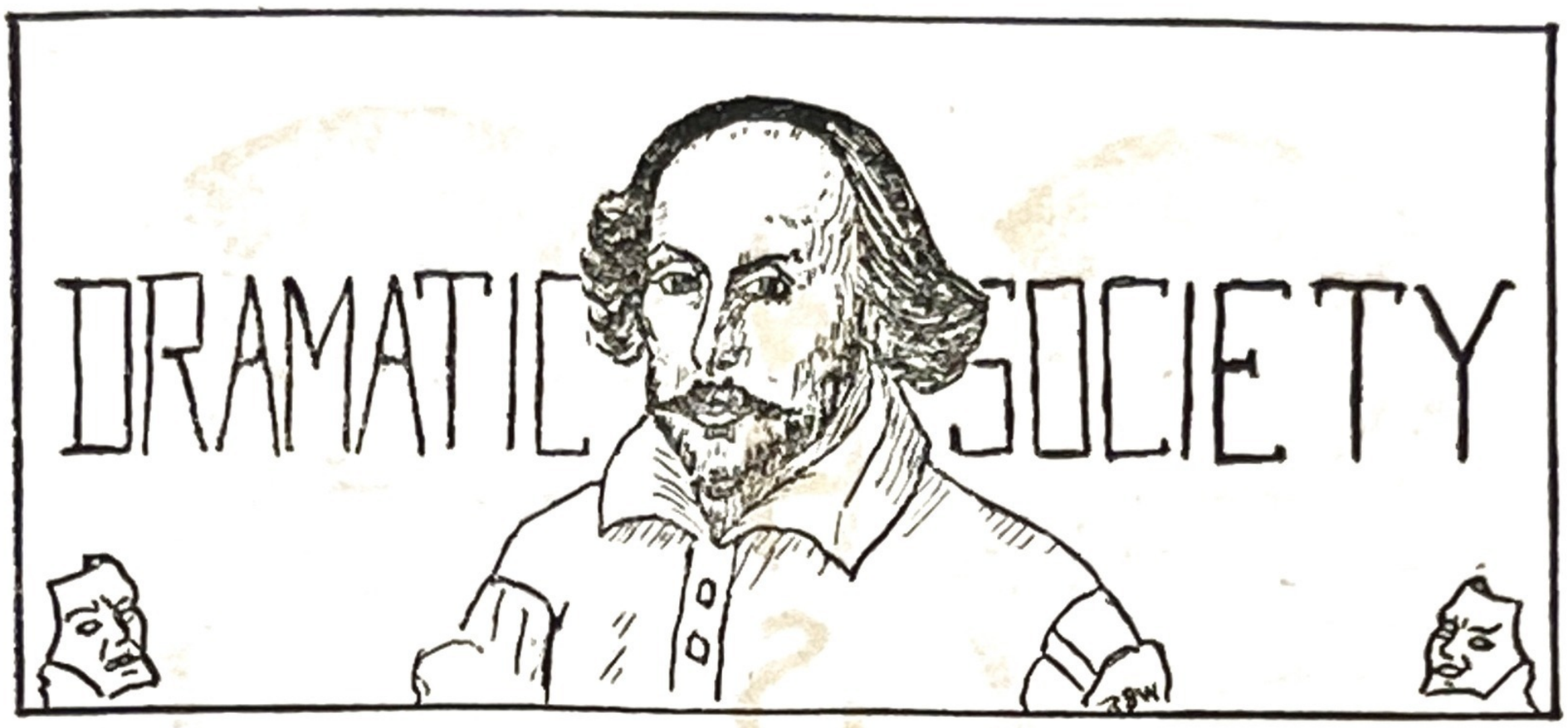
PATRICE, '13.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN CAN DO

Marietta George, '14.

In my travels through the many different parts of the world, I came at last to a large and most wonderful country. I made my way immediately to the Capital thereof in order to find from the best possible source how things were run. As I walked through the wide and well-planned streets, I encountered Mr. Dirt, who, upon my inquiry why he was there, told me that he was paralyzed and no one would help him to get away, unless he were paid. I asked why no one was paid and he dolefully referred me to the District Commissioners. I resumed my journey and e'er long met Policeman Indifference conversing with Miss Careless Nurse while Everybaby yelled lustily for the bottle it had dropped and Everythief quietly abstracted several pieces of jewelry from a passerby. Marveling much at the freedom which Neglect enjoyed, I hastened to reassure the baby that Everyman is not a brute, and picked up the bottle for it. The bottle proved to contain a mixture resembling milk, whose only friends seemed to be Unsanitary and the baby. I continued my walk and soon found myself in a court

(Continued on page 29)



Elections for the next year have not been held, but they will be conducted in the near future. The regular business meeting was held on May 6, but because of the absence of many members very little was done, so the elections were postponed to a later date. When the next meeting is announced all members are requested to be present so that the officers of next year may be elected.

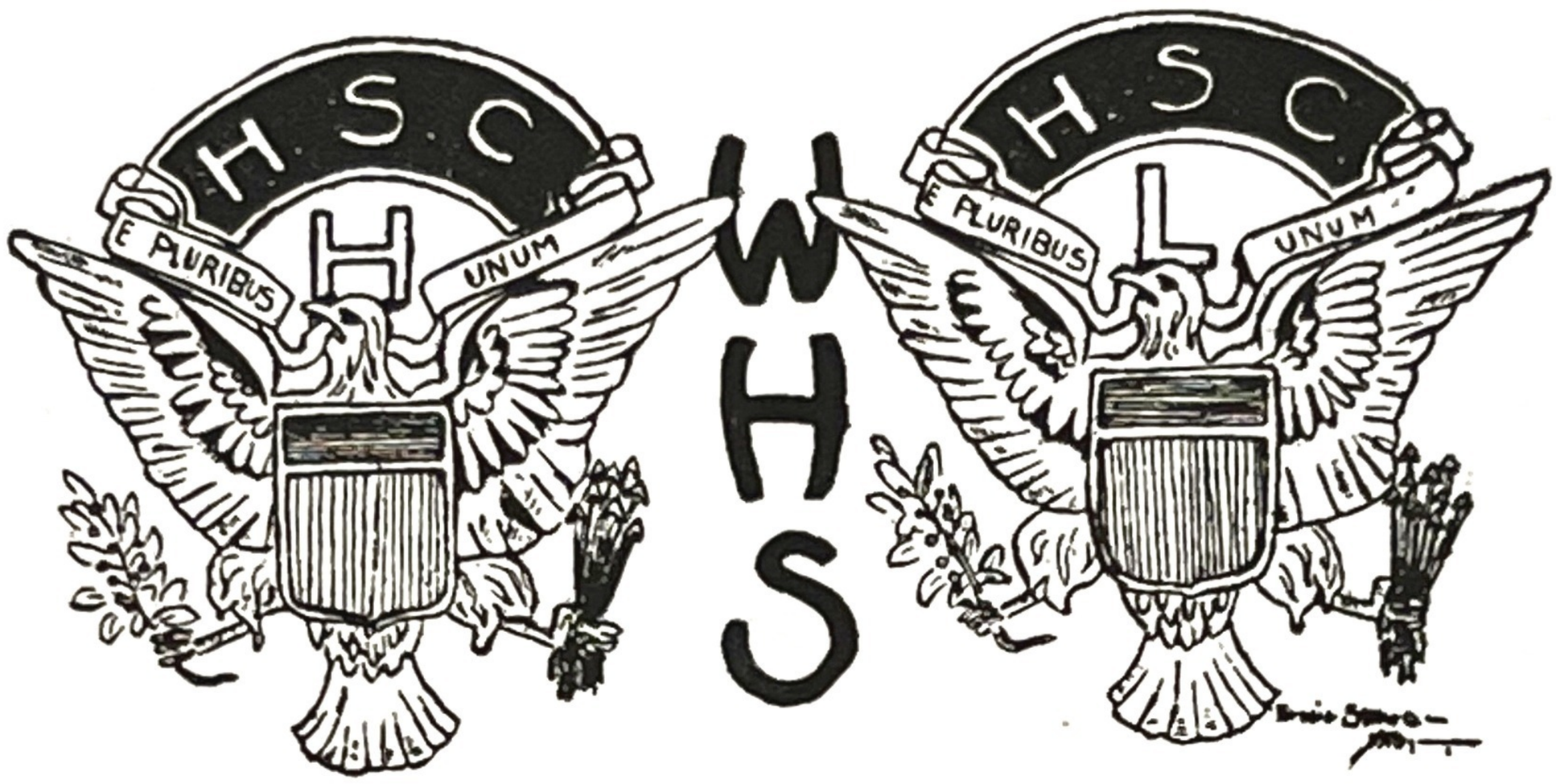
Scarcely any money has been turned in to the Treasurer since the last issue. The Club again asks its members to pay their dues so that it will have a sufficient amount to start the coming year. The following financial report of the year is here submitted:

EXPENSES FROM JANUARY TO MAY.

1 account book	$.50
1 play	.25
1 pound brown paint	.10
1½ pounds black paint	.30
1 pound olive paint	.05
2 pounds white paint	.20
1 pound white paint	.20
Amount for producing play	3.65
Total expenses	$5.25
Amount taken in	$19.05
Total expenses	5.25
Amount now in treasury	$13.80

The committee in charge of the selection of plays has one in mind, but it is doubtful whether it will be produced because of the limited time before the close of the school year. The President, Mr. La Follette, says that he foresees a strong club next year and hopes that the new president will be supported as well as he has been.

F. H. S., '13.



Well, this is the last you will hear of the work of the companies of 1913. That is unless one of them returns with a red ribbon adorning the manly chest of each of its members.

A word of praise for both companies is here in order. Undoubtedly much praise is due every man for the unceasing work of the year. Win or lose, the companies will have done their best and that is all that can be expected. We hope there will be no cause to have any fault to find, but should a Western company fail to capture the new banner, give them credit for what they have done.

The last drill of the year has now taken place and the companies are holding their breath waiting for the drop of the hat. Both companies drill on the last day this year, so Monday the hopefuls may be seen occupying boxes and the like with their fond admirers by their sides.

Tuesday night the two companies will be given a delightful supper by the faculty of school. Many ex-officers will be present and a fine evening is promised. At this time the medals will be presented to the different men. Captains Roberts and Burlingame will present corporals Du Bois and O'Brien (respectively), with the prize corporal medals, corporals Bingham and Winslow receiving honorable mention. The two first lieutenants Schaaff and Schneider will present privates Dunlap and Longstreet Whelchel with the prize experienced man's medal, privates Fowle and Kelly of company L and Durant and Kendall of company H receiving the honorable mention. In the first year, privates Peterson and John Whelchel will be presented with the medals by second lietuenants, Siddons and Bell, privates Gray and Pape of company L and private McBride of company H, receiving the honorable mention. In company L, the first squad will be awarded the honor of being the prize squad, while in company H the third squad will receive this distinction. Some who have never taken part in a drill do not realize what an honor it is to have secured one of these medals, but I wish to say

right here that they have been attained only through hard work, and hard work is always commendable.

And now our last word to H and L of '13. We wish you both the best of success, and sincerely hope that should one company fail, the other will return victorious. Both can't win, let us hope that one does.

The school appreciates the work done by the companies and wishes to take this opportunity to express this appreciation. And now from companies H and L,—"Best of Luck to the companies of 1914."

A ROMANCE

This, my friends, is a tale of the Northland; of the wild and frozen North, where balmy southern breezes stir faintly the broad leaves of the palmetto and snow lies five feet deep upon the grassy flower-covered plain. The North wind howls softly through the bare, verdant trees; no sound is heard, while the songs of birds float through the still, noisy atmosphere. Silence reigns over the tumult.

The sands of the desert shift beneath the icy sun, and the bleak pines wave their branches dolefully and gladly in the North wind, warmed by no sun, for here it is eternal night, and the sun shines always.

This was the land to which our hero, Pierre De Salle O'Hooligan, had come.

Stage coaches were the only vehicles in use at this time, and as Pierre stepped from his Pullman car, this was the scene that greeted his ears.

He was a typical type of American womanhood. His appearance was that of an Italian Frenchman, and one could easily discriminate by merely glancing away from him, that he was a daughter of the English Kaiser. His complexion was as dark as the ace of spades; he had black, curly hair, a black eye, and a rosy olive-green skin, while straight golden hair was combed crooked back in a Teddy Lion, over a brow, low and high, of ivory-white redness. Blue eyes gleamed from an exquisite mouth, while pearly teeth were set on either side of a straight, Jewish nose. He was of medium height, measuring 8 feet 11 inches in his stocking-hands.

Gazing out over the desolate, busy scene, he stepped into an exquisite Paris waiting-room, a low, one-room shack, covered with rose vines of honeysuckle, blooming gaily, void of leaves or blossoms.

Our hero was attired in a strictly up-to-date costume, having purchased all of his garments in Plunkville, Ohio. Natty white duck trousers of blue serge clothed his pretty pink legs, while Scotch kilts exposed to view three dimpled knees. An Indian blanket was wrapped about his maternal bosom, and a Wellesley sweater clothed his upper half. Gilt sandals of purple suede enhanced the beauty of his tootsie-wootsies, while tennis-slippers of green and pink covered modestly his feet. A plug hat set off his brown locks, while a poke-bonnet framed his sweetly shy countenance. Immaculate white silk gloves of yellow kid clothed his soft, white ears, and he wore no gloves. A scepter in one foot, an umbrella in the other, he made a womanly picture indeed, as he coyly toyed with his bonnet strings.

No house was in sight; on the hill a large mansion was gaily lighted, and people passed to and fro before the shutters.

Just then a murderous appearing individual of the Louis XIV style, came up, attired in a Roman toga and bedroom slippers. Gathering more closely about his loins a bathrobe, he stepped up to our hero on tiptoe.

"What would ye?" he asked.

Pierre laid a fiinger upon the intruder's tulips.

"A place to work I desire, for I—but no, I cannot speak—I must not—but, ah, what a weight upon my poor feet!"

The station-master, for such it was looked about to see that the cat was asleep, then said in a low, mysterious voice: "Hist ye! Go ye to old man Jones' house, beyond the cross-roads. And mind ye that he does not murder ye in your very bed! Go!"

Our friend shuddered boldly. He was to go to a murderer's dwelling! But he would be brave! Perhaps he could kill him! He must go!

Gathering up his baggage on his shoulders, he started off for the river, where lived old man Jones.

His luggage was a very light affair, consisting only of twelve trunks, thirty suit-cases, and three hundred hat-boxes. Thus you may see that Pierre cared nothing at all for clothes.

Reaching the pier, he set off up the mountain, and finally came to the cross-roads. Which road should he take? He closed one eye, the blind one, turned a flip-flop, and found himself facing the South-Northern road, down which he went.

What luck! There was the house! It was an exquisite Newport barn of logs, with glazed paper for windows and a battered stove-pipe (hat) for a chimney. How exquisite! Pierre caught his breath as he gazed at the magnificance, knocking timidly, he prepared himself boldly for the murderer.

The door swung open—Pierre almost swooned from terror, for there was the murderer himself! Pierre could see immediately that he was as desperate a villian as ever lived.

He wore spectacles, from over which he beamed benevolently. A Van Dyke beard adorned his jaw. His face was kind and insane-looking. His head was almost bald, and a black skull-cap was perched upon it. He had a habit of rubbing his hands together.

"Pardon me," he began softly, "can I be of any assistance to you? What say?"

Pierre was ready to die from fright. So this was old man Jones! He could well see why the station-master had cautioned him against him.

Quaking boldly in his boots, he said shyly, his eyes dropped coquettishly to the ground, "Please, dear Jonsey, I desire work"

Old man Jones smiled fiercely. "You shall have it!" he thundered in a low, soft voice.. "I shall employ you in carrying my shredded wheat biscuit to and from the lunch-room."

Pierre signed—how could he perform such a murderous task? "How much do I get?" he asked.

"You shall get but a penny a-day, because you can't work any faster," he roared benignly.

Pierre was ready to weep upon his neck. Murderer or not, this terror was generous. A penny a day! What he could get with all that untold wealth! Already he saw in his mind's ear the chewing-gum and the hoky-pokies that he would buy!

But just then the violent-looking old man Jones led our sweetly sour hero into the kitchen, where he saw a sight which made the blood rush violently to his feet. It was Sally Jane Jones, the murderer's daughter!

She was as fair as coal, and as dusky in hue as a fleecy cloud. She was slender, yea, unto the verge of skinnyness, and was so plump, yea, unto the verge of fatness, that she resembled nothing more than a barrel of flour tied about the middle. Her golden locks of raven hue stuck out all around her shiny countenance in myriads of kinky pig-tails, and Pierre was like to faint from love of her. She was richly attired in a Paquin gown of green calico, trimmed with Valentine lace, and she wore dainty No. 9 shoes. She was monstrous tall, about 4 inches high, and measured 8 yards about her slender waist. She was like unto an American beauty butter-cup blooming shyly by the road-side in a greenhouse in the wilds of the Siberian steppes.

She was perched lightly on the window-sill, partaking of blackberry jam and cream tarts, and the rich mixtures were strewn up and down the length of her dainty gown. She turned and saw Pierre.

Her hair turned gray at sight of him, and her pink, elephantine ears waved back and forth in mute welcome. Her tiny mouth, just twelve inches across, flopped open—a bold fly ventured in, trickled down her red lane—and still her mouth flopped open. Another fly—then suddenly she swooned into his waiting arms.

Old man Jones hastened for milk to throw upon her to restore her consciousness. While he was gone, Pierre kissed her back to life.

"My rescuer," she cried, as she opened her eyes and her mouth, "I knew that you would come. I have waited long years for you. You are the ideal of my dreams! Let me follow you to eternity and the altar!"

He kissed her cow-slip lips, and her sky-blue cheeks.

"Marry me, oh angel!" he cried in grievous distress, "I love thee!"

She smiled croquetishly. "I reciprocate," she blushed boldly, "I will marry you!"

"Let us elope, sweety, honey-bunch, angel, doodles, ducky, lovey, tootsie-wootsies darling," he cried, "thy father is not nigh. Thou needst no trousseau. Come!"

She pressed a kiss upon his forehead with motherly solicitude, and just then old man Jones entered the room.

"I overheard thy loving talk," he said in a fierce, mild tone, "look not at me with that tone of voice. I am not so harsh as I seem. I will let you elope. But first, let me give you my blessing."

They knelt to receive it. It was as follows:

"I tell you now, in solemn numbers.
Love is but an empty dream,
For the man is dippy who lovest—
Women are not what they seem."

Then the loving elopers slipped out of the house, out into the cold world, out in the snow. But, out, they slipped, until they came to a frozen lake, slipped upon its glassy surface, and were precipitated to union forever, over the cliff. They plunged over the mountain-side, were carried away by the rushing torrents, and were seen no more, save in a warmer place than they had ever visited before.

This, my friends, is a tale of the Northland, of the wild and frozen north, where smudge-fires are always used to keep away the mosquitoes, and lovers live and die.

Found in the Annals of a Dippy Freshman, who expired from Teacheritis.

Discovered by M. K., '14.

A German recently landed in New York and was bitten by a dog. A bystander rushed to his assistance and asked if the dog was mad.

"Vot," exclaimed Hans, "der dog mad! Vy should he be mad! I'm de one dots mad."



We have won from Cathedral, from the Preps, from Tech, and from Central, but lost to Business. This last loss, however, does not remove all chances for the championship, for if we win from Eastern in our last contest we shall be tied for the championship. Furthermore, we have more chances of winning from Eastern than formerly, for our fellows are thoroughly mad.

The Tech game was won by a score of four to two. The Manual Trainers showed up better than was expected and gave us a hard fight. Our battery, Brewer and Lehman, is especially to be commended. B. Howard knocked in the winning runs with a long triple. Bethel and Stearns saved the game for us with great throws to the plate in time to catch the runner. With a man on third, a fly was sent to left field which Bethel judged perfectly, throwing the ball accurately to Lehman. Soon afterwards Stearns ran back into left field to knock down a hit in time to throw out a man at the plate. But while these men deserve the greatest of credit, it must be remembered that it is one thing to field a batted ball and another thing to catch a throw and put it on a runner who is coming your way at about sixty miles an hour, steel spikes ahead of him, and it was Lehman who did this.

Owing to the fact that Eastern defeated Central sixteen to one, we expected to have a walk-away with that school. The game was postponed, however, until after the marks went in. Taggart, Central's flunking pitcher, became eligible. As it was, the game ended six to three in our favor. With luck breaking our way, we would have won far more easily. Every one of our errors meant a run for Central, while we had many left on the bags.

When we lost to Business the score was six to four. Business scored on fluky infield hits and errors. Undoubtedly we got more men to first than Business but those who were caught trying to steal were usually left.

Austin Howard, the brother of "Fats" Howard, Bron and Buck,

all of whom have been star ball players at Western, has been on the bench at all the games. His coaching and encouragement has helped us enormously.

Lieutenant Drum of the Marine Corps, who was a star foot ball and base ball player at Western twelve or thirteen years ago, was at the Central game.

Ed. Mullaney, the Georgetown catcher says that Stearns is the best short stop he has seen among the amateurs this year and his team has played Harvard, Yale and the other big ones.

The team sure did have a great time when it went to Baltimore to play the Gilman Country School. They have a good school over there and treated us fine (eats included). We won 17 to 1.

H. Irving Howard ate five pieces of lemon pie.



COLLEGE MATH.

Prof.—"Give an example of an imaginary spheroid."
Student—"A rooster's egg."—*Exchange.*

POOR FELLOW.

Smith—"Jones has the smallpox."
Jones—"He is to be pitted."

HE LEARNED SOMETHING.

Father—"Has your engineering course taught you anything?"
Son—"Has it? You ought to see me operate a corkscrew."—*Penn. Punch Bowl.*

Skelly—Whenever I milk a cow, she always kicks the bucket.
Steppy—You mean she turns a little pail.

Miss Evarts, in French, "I'm sorry but I can't help the way I look.

Schneider in Eng., "He heard the sheep growl.

Rebecca—Ikey, would you go thru fire und vater for me?
Ikey—Ya, if I was insured.—*Ex.*

Senior mile runners—La Follette, Phillips and Schaaf. Isn't that funny?

Miss Brewer in E history—"Once I had a pupil who was perfect in both class work and written work, so I gave him an E."
George Mc.—"Is that the only E you ever gave, Miss Brewer?"

Mr. Priest—"During the stay of Sertorius in Spain, he gained the affections of the natives through his influence."
"Natz, what was that point"?
Natz (awakening)—"The point was that Sertorius gained the affections of the ladies."

Bob to Nubby—Have you seen our editor's new spring hat?
Nubby—Yes, it makes him look like a 20 penny spike."

They are not going to have the aqueduct bridge any longer.
They're not; why?
It is long enough already.

They are going to tear down the Brooklyn bridge.
Why?
It has been holding up traffic long enough.

HEARD IN ENGLISH.

Miss McPherson: Who was the king of Hades?
Alenfeld: (blushing): Er—er—I don't know, but a lady was the queen.

Teacher: "What is one of the uses of ivory?"
Bright pupil: "To make ivory soap."

Lieutenant Schneider: "Don't turn your heads to the right while you are looking to the left."

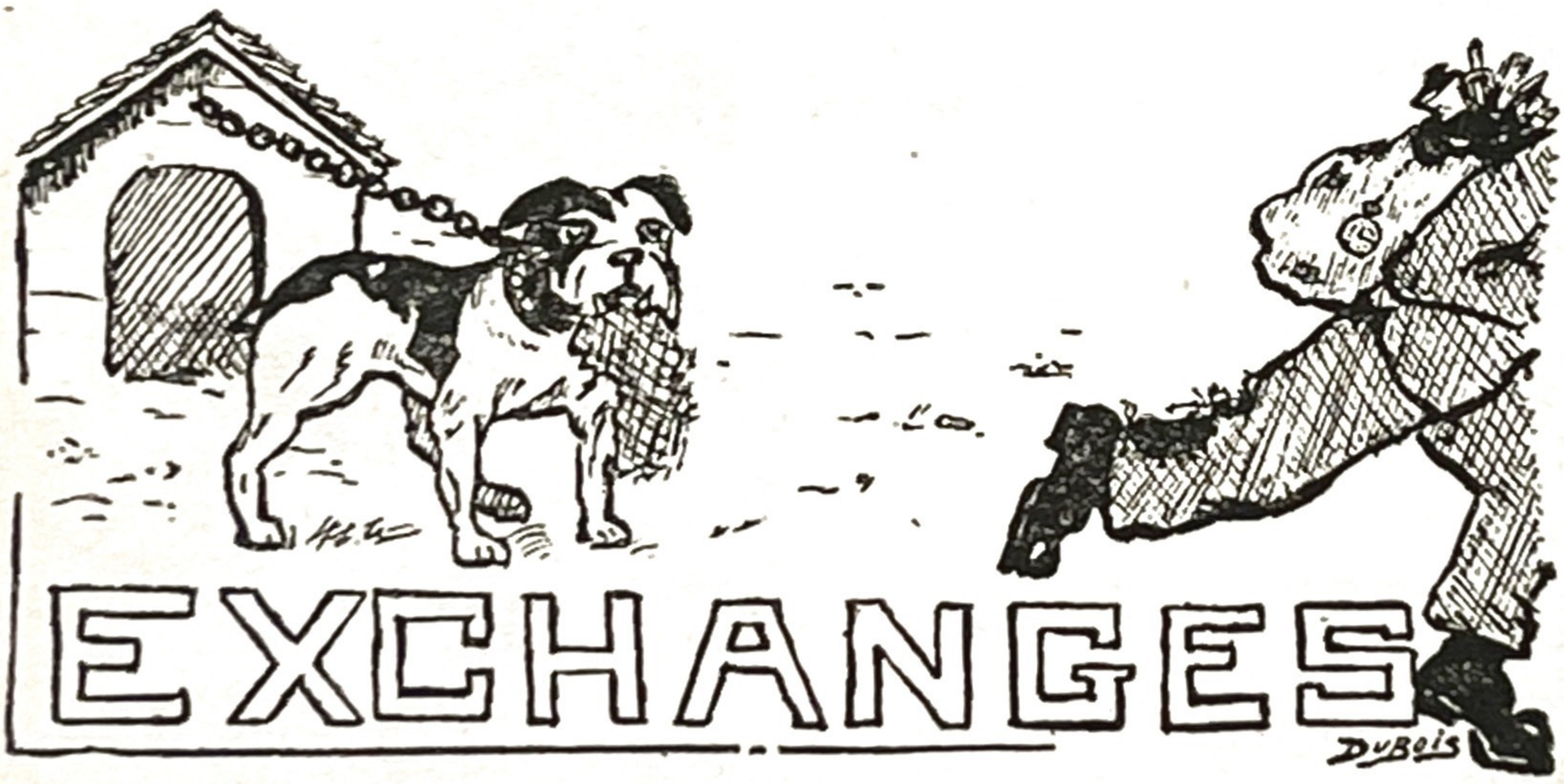
Miss Brewer (in Roman History Class): "Is the Republican Party in power today?"
Harry: "No ma'am."
Miss Brewer: "It was overthrown by—"
Harry: "Sulla!"

In Solid Geometry class:
Mrs. Young—"Mac, will you take the next proposition"?
MacBrady—"Gr-r-r-r? "—— ——!! (— — — " " '" " ÷ ? ! !) gr-r-r-r-r-r-r."

Blondy: What's that bump on your head?
Kelly: That's where a thought struck me.

Pedestrian: "Hey! You just missed me by an inch!"
Tourist: "Be patient, I'm coming back directly."

Janney: "I'd like to get my hair cut, but it is such a barberous thing to do."



The *Curtis Monthly* for April is better than the last issue, but it still lacks good cuts. It is full of good news in all departments.

The *Messenger,* from Wichita High School, Kansas, is practically new to us. The outside cover is not so good, nor are the interior cuts, but the paper is full of stories. It is a fine idea, having such a good number of photographs. Very few papers have as many as you have, *Messenger.*

The April *Maroon and White* of the Alexandria High School is good as far as it goes, but there is not enough news. Your jokes are mighty good. Let us see you again.

We have with us an independent paper called the *Oak Leaf*. It is a paper issued monthly for the benefit of the Mt. Pleasant and Oakmont Athletic Club. We hope for its success. The cover design for May is excellent.

The *Crimson and Black* of the M Street High School is fair. There is not enough news, and it lacks good cuts.

We were sorry not to receive the paper from the Gillman Country School. We wish to thank the School here for the fine way in which they received the baseball team. The men of the team were given a good time and all felt that their journey to this school was more than a success.

This issue closes this department, as the June issue is devoted entirely to the Senior Class. The department wishes to thank all those who have favored it with the issues of their school.

F. H. S., '13.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN CAN DO

(Continued from page 18)

room where a trial was going on. It did not take long for me to learn that the judge was Injustice and the juror's chief friend was Dishonesty. Greatly perplexed, I wandered on to the Capitol in that city, where I found Congress in session. There a woman was making an appeal for banished Industry and Cleanliness, but Mr. Wait-a-While and Mr. Put-It-Off scorned her words and neglected her request. At last, in despair, I left the city.

After finding the same conditions in other places, I prepared to leave the country, when there seemed to be a general commotion and great excitement everywhere. I returned to the capitol and there I found that the banished Industry and Cleanliness had returned and with the help of Perseverance and Duty were rapidly disposing of Dirt and Neglect, both of whom died in the Ordeal. I returned to the court room and found that Justice had taken the place of Injustice and Honesty stayed with the jurors. At the Capitol, I found that Do-It-Now listened to the appeal of the woman and her request was granted. Much surprised, I inquired of a man called He-Yields, the meaning of this sudden great change. "Haven't you heard?" he asked, in significant tones. "Women have their votes!"

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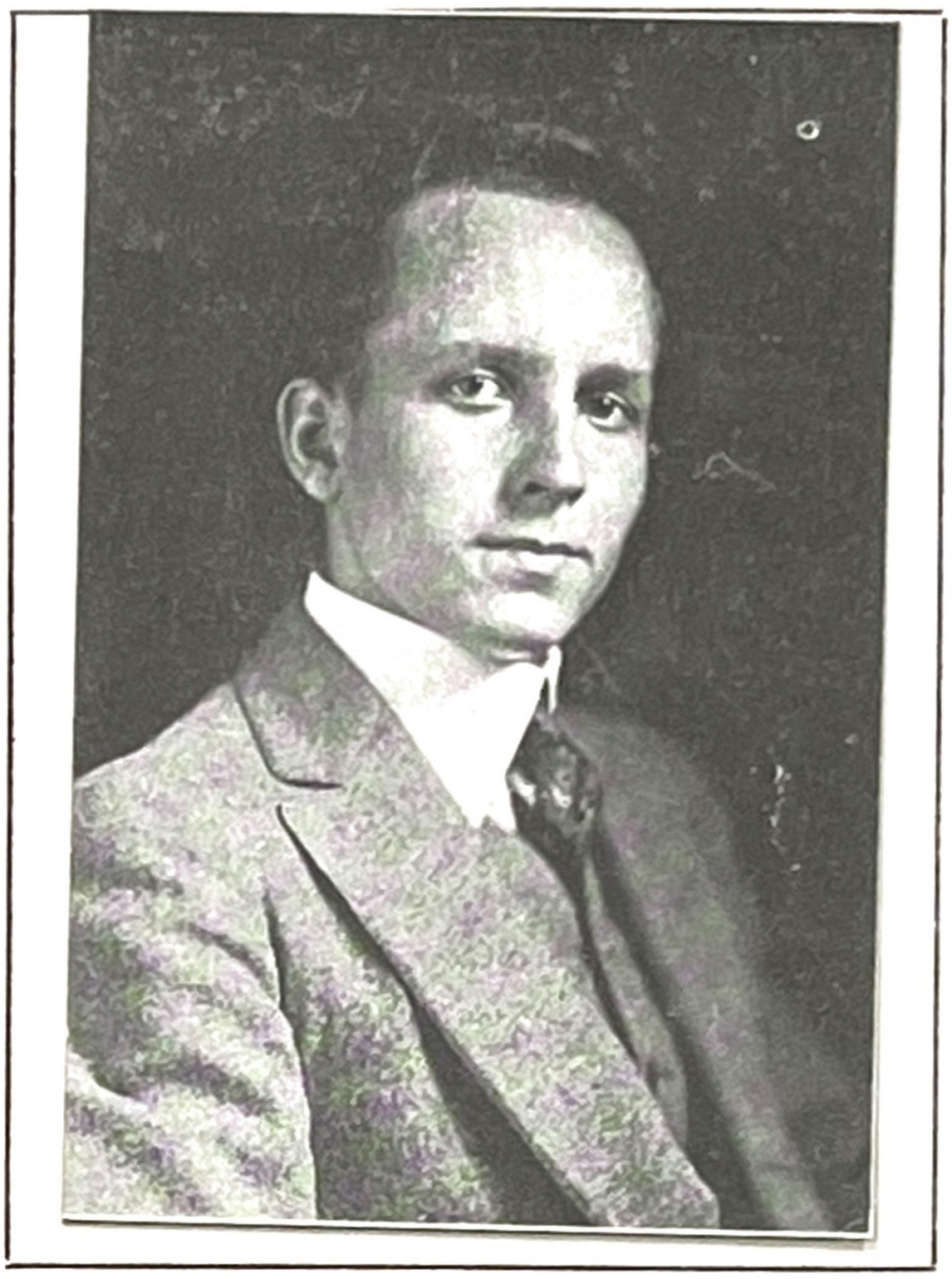
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The Western



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President



MISS HELEN HOPKINS

Vice President

The Western

VOL. XVII WASHINGTON, D. C. NO. 8

SALUTATORY, 1913

It is my privilege as a representative of the class of nineteen thirteen to welcome each and every one of you here to-night.

First of all, we wish to welcome those of the Alumni who are with us. I am sure that they are the ones who can best appreciate with what mingled joy and sorrow we have come together for the last time. They have been upon this same stage for this same purpose. They know that although we have looked forward to this night for four long and sometimes dreary years, now that we are really here, we have maybe a few misgivings because we are never to come back again as pupils.

There is much in the way of welcome to be said to the teachers. They are the people to whom many thanks are due. We have to thank them for their painstaking care and perseverance which we have not always understood, but which we know has been exercised with only our own good in view. We cannot thank them enough, and let us hope that some of us, if not all, can in the years to come, show them how we have profited by their help. And so to the teachers we bid a hearty welcome.

We then think of the friends. We extend to you all our welcome. In a very short time you are to hear marvelous things. We hope you will be entertained by the tales the historian and prophet will tell you, and the sights the presentorian will show you.

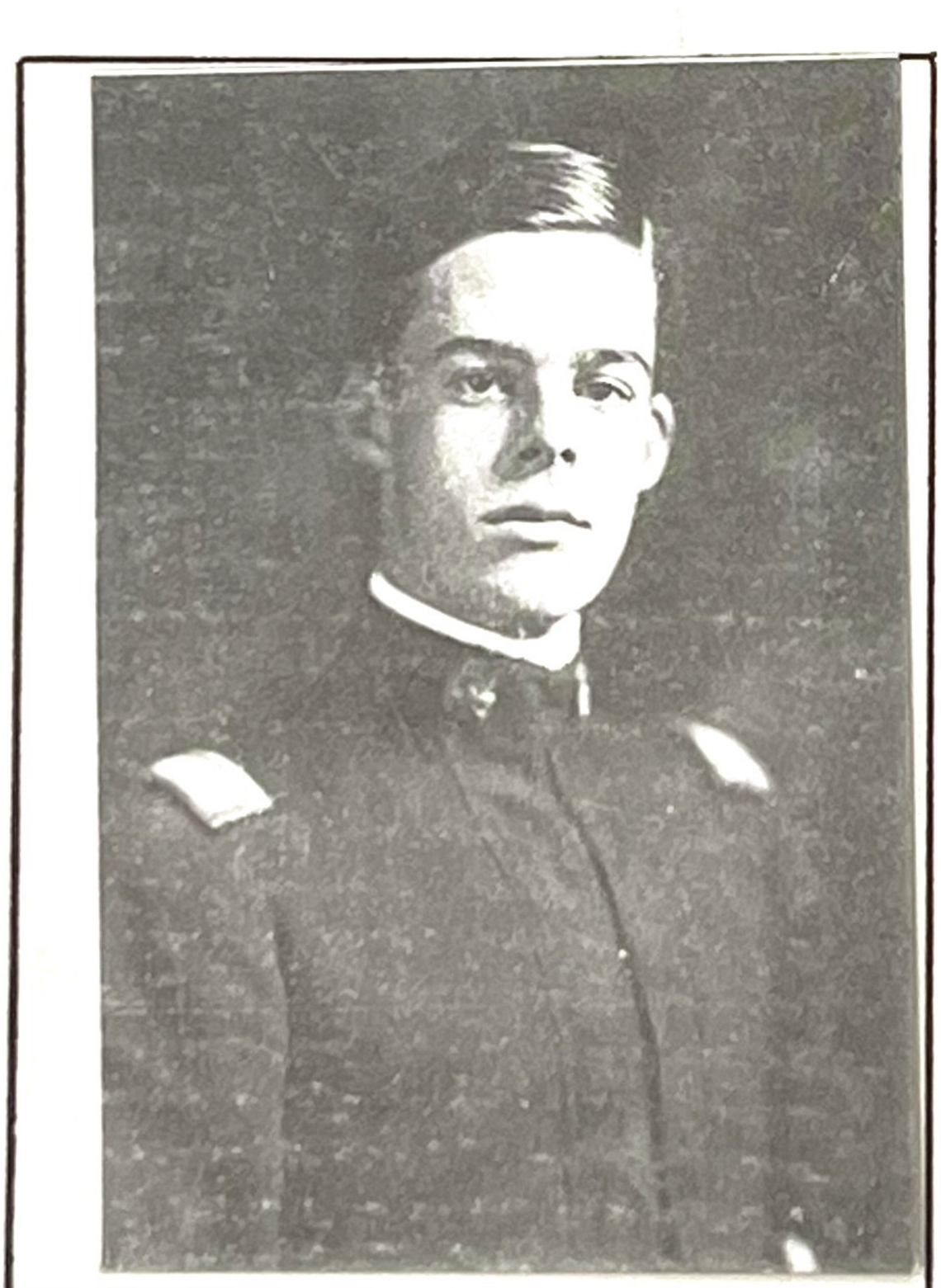
We do not forget the coming classes. To them we bid a warmest welcome. We in a way feel sorry for them, that they cannot be a member of this illustrious class. Maybe, however, by the time they reach the place we have now arrived at, they will have had a chance to show what they really are.

Some of you may remember that you have at some time or other heard the Latin expression, "Morituri salutamus"—we who are about to die salute you. This expression was the greeting given by the Roman gladiators upon entering the arena to die. In its present form it is hardly appropriate for us who are about to enter the arena of life. However, by changing one word we can give to you who have come to greet us upon our entrance into this arena the altered salutation, "Victuri salutamus"—we who are about to live salute you.

FRANCES FROMENT



MISS FRANCES FROMENT
Salutatorian



HEYWARD SIDDONS
Historian

CLASS HISTORY

Friends of mine! whose lot was cast,
With me in the distant past
Where, like shadows flitting fast,
Fact and fancy, thought and theme,
Word and work begin to seem
Like a half-remembered dream!

—*Whittier.*

Shall we ever forget that "half-remembered" dream of four years ago when we first entered Western High School! Our little heads were full of vanity which soon gave place to fear when we were forced to go through the custom of meeting those horrible Sophomores. The less said about that meeting the better. When we entered the building no one was really visible except "Beany" Leetch, whose figure loomed up before us, as it always has, like a monument, while "Cussy" Micou beside him resembled a flea along side a giraffe.

We were placed at a serious disadvantage at the very beginning. The school was too small to hold us, so we had to be divided. Those who were cadets attended school in the morning, but all the rest of us had to take up the grind of study from 12:30 to 3:30. Thus we were unable to learn the material of which our class consisted, whether studious or lazy.

For the same reason we were able to see but one game in the football and baseball series of that year and very few of our class could participate. Brookes played on the football team and materially aided the Rifle team to win the Inter-High School Match when Western carried off most of the honors. No other stars appeared except Jack Adams, who passed without a flunk. (This, I think, is wrong, but we had to have one more star.)

Sophomores! That was our haughty name when we entered school the following September. We found, but not to our astonishment, that the building which was too small when we entered the previous year had been enlarged to accommodate our heads. We all had our share in receiving the class of 1914, something which we had looked forward to for many days.

A large number of the class occupied positions in the largest and one of the best military companies Western ever turned out. No one knows how we lost because it was a company which deserved to win. We were blessed in the company with the original "Mutt and Jeff," a distinction which has remained and will always remain with our class. We had a most successful year in athletics except in football, when we lacked a coach. We just missed the baseball championship, but we won for the third successive year the Interscholastic Championship Relay.

At this time the Faculty found that they needed our advice in discussing school interests, so an Advisory Council was introduced in the school. The new system was soon found to be a success.

A poem which I discovered in the WESTERN of 1910-11 was peculiarly appropriate to our class poet (he *is* a poet). It runs like this:

"Are she went,
Am she gone,
Have she left I all alone;
Can me never go to she
Or she never went to me.
Ah, it cannot was."

This is included here because about that time Our Poet was thinking of someone.

When we returned for our Junior year a great event occurred: the entrance into our class of Edmund Jones, the greatest runner Western ever had. He had not much experience then in track, but when the training season came around we all began to sit up and take notice. With this addition the track team was very successful, winning again the Interscholastic Championship Relay. Another branch of sport introduced was led by a group called the Deputies, headed by our fine curly-haired football player, Smith, whose object it was to punish the Freshmen for wearing such loud ties and socks.

A feature event of the whole year was Beany Leetch in the French play. All those who saw it will never forget the graceful and significant gestures of our 6-foot-5-incher. Besides this, we had a real star in "Buck" Howard, who played on both the football and the baseball teams and was elected captain of both for his Senior year. Everyone knows that "Buck" is considered one of the best of the High School athletes. We had another successful year in baseball, losing the Championship by only a very narrow margin.

Field day was introduced in the school with a result which might have been expected. Our class came out victorious. Boys were not the only participants in the events of the day. We must not forget the fine work of the girls, and I wish to say here that the basketball teams for the last three years have been most successful, the line-up being largely drawn from our class.

The third lap of the four years completed, we returned to school—Seniors. Seniors we were; we knew it, showed it and talked about it. All had grown and even Micou's trousers had been lengthened. Our football team was not a success because many members left school and some could not pass their studies. In November the following class officers were elected:

President, Mr. Herbert Schneider.
Vice-President, Miss Helen Hopkins.
Treasurer, Mr. John Bethel.
Secretary, Miss Mildred Needham.

Soon after this event the class set to work to prepare for its play. It was decided to produce the "Countess Cathleen," a play which was by no means humorous, offering on the contrary something in dramatics which had never before been tried. It seemed a

big undertaking, but after about eight weeks' preparation it was presented on December 20th. Miss Needham who played the title role acted more like a professional than an amateur. From every direction came the comments that it was the most artistic, the most beautiful and the best play which a Senior class has ever produced. This success led our class to form a dramatic society, the first Western has ever had.

We found on our return to school after the Christmas holidays that we had in our midst a humorist in the person of Mr. Schaaff. We knew he was a serenader, but this peculiar affliction was new to us. He perpetrated this joke: "I told Johnny Bethel the other day, 'caws he gets so red when he recites, I says, 'The only difference between you and a ruby when you get up to recite is, that you don't shine.'" Another remarkable utterance which should be recorded in our history was the intelligent answer which Phillips made to Miss Davis. Miss Davis asked, "Phillips, is your classroom free?" Phillips replied, "No, Miss Davis, it can't get out of the building."

We were unable to turn out a very successful basketball team because of the lack of coaching. The girls' basketball team fared a great deal better, making an excellent record for the school.

After basketball, track training was commenced. With the aid of the invincible "Nubby Jones," our captain, we won the South Atlantic Relay Championship, and also again, for the fifth successive time, the Interscholastic Relay. Then in the Spring Meet we did something which no Western class has ever done before, and that is, beat Central. This school has won for sixteen consecutive years, but finally had to bow down to defeat at our hands. We completely outclassed them. None of those present will forget the beautiful race of our captain in the Mile Relay race. This great victory closed the most successful year in track which the school has enjoyed.

Although we lost our star pitcher, Loomis, we discovered another and became strong contenders for the baseball championship. We lost because luck was against us. Three of the members of our team are on the All-High School baseball nine.

We had two companies of six squads each, the largest which Western has ever had. Although we did not carry off the flag, everyone knows that both companies put up splendid drills and that Western will never feel ashamed of the companies of 1913.

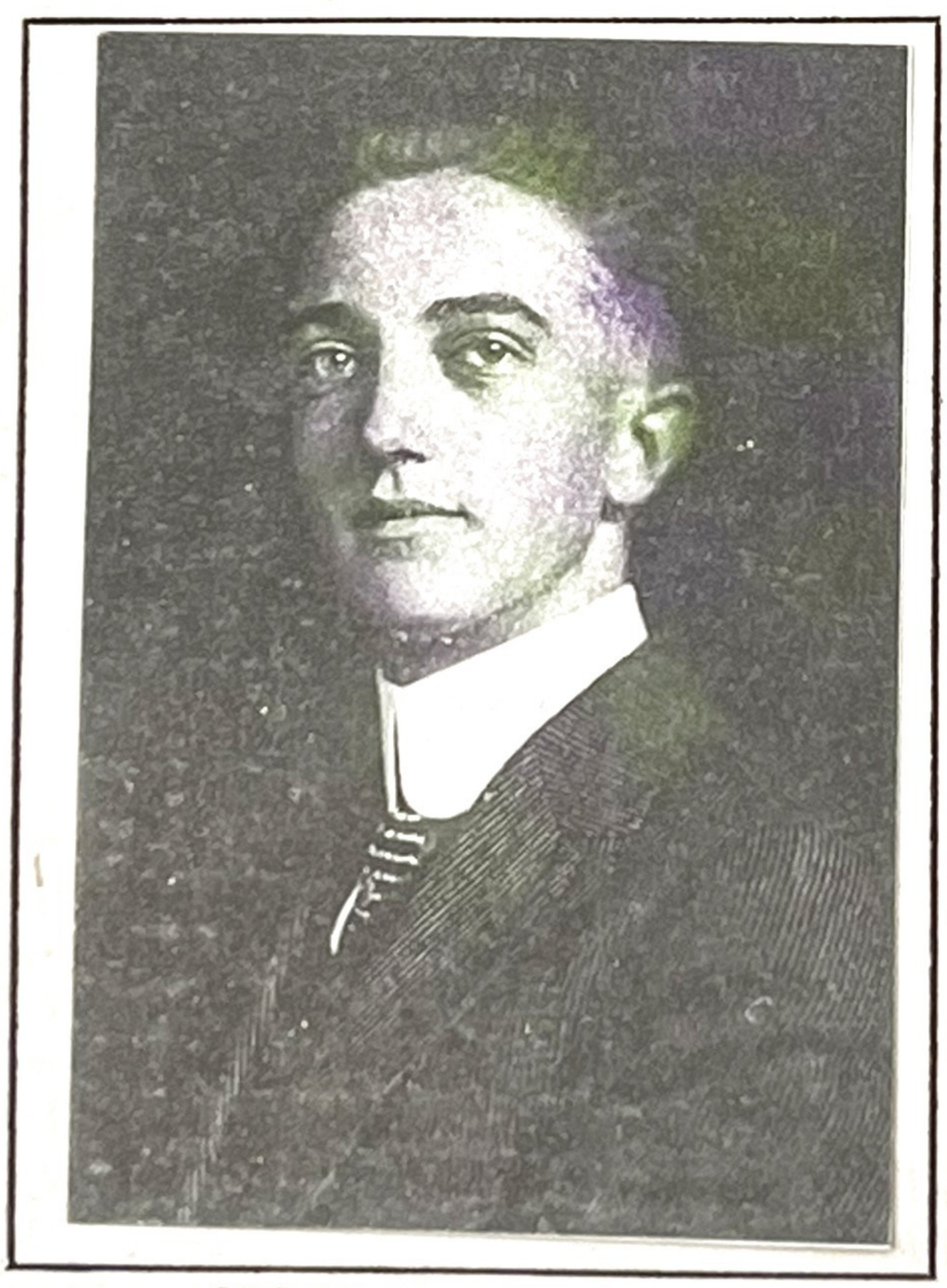
Downcast we were when we found that Bethel, our small star, had been "dragging" too many subjects, so that he was forced to resign the treasurership, and the honor of managing the money was conferred upon Edmund Jones.

The Spring Entertainment was the most successful in the history of the school. It netted the school $1,000 with a profit of about

(Continced on page 27)



J. B. SCHAAFF
Class Prophet



HOMER PHILLIPS
Presentorian

CLASS PROPHECY, 1913

All I ask is sympathy,
For I may trip up and fall,
You don't even have to laugh at me,
'Cause parts ain't funny at all.

If you ever tried to make a joke,
Or what's more, make ninety-eight,
You'd sleep all day trying to have a dream,
And wake up when it's all too late.

And when you don't know Jane from John,
Never heard of "Beany" Leetch,
Just ask your audience for sympathy,
And when it's over, keep out of reach!

I must admit the future looked threatening indeed for a class over which hung the date, Friday the thirteenth, nineteen hundred and thirteen. What success and what luck could possibly come to those destined to go out on "life's vast sea" under that ominous sign? The wonders of the gods will never cease! Their blessings come to us poor, struggling mortals! Who would have thought that the abused thirteen could bring us success and fortune?

When I arose this morning the thought of the date hung over me as a London fog. Everything seemed to go wrong. In the first place. I got up an hour late, because my watch stopped in the middle of the night, refusing to run on Friday, the thirteenth. My clothes were all turned wrong side out, and, worst of all, both of my shoes were for the same foot. I'll tell you I was scared, and when I thought of having to make this speech to-night—well, if it hadn't been for Mr. Huntzberger, who got in my way as I was coming up Thirty-fifth Street hill, I should have still been running. Anyhow, when I hit Mr. Huntzberger, I stopped. He was somewhat upset himself, but getting up and pulling himself together, he finally managed to ask me, "What's the matter?" Well, when I told him, you should have seen the evidence of mirth within him. He finally persuaded me to come into the house with him and rest a while till I calmed down. To divert my thoughts from that unlucky date, he handed me a paper to read, and looking at it, I saw it was the "Evening Star" for June 13, 1930. Well, maybe I didn't leave that Huntzberger Manor. Once more I was going some, and didn't stop till I got right there. Then as I fearfully gazed into these beaming countenances, I saw what a fool I was, so have been sitting calmly ever since. (Calm but uncomfortable on account of cold feet. A very unpleasant sensation to have.) I don't know what Mr. Huntzberger thought; you may ask him. But, by the way, I brought that paper along with me, and if no one has any objections I'll read you a little 1930 news.

Well, this certainly ought to be a mighty fine paper, edited by George Roberts, an ex-Westernite. And here are two Associate Editors, Hough and Baker, who also attended that noble institution. I have heard that Hough fills the columns when there is something important to say, and Baker writes the news when there isn't any. He's still writing about Wiley and his pure food.

"Fair to-day and to-morrow." Well, that's mighty hard luck, for Misses Bridges and Langtry were scheduled to swing the rackets with Misses Wiley and Steuart for the Southern Championship to-morrow, and it does seem a shame to have to call it off on account of rain. But Sarah Miller, that weather prophet, predicts fair, so I suppose rain is promised. She never guessed anything right in her life. I always have said that they should not have a woman in that bureau. But about that tournament, it is said that Miss Steuart is swift as a "Larkin" flight, but it has also been said that Miss Bridges would win out in the long run.

Well, I'll have to hand it to Miss Elsom on this cartoon. Here's Representative La Follette in a scrap with Jones the Banker, crying, "Help! I need assistance!" I'd never have expected that from Bob (excuse me, Bob! I mean the Representative), but still Nubby is a pretty hard man to get away from. He led "Steppy" Bradley a lively chase in those old days back in '13. Ask Steppy.

"Frederick Philip Heyward Siddons Appointed to Assist Claxton as Commissioner of Education."

Siddons has long been working for the well-deserved position and was by Claxton's side constantly, "A friend in need and a friend indeed."

"Major Claude Roberts Proves Victor—Wins Officer's Match in Good Style.

Major Roberts of the 15th Infantry yesterday won the trophy in the officers' contest held in the Brookes' Shooting Gallery located at 4½ and Pennsylvania Avenue. Roberts did fine work and 'shot the bull' repeatedly. Warren ran him a close race and finished in second place."

"Well-Known Business Man, A. E. Dowell, Enters Politics and Is Strong Supporter for Wilson."

"Miss Helen Hopkins Makes Good as Christian Science Doctor.

June 13.—The worth of Miss Hopkins as a Christian Science doctor has well been established. She yesterday cured one of the worst cases which has yet been registered. Mr. Theodore Kelly was again cured of his desire to be a comedienne. (We hope this time for good.) Miss Hopkins is particularly well fitted for this sort of work, as all necessary in this profession is to know how to talk."

(Well, they certainly have the right doctor there.)

"Miss Malone Starves Herself in English Jail—Determined Cause Shall Win—Resolute Leader of Militants Captured by Scotland Yard Detective.

England, June 12.—Miss G. Malone, the backbone of the Suf-

frage Army, is now confined in the London jail. On account of the fine work of detective Edward Archibald Livingstone, who, seeing Miss Malone cast a bomb into the midst of an anti-suffrage meeting, came quickly to the conclusion that she must have evil intentions. Miss Malone now poses behind the bars as a martyr to the cause."

"Daring Hold-up on Northwestern Line—Bandits Captured After Desperate Struggle.

Many passengers were last night suddenly roused from their dreams of home and mother, when No. 99, the fast Northwestern Express, left the rails near Freemont, Neb. Fortunately the train was traveling at a moderately low speed on account of some boiler trouble, so no lives were lost. Quick work on the part of conductor John Bethel led to the capture of two suspects, who gave their names in Freemont as Russell Lepper and Homer Johnson. After a terrible struggle, in which Bethel was thrice grounded, the two highwaymen were brought under control and turned over to the law for trial on the twenty-second of this month. Bethel always wished to become a railway magnate and began in the summer of 1912, working as a track hand. He has since made rapid progress and is being seriously considered for one of the higher offices."

"Senator Pearl Walters Introduces Teacher's Pension Bill."

"President Schneider Resurrects Spoils System, First Introduced by Jackson—Originally Fad of Modern Politics.

President Schneider to-day made known the appointment of R. Bell as Secretary of War, and Irving Richards as Secretary of the Interior. These appointments were somewhat expected, as both men have had more or less experience in this line of work and both were intimate friends of the President. However, the unexpected will happen! Not content with bringing back the spoils system, President Schneider has made a change, the like of which has never been heard of since ex-President Wilson delivered his message to Congress in person in 1913. Two of the President's lady friends have been given places in his Cabinet. Hereafter, the duties of the Secretary of the Navy will be discharged by Miss Margaret Fechteler, and those of State by Miss Georgianna Davis."

(Well, that takes the cake, but still that always was Schneider's weakness.)

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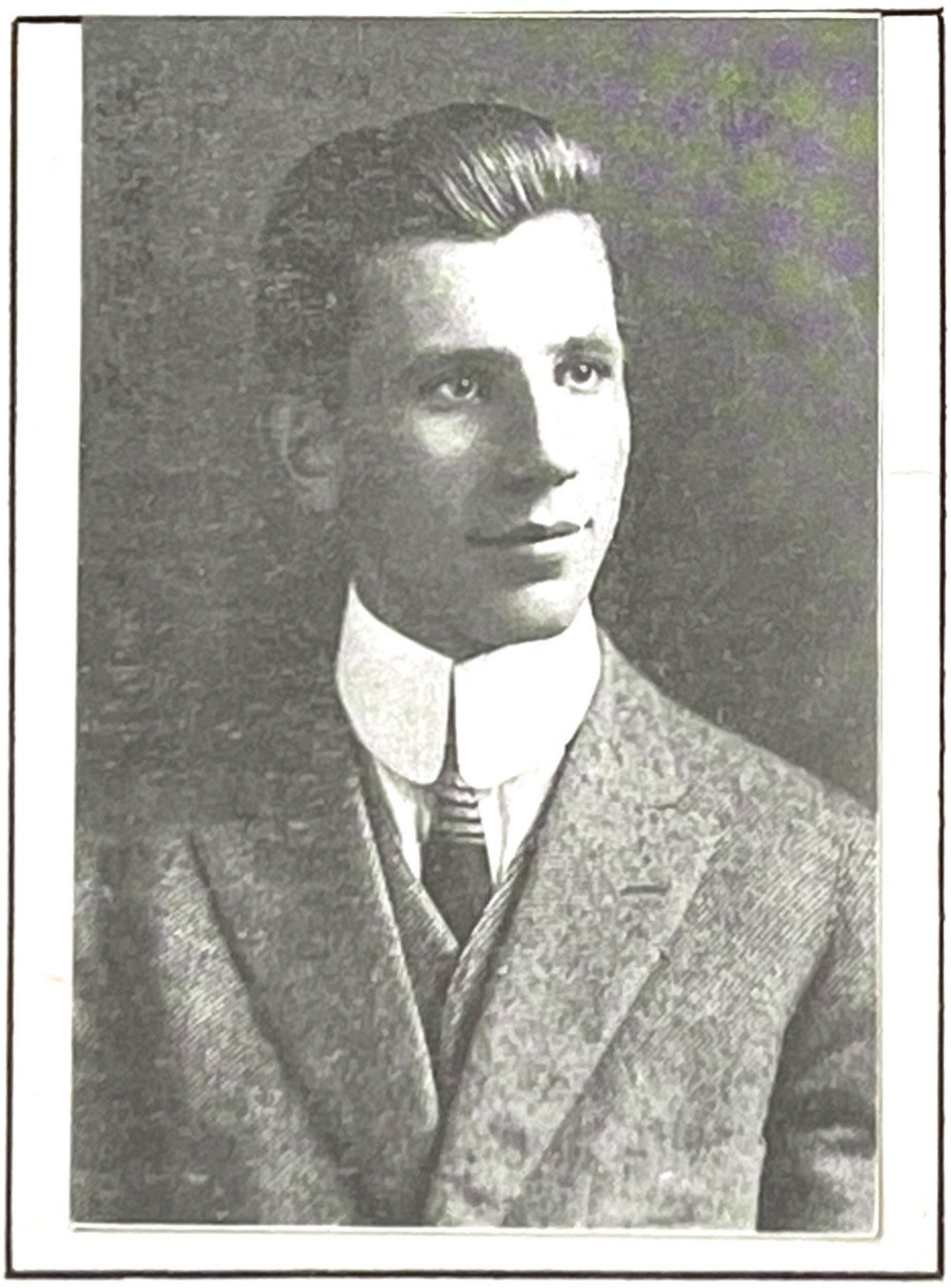
To our Patrons: On account of the necessary retirement of Mr. Chase, our nearest competitor in the moving picture world, we are now able to present our regular 10-cent show for 5 cents. Become a member of the happy throng. A real thrill every day. Featuring to-day, 'The Price of Love,' by Miss Marilla May."

"Girls, make yourself worthy of the vote. Education is at the bottom of all success! Attend the Allen & Hough Seminary and



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become proficient in all a lady should know. Competent teachers in charge of every department. Individual instruction in social etiquette from Miss Dorothy Yaeger."

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"The Waddy Institute.
Study elocution and oratory from Miss Louise Waddy."

"Le Duc Preparatory School for Boys.
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"Try our famous hair dye—Haney, Griffin and Livingstone. Produces wonderful change no matter what the original color of the hair.

We know!!! We've tried it!"

"Girls, why look pale and sour (like buttermilk). Get a little E. Wilson's facial powder and have a ruddy complexion in two days."

"Drop in and see our new fashion department. Ask to see some of our smart models and simple styles in shirtwaists of dainty voiles, marquisettes cotton crepes, etc.—Quirollo and Parkins, 1340 F St."

(Well, I don't guess that refers to me either.)

"Miss Margaret Burritt—Real Estate. Country 'Holmes' a Specialty."

"Books for the Library Table."

"Common Faults of Amateur Writers," Irene Rice; "History Made Easy," McLeod and Simpson; "Di Lahöne Lehrerriu," Long & Price.

Society Page.

"Miss Katharine Juanita Heron was yesterday hostess at a most charming reception given at Henderson Castle in honor of her guest formerly Miss Ruth Kernodle of this city, now wife of a prominent Chicago physician. Among those present were Miss Dudley, Miss Coville and Miss Enith Parsons, all ladies of prominence in the Washington circles of society. Miss Dudley had on a becoming gown of gray charmeuse and a hat of the same shade. Miss Coville wore a light yellow ratine suit and taupe hat, trimmed with yellow wheat. Miss Parsons was attired in an exceedingly smart frock of dark blue silk, cut in modish lines, and a small black hat, trimmed with blue velvet."

(Well, I guess all of that was mighty nice. I know Katharine enjoyed it. She always did like stylish clothes.)

"Miss Johnson, well known by members of the army circle of Washington, delivers lovely and useful lecture to seminary girls on How to Get E in your Studies by Absent Treatment."

"Miss Francis Evarts introduces new dance—the Fairy Flop. Makes great hit with trippers of the light fantastic."

"My Secrets of Beauty,"
Enith A. Parsons.

(Well, Enith can tell them all right.)

"Miss Katherine Turnbull decides to continue her study of birds begun at Western. She is making a study of 'Curly Birds' in particular."

"Only two of Western normal graduates still wreak vengeance But two of the Western members of the 1913 graduating class still stick to teaching—Miss Hellinger has charge of the sixth grade at the Force, and Miss Porter is instructing the first year class at the Dennison."

"Wonderful discovery made by great scientist. Dr. Micou discovers why water is wet."

(Wisdom shall come from the mouth of babes.)

"Trained Nurses Greatly Honored.

Misses Conry and J. Malone were yesterday presented with handsome gold medals, studded with diamonds, by H. W. Nicolson, the great financier. The medals were presented as a token of appreciation of the heroic work done by these nurses in the late American-Japanese war."

"Two ex-Western countrymen made good on the poultry farm. Morris and Cathcart, two Western graduates who on account of their love for 'chickens' started a poultry farm on leaving school, have made good and are now getting sixteen cents a dozen for fresh eggs."

Great Cæsar's Ghost!!! Here is a whole "page" given to Miss Froment:

"Miss Frances Froment, a prominent belle in the Washington circles of society, to-morrow sails with fleet for a trip around the world. Is provided with a special transport. Has great interest in Naval Affairs."

"Well, is sha-sho?" I don't like to see Frances go so crazy about the water as all that. She was always running down to Annapolis and back. I never did like it and tried to make her throw away that old "Page" and begin anew, but—such is life!

(One of my friends told me of a rather good way of disposing of Miss Froment, by simply saying, "I must admit when I came to placing Miss Froment I was at sea, so looked around and there she was, too!!!")

"Graduation Exercises Held at Allen & Hough Seminary.

Twenty beautiful maidens yesterday bade farewell to books and book learning to mingle with the throngs in the whirl of society. The diplomas were presented by Miss Helen Morey after her lovely talk on How I Got "E" When I was a School Girl. Appropriate music was delightfully rendered by Miss Bronson and Mr. Otto Radl on the violin, accompanied by Miss E. Berry on the piano."

"Ravenous Blazes Destroy $3,000,000 Publishing Establishment of

Richmond, Walhaupter & Co.—Many Valuable Books Now Buried Under Water and Ashes.

A terribly destructive fire originating in the Michener manicuring parlor last night caused a loss of $1,500 to that establishment and total destruction of the adjoining publishing company's plant. Many rare books were lost, among them, "Faults of Charles Lamb," by Catharine Steuart; "The Sleeping Beauty," Anna Colladay; "The Culture of Flowers," Martha Rose, and two handsomely bound editions of Burlingame's Grammar."

(Fire is an awful thing—I'd liked to have "saw" that Burlingame Grammar.) Oh! speaking of Burlingame, I heard something about one of his closest friends that quite amused me. I had been working hard all morning, as is my custom, so decided to have a little recreation in the afternoon on the links. As I was getting off of the car out at the club, I saw a little boy, whom I supposed to be a caddie, walking around with a ball of cord in his hand and a very dejected look on his face. Coming a little closer to him, I recognized my old-time friend, Steppy Bradley. I simply had to sit right down where I was. "For goodness' sake, Steppy, what is the matter?" I asked. Steppy, with a deep sigh, "Oh, Joe! I have my cord, but 'Anita Kite.'" That condition of affairs somewhat upset me, so I got Steppy to go over to the clubhouse with me, and we sat there and talked of old times the whole evening. Oh! by the way, he told me one thing that struck me funny. I asked if he had heard anything of our old classmate, Rock. Rock, he said, has grown to be a little "boulder," and is engaged to be married the twentieth of this month. Another surprise!!!

Well, to get back to the paper.

"Three Western Graduates Greatly Honored."

Western seems to be *the* school of town for turning out finished men. All Western graduates seem always to make good. The latest instances we have of this are the appointments of Louis Beauregard as Principal of the Western High School and Arthur Probey as head professor in mathematics at the same school. We also yesterday learned of the honor bestowed upon Clarence Donovan in being chosen poet laureate to the English Crown.

Ah! for all the world, without a shadow of doubt, here is my old friend, Dorothy Leetch, teaching biology in the Western High School, all things being said and done.

"At the Leading Theaters.

Cosmos.

Don't fail to see our famous six-act show. Best worth for your dime. Featuring this week: J. Adams, in his famous beauty poses. The marvel of the age. Adams, as Apollo, remains motionless for ten-minute period."

(Well, we knew the beauty of our class would get a place of that sort.)

"Miss Katherine Drain stars in the role of Lady Macbeth in Shakespeare's famous tragedy. The training received in the 'Dramatic Society' of the Western High School renders her able to fill this role."

"Theatrical World Loses Star of the Age.

The stage to-day is mourning the loss of Miss Mildred Needham, the most pleasing and popular actress of the day. Unable to resist the temptation of the wedlock, Miss Needham is leaving the stage to become the wife of 'O My Honey,' the Taylor. She states that she greatly regrets leaving the theatrical world and would do it for no man but him, who is willing to 'dye' for her."

"Doings in Sportdom.

"Miss Dyer, coach of Wellesley baseball team, has novel idea of professional suffrage baseball. Will attempt to organize a woman's league to compete with the American and National leagues for the world's title."

"Lehmann, the Climbers' airtight backstop, signs contract for $75,000 per annum. Contract binds Lehmann to the Washington Club for a three-year term, starting next season."

"Howard's 'Homer' Gives Griffmen the World's Series.

The National League's aggregation returned to home sweet home last night, the saddest-looking bunch that ever laid foot on a diamond. The 'Phillies' were just pocketing the championship, when a little lad named Howard somewhat upset their calculations. With a man on first, two out and two strikes, the Nationals' whirlwind third sacker clouted one of those thunderbolts, sending the sphere on a trip over center field fence, scoring Lehman, and himself bringing in the winning run and title."

"Mr. Carleton Smith Dies of Brain Fever—Due to Sudden and Excessive Use of His Brain.

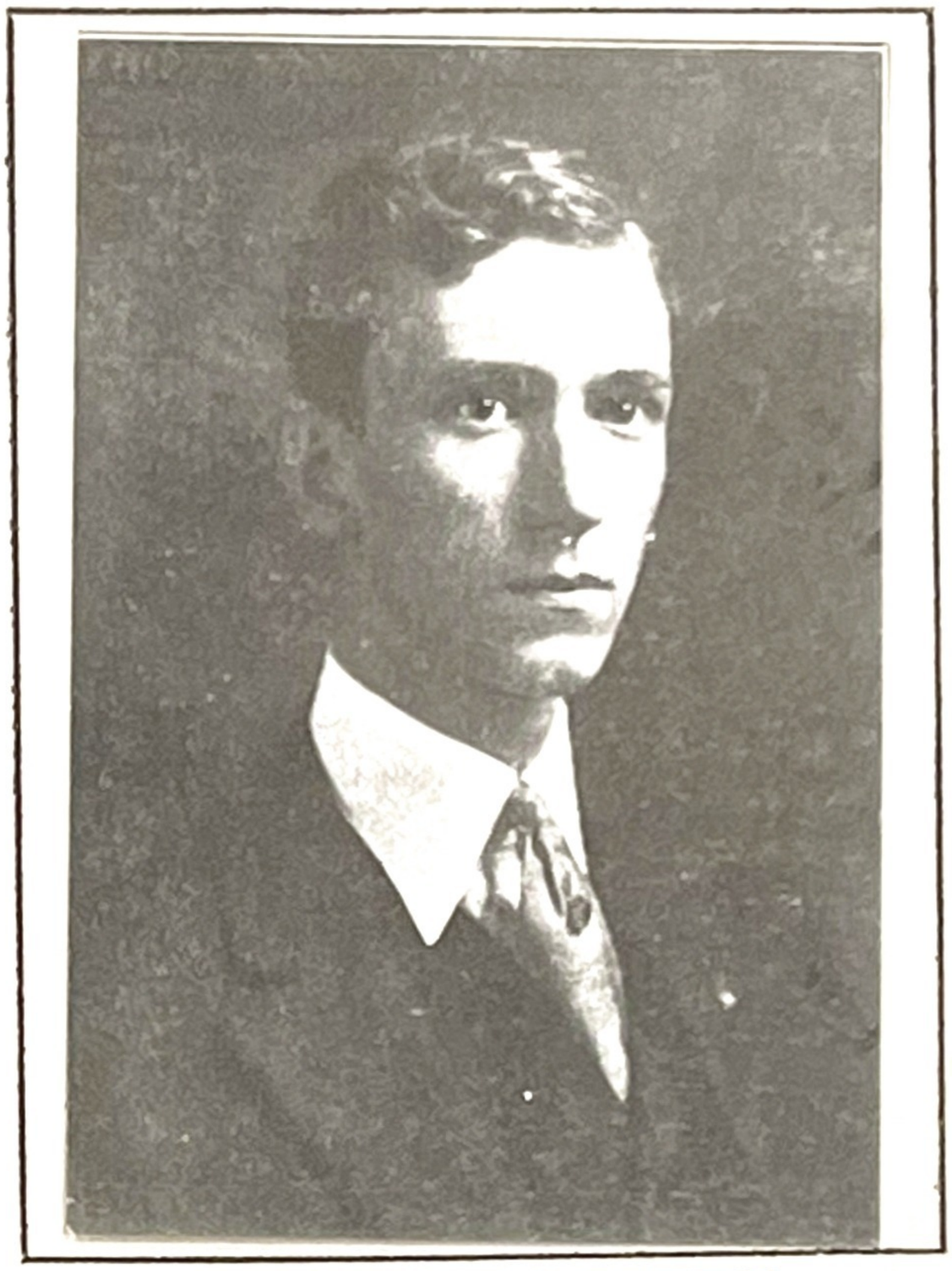
"Mr. Smith, of the Tobacco Trust, yesterday departed this life. It was at first thought that he would recover, but the shock received when he made up a year's work in three months at Western was too much for him. His death is mourned by many, particularly members of the fairer sex."

"Have you visited the Ninth Street Babtist this week? If not, don't fail to see the two French comedians, Mike Hirschmann and Stephen Patrick McGroarty."

"A true poet is the greatest possible gift to an age.

This age has one. Remarkable ability shown by Georgetown genius, Henry Leetch, produces masterpiece which places him among the leading poets of all ages. We have quoted a few lines to give you an example of his worth:

To Evangeline.
A sehr schöne Madchen,



HENRY W. LEETCH

Class Poet



CLAUDIUS ROBERTS

Valedictorian

Ist my little Van,
Find a more beautiful one
If you can.
All of thy virtues
I cannot here quote,
But I tell thee forever
That thou hast my 'goat.'"

(Now ain't that droll.)

Last Page.

"The Reverend Dr. Homer Phillips of New York Accepts Call of Congregational Church of This City—Washington Man Returns Home to Undertake Grave Responsibilities.

Reverend Homer Phillips, pastor of the St. Thomas Church of New York City, yesterday made known his intentions of becoming leader of the fold in the First Congregational Church of Washington. The Reverend Dr. Phillips, until ten years past a resident in the District, is a man of marked ability, and his many friends feel sure that he will discharge his new duties with greatest possible satisfaction to his congregation. Always a lover of church work, Mr. Phillips took a four years' course at the Theological Seminary and afterward became pastor in one of the smaller churches of New York. Statement made last night by Dr. Phillips: 'I greatly appreciate this call and am sure I will do the work well.' His first church work was done in the capacity of Sunday school teacher in 1913. Being one of these quiet, deep-thinking students, he was early chosen by the Superintendent of the Mt. Pleasant Congregational Church as instructor in a class of nine-year-old boys. The Reverend Dr. Phillips tells some amusing tales of how he used to keep the boys' minds on the lesson, only by telling them of a base-ball team he proposed organizing among them. Some of the ruder boys of the class attempted to scare off Dr. Phillips by saying in a casual way, 'We have awfully hard luck with our teachers, all of them either get sick or die.' But the Dr. remained at his post and it is this determined spirit which makes him so beloved by all members of his fold."

Well, I guess that is about all there is in this issue.

"Is thirteen unlucky?"

J. B. SCHAAFF.

CLASS POEM.

I met a man the other day,
He said, "My son, if ever
You should be feeling over gay
And think yourself right clever,
Just take a seat and try to write
A poem. You'll be there all night."

I said, "Old man, I'll take you up;
I think that you are wrong.
I'll win a medal or a cup
By bursting forth in song."
I thought on him I'd play a joke;
I'm sorry now I ever spoke.

I sat me down to write my piece,
I had a first-rate theme.
It was about the boys so nice,
The girls who are a dream,
Who make our class the best e'er seen,
The worthy class of naught thirteen.

Alas! Alack! who'd ever think
A poem could be so hard.
I very nearly took to drink;
I couldn't be a bard.
The trouble wasn't with the class
It was myself who could not pass.

My shoulders sank beneath that load,
I thought my brain would crack,
All inspiration from me flowed
Nothing could lure it back.
But if I should no poem create
The poor class could not graduate.

And when the awful news got 'round
The class did shake with fear.
They sent a delegate; he found
There'd be no poem this year.
I lay exhausted, near death's door,
My manuscript strewn on the floor.

When smelling-salts had been applied
I heard stern duty call.
I rose upon my feet and cried,
"Long live our class"—that's all.

—HENRY W. LEETCH.

VALEDICTORY

Once more a class is about to leave old Western. To the faculty this evening marks only a repetition of the annual ceremony attending that event, but to the members of the class of 1913 it is an occasion to be remembered in the years to come as the arrival at once of the milestones of our lives. For some of us this marks the close of academic work, for others the doors of college are

just swinging open. But no matter what the future may hold in store for us, we shall always look back with joy on the days spent at Western and shall never forget our first and dearest Alma Mater.

In a few short days the members of this class will part for the last time, but the friendships formed in our association of four years will never be lost to us and will grow closer and dearer as the years go by. For four years we have worked and played together and have, we hope, upheld the flag of Western as those who preceded us upheld it. To the class of 1914 we transmit the sacred duty of maintaining its honor and upon the members of that class urge the necessity of profiting by our mistakes and imitating our good points.

Before we leave Western forever, let us not forget the people who have made it possible for us to advance to this point along life's highway. Even though we be scattered to the ends of the earth we shall never cease to remember with pleasure and with gratitude the teachers of Western and before parting from them we extend the hearty thanks of the class of 1913 for the way in which they have equipped us to take our part in the battle of life.

As we stand on life's threshold, about to separate, the hardest task is to say farewell to the members of this class. I can only wish the best of luck to each, in whatever walk of life he may choose and voice the wish of each in saying, "Let us never forget one another and may our friendships wax stronger and stronger as the years roll by; may the memory of Western never grow dim within our hearts and may our love for our Alma Mater never wane."

CLAUDIUS H. M. ROBERTS.

CLASS SONG

(Tune to Love's Old Sweet Song.)

BY KATHARINE TURNBULL, DOROTHY LEETCH.

Western, our dear old school, we love thee well,
Dear in our hearts you will forever dwell.
Even though we wander far, far away,
Still we will love thee more and more each day.
And when we hear that dear old song of yore
Our hearts will swell with love and pride once more.

When life is over and the sunshine fades,
Still we will linger in those ancient days
When to the games we went with pride and joy
To see our boys run up the score once more.
And to the last we'll smile with tear-dimmed eyes
At the regret of leaving Western High.

Chorus.
Just a song at parting,
Just a sigh or two
For the friends beside us
Who have been so true.
Now we all are going
To return no more.
And we part with sadness,
Our school days are o'er.

CLASS HISTORY

(Continued from Page 13)

$830. All know our class had a big share in bringing into the school such a fine sum.

The history of the class of 1913 ends here; the best (because that has to go in), the most unique and truly the most frivolous class which has ever graduated from Western. But just before closing, let me say, Classmates, that although we were not successful in everything, let us remember these words, "If it is not in the power of men to command success, we'll do better, we'll deserve it."

HEYWARD SIDDONS